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Fourth of July Casualties in America

Record for the Year Shows 164 Lives Were Sacrificed, Six More Than in 1906, With More Than 4,000 Injured—Blank Cartridges and Giant Firecrackers Most Deadly.

Total Deaths and Accidents by States During Five Years.

	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
Alabama	2	7	1	2	1
Arizona	1	....	4	5	2
Arkansas	...	....	3	4	....
California	100	138	142	96	121
Colorado	39	44	26	23	25
Connecticut	162	133	132	169	63
Delaware	1	5	14	8	16
Dist. of Columbia	2	10	24	5	12
Florida	1	2	2	....	....
Georgia	...	....	....	4	2
Idaho	4	4	3	3	4
Illinois	366	423	542	598	468
Indian Territory	1	....	....	2	183
Indiana	160	211	217	250	....
Iowa	168	137	328	255	231
Kansas	63	88	56	61	64
Kentucky	30	72	17	21	18
Louisiana	...	2	3	7	8
Maine	31	32	29	15	11
Maryland	21	22	13	10	23
Massachusetts	637	193	467	329	168
Michigan	144	157	288	193	163
Minnesota	157	102	174	95	95
Mississippi	...	....	....	2	2
Missouri	147	84	218	325	299
Montana	5	17	40	3	6
Nebraska	46	63	43	47	58
Nevada	...	1	2	....	1
New Hampshire	37	23	9	29	13
New Jersey	228	204	350	398	402
New Mexico	...	4	5	1	6
New York	522	540	566	681	752
North Carolina	...	....	1	1	....
North Dakota	10	8	29	11	8
Ohio	443	327	329	490	375
Oklahoma	...	3	7	12	11
Oregon	16	13	9	11	5
Pennsylvania	533	744	721	969	491
Rhole Island	64	30	11	21	39
South Carolina	...	...	...	1	...
South Dakota	4	10	15	5	8
Tennessee	4	1	5	6	4
Texas	2	2	4	11	7
Utah	23	22	25	18	30
Vermont	45	14	10	14	18
Virginia	...	11	5	8	...
Washington	21	25	15	25	23
West Virginia	19	16	34	64	27
Wisconsin	190	215	230	155	150
Wyoming	1	2	8	3	...

One hundred and sixty-four killed, 4,249 injured—is America's Independence day at this cost worth while?

This question is asked in the current issue of the American Medical association, following its fifth annual compilation of "dead" and "injured" tables for the entire country.

"The annual slaughter," as the fourth of July celebration is called, is dissected in all its horrors. The American people are berated for the indifference with which they regard the public health and the cheapness in which they hold human life. The national holiday is put in a class with great railroad disasters, plagues and industrial accidents.

A cause for slight satisfaction is found in the fact that tetanus deaths are decreasing. The lowest number of deaths from this cause was reached this year—seventy-three. Four years ago there were 466 deaths from tetanus. The improvement is credited to the general education that the public has had along these lines and the better methods of surgery adopted.

Six More Than Last Year.

"Besides the deaths due to tetanus," says the Journal editorially, "there were 102 persons who lost their lives this year because of the present idiotic method of celebrating the fourth of July. The total number of deaths this year, therefore, including tetanus, was 164, or 6 more than last year. The annual slaughter still continues, although tetanus is becoming a less potent factor. Of the 102 deaths aside from tetanus, gunshot wounds caused 20, giant crackers caused 13, and 13 deaths were due to explosions of powder, torpedoes and dynamite. Ten deaths were to falls or runaways caused by firecrackers. One person was drowned because a "practical joker" threw a giant cracker into a boat crowded with young people.

"The extremity of tolerance is reached, however, when we know that 31 persons were burned to death, the majority of these being young girls and children whose dresses so easily catch fire. One hundred and sixty-four lives were sacrificed, therefore, in the celebration of our nation's independence!"

Doctors Alert, Public Heedless.

The official organ of the medical profession goes on to say:

"It would seem from these statistics that the medical profession has learned its lesson and done its part, but that the public does not care enough about the matter to insist on its own protection. Every municipality has laws prohibiting the use of firearms and large cannon crackers, but in compliance with popular sentiment they remain unenforced. Here and there some active body of citizens or some alert public official has insisted on the enforcement of the statutes, with the result of securing safety and comparative peace for the community, but more frequently the laws have been honored solely in the breach.

"We must class this public indifference with those other manifestations of the cheapness of human life in this country, which permits us to shock the civilized world with the frightful figures of fatalities in railroad wrecks and in industrial accidents, not to mention our peaceful submission to universally epidemic typhoid, hydrophobia and other prevalent diseases. Possibly these things are the results of overestimation of the importance of "personal liberty" and fear of governmental paternalism inherent in us; we leave that question to the sociologist, while we maintain that the attitude of every medical society and of every medical man should be that of active insistence that every law passed for the preservation and improvement of health must be enforced. There remains a great deal that can be done by local medical societies in this regard, and that much can be done for the improvement of the conditions of the Fourth is shown by what has been accomplished in some communities."

Special tetanus tables are given, showing that cases of this occurred in 23 states, or in two less than last year, but in the same number of states as in 1905. Illinois had the largest number this year, twelve cases being reported. New Jersey comes next with eight cases. Pennsylvania third with seven, and Ohio fourth with six. Nine states have more cases this year than last and six states have the same number as last year.

Blank Cartridges Most Deadly.

The Journal continues its review of the casualties, as follows:

"Blank cartridges are still responsible for the great majority of cases, 52 or 71 per cent of all cases this year being due to that cause, as compared with 60 per cent last year. Giant crackers caused only eight cases this year, compared with seventeen last year, and toy cannon caused six cases this year, where they only caused one case last year. Table 3 gives a comparison of the causes of tetanus cases for the five years.

	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
Blank Cartridges	363	74	65	54	52
Giant cracker	17	18	17	17	8
Cannon	5	5	4	1	6
Firearms	3	1	5	7	4
Powder, etc.	27	7	13	10	3
Total	415	105	104	89	73

"Besides the cases of lockjaw due directly to Fourth of July injuries, an unusually large number of other cases were reported this year, these being due to penetrating wounds from nails or splinters and to crushing injuries. There were ninety-four such cases reported this year as compared with sixty last year and thirty-two in 1905. Notwithstanding the increase in the number of these cases, the number from Fourth of July injuries has decreased. This would seem to indicate that Fourth of July injuries may have been better attended to than other injuries. The next thought would naturally be that all penetrating wounds, regardless of their cause, should have like treatment.

Wounds in Brawls Not Included.

"As heretofore, all accidents not directly due to the discharge or handling of fireworks or other means of noise production on or about the Fourth of July have been omitted. Accidents which occurred in regular occupations and gunshot wounds received in brawls have likewise been omitted.

"The following table shows a comparison of the causes of death other than from tetanus for the last three years:

	1905	1906	1907
Gunshot	37	38	20
Fire from fireworks	23	18	31
Powder, torpedoes, etc.	6	18	13
Giant crackers	5	3	13
Cannon	7	3	3
Runaways and falls	4	2	10
Other causes	13	1	12
Total	95	83	102

"New York takes the lead this year with 752 casualties, Pennsylvania taking second place with 491. Illinois had 468 and New Jersey had 402. Altogether there were 4,413 accidents this year as compared with 5,466 last year, a decrease of 1,053.

Only Twelve Totally Blinded.

"There were 4,249 nonfatal injuries, a decrease of 1,059 below last year, when the total was 5,308. Only 12 persons were completely blinded this year, or 10 less than last year; 75 people lost one eye this year, or 3 more than last year, but 31 less than in 1905; 57 lost an arm or a hand this year, or one more than last year, and 237 persons lost one or more fingers this year, this being 10 more than last year.

"The principal cause of the most mutilating wounds is by far the giant cracker. This destructive means of celbration, along with the toy pistol, should be condemned. This year 1,489 injuries, including 13 deaths and 8 cases of lockjaw, were due to the giant cracker. Firearms rank second in causing mutilating wounds, being responsible for 502 injuries and 24 deaths, including 4 cases of tetanus.

"Blank cartridge wounds, as a rule, are not mutilating, but for that reason are the more dangerous, since they are more often neglected. In a certain medium sized city, men and boys were seen to shoot deliberately at each other on the street at close range. Such reckless use of the blank cartridge pistol is appalling to one who realizes the danger lurking in the slight wounds caused by them.

Many Victims of "Jokers."

"If the injuries caused by firearms, by the giant cracker and by the blank cartridge pistols were limited to the individuals who use them there would seem less reason to complain. But a large percentage of the sufferers are people who prefer other means of celebration. On the fourth of July no crowd of people is safe from the senseless "joker" with his giant cracker. No person walking on the street is safe from the stray bullet from the revolver of some irresponsible hoodlum. A considerable number of injuries resulting in several cases of tetanus and in a few deaths were inflicted by others on persons who were engaged in more enlightened methods of enjoying their holiday.

"The total results of our last "jolly celebration" of Independence day were 164 killed and 4,249 injured, many of these being maimed for life! Is this method of celebration really worth while?"

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS

The Whirlwind and the Thunder Objects of Curious Theories.

The Dakotas believe that there is a close relation between the whirlwind and the fluttering wings of a moth. The cocoon is regarded as the mysterious object from which a power similar to that of the whirlwind emanates, as attested by the emergence from it of the moth.

Dr Wissler explains in Discovery that the whirlwind meant by the Dakotas is harmless little whirl one sees upon the plains every clear day. The long, slender column betraying its presence makes a profound impression upon the Indian.

In the whirlwind somehow and somewhere resides the power to produce confusion of mind. Thus it was natural that its aid should have been invoked by the warriors on going into battle, for to be as intangible, invisible and destructive as the wind was their one great desire. When a man loses his presence of mind he is said to have been overcome by the whirlwind.

A cocoon of a moth taken with a portion of the twig upon which it was found and wrapped in an eagle plume, or down, is regarded as a perpetual prayer to the power of the whirlwind. This prayer is not only symbolized by the genuine cocoon worn upon the person, but also by its image in stuffed buckskin or by its sketched or painted representation.

The Blackfeet see a relation between the moth and sleep and appeal to it when they desire to have dreams, for with them power is always conferred in a dream. In the case of unrequited love the whirlwind is invoked. It is believed that it can confuse the mind of a girl to such a degree that she cannot resist the pleadings of the enamoured swain.

Some of the Dakotas believe that the bear controls the power of the whirlwind, and that a prayer must be addressed to the animal for the assistance of the whirlwind. Sometimes a person will receive power from the bear in a dream or vision, and thus come to have the aid of the whirlwind because of the conceived relation between the two. Finally the power of the whirlwind is also supposed to be associated with the buffalo and the spider web.

A deity of equal importance among the Indians of the plains is the thunder, which usually is associated with military exploits. While the Dakotas generally regard the thunder as a bird, usually symbolized by the eagle, they sometimes speak of it as a horse, a man or a dog.

The horse has always appealed to them as a creature of mysterious origin, and in many cases is assumed to have been given by the thunder. In any event there is an association in their minds between the power of a warhorse and the thunder.

The thunder is often represented by a zigzag or wavy line, usually in red, but Dr. Wissler says that this symbol really represents the power of the phenomenon in the abstract, because the Indian lacks the conception of a force in nature, so that the symbol is also a general sign for the presence of mysterious supernatural power.

Whistles made from the leg and wing bones of eagles are employed by the Dakotas to symbolize the cry of the eagle as a representative of the thunder bird. In battle, or sometimes in stress of great trial they are sounded to summon the aid of the power of the thunder. As a rulea zigzag line is scratched down the sides of these whistles.

The yellow winged woodpecker is looked upon as an associate of the thunder bird, because when a storm is approaching it utters a shrill cry not unlike the sound of the whistle, and is believed to be speaking to the thunder.

The spider is spoken of as a friend of the thunder and it is the general belief that the thunder will never harm it, so that it is itself a protection against thunder. The observed fact that a spider manufactures a web and that this web is not destroyed by arrows or bullets, since they pass through it, leaving only a hole, is cited as the basis for the conception that the spider has power to protect people from harm.

SINGULARITIES.

An orange tree will bear fruit till 150 years old and there are recorded instances of orange trees bearing when 500 years old. In Malta and Naples 15,000 oranges have been picked from a single tree, and one in the Sandwich islands was estimated to bear 20,000.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

The "Green Fairy" in Switzerland.

In Switzerland May day was historic, at least for the Canton Vaud. There came into operation on that day a law which may exercise beneficent effects long after the tumultuous assemblies for which the day is becoming the occasion are forgotten.

Some time since the Cantonal legislature passed an act with the popular approval for prohibiting the retail sale of absinthe, and with the expiry of April 30 it came into effect. But the retailers—that is, the cafe and restaurant keepers—yield only a half loyalty to the new law. Many of them were giving the drink gratis to customers, "just to clear off stock," and it was observed that many men drank absinthe on the occasion who had never been seen to touch it before. As closing time approached the "green fairy" was "buried" with much hilarious mock funeral ceremony.

Evasion is already at work. As the act only prohibits sale, a number of victualers are proposing to present known customers with a drink of absinthe a day gratis, just to keep old customers "in the house." But it is more than doubtful whether such a procedure would not be regarded as illegal.—London Globe.

A-LIVIN' ALONG!

Some folks they keep huntin' for sorrow;
They sigh if they're right or they're wrong;
But this da s as good as tomorrow,
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

I jest keep a-livin' along,
I jest keep a-singin' a song,
There's no use to sigh
While the sun's in the sky;
So I jest keep a-livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it
To give him directions? He knowed
I wouldn't know how to begin it,
Bein' nothin' but dust by the road.

So I jest keep a livin' along,
And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong;
I never will sigh
While he's runnin' the sky;
I jest keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and for showers;
The Lord makes the winter an' May;
An' he'd hide all the graves with his flowers
If folks don't weed 'em away!

So I jest keep a-livin' along,
Still thankful for sunlight and song;
I know, when it's snowin',
God's roses are growin',
So I jest keep a-livin' along!

—Frank L. Stanton.

DOG RACES IN MICHIGAN

Popular Amusement With the Boys of the Upper Peninsula.

At Nigaunee the annual dog race was held a few days ago, and was witnessed by thousands of people. The warm sun of the morning softened the surface of the street, putting in bad condition. By the time the races were over it is doubtful if the mothers of the youngsters who drove the dogs could have recognized them, as they were completely covered with mud. All of the boys wore masks at the start, but when the race grew warm they tossed them aside to enable them to see better.

There were nineteen entries, all of whom appeared in several heats and most of the races were close. All the runs were down the grades on either end of Iron street, but in spite of this fact the smaller dogs had difficulty in getting over the course.

There were numerous fights, particularly at the starting points, and occasionally two or more dogs would get into a mixup midway down the street or just before reaching the tape.

No more amusing sight can be imagined than a dog race. Usually at the start there is trouble. At the word "Go" some of the dogs get into a fight and require the immediate attention of their drivers. The more peaceably inclined get away during the altercations of their opponents and thus obtain a commanding lead. There is a great overturning and bumping when the rushing mass of dogs cross a railroad track or ditch.

The handling of the dogs and sleighs at these points is most skillfully done and causes great merriment among the spectators.

Dog teams are very common in northern Michigan, and there is scarcely a town where there is not from one to a hundred dog teams owned by boys, who find them very useful. In some cases these outfits prove a source of considerable income to the owners, who use them for hauling wood, etc.—Detroit Free Press.

FOUGHT THE TRAIN ROBBERS.

Express Messenger Tells of Some Thrilling Adventures With Holdup Men and Guerrillas.

"I ran through Kentucky in 1864 and '65, on the Kentucky Central and had to make some 'short turns' in order to keep company money out of the hands of the guerrillas."

Thus spoke James G. Newland, one of the oldest expressmen in the country. He now runs between Cincinnati and Pittsburg, over the Little Miami and Panhandle railroads, handling as much cash business, I dare say, as any through messenger service.

Mr. Newlad wa en route to Chicago, renewing acquaintancen, and it was while he was stopping at the Tremont house, Wabash, Ind., that the writer was introduced to the old gentleman, who, a little later, warming up to the subject of his experiences on the railroad as expressman, continued:

"At one time I lay in my car a whole day at North Benson, Ky., while the guerrillas on one side of the town and the garrison in a federal fort on the other disputed with solid shot, shells and bullets for the possession of the passenger train. The fort saved us, and that night I packed up all the money and got away over 10 miles on foot—several burned bridges preventing the train's escape—and took a hand car for Louisville, Ky., at the first unbroken piece of track.

"Another time I remember, we left Covington for Lexington, having ex-Postmaster General Blair among the passengers. Old Pete Everett's guerrillas opened on the train from a small, dry creek bed at Lairdsburg Station, 60 miles out, and the regular train guard—they were on every train in those days, as you're doubtless aware—had a rattling fight with them before the guerrillas left. When the show was over ex-Postmaster General Blair picked up a baby belonging to a young woman who got off there, and went away, unsuspected, with the mother, and thus undoubtedly prevented his own capture, and the train backed to Covington for a fresh start.

"Those guerrillas were undoubtedly a 'tough proposition,' if I do say it myself, and, speaking of train robbers, while I was on the Galveston and San Antonio railroad we were stopped one night some miles out of El Paso, Texas. Two men wearing masks crawled over the tender, revolvers in hands, and ordered the engineer and fireman to lead the way to the express car. They did so.

"Reaching the express car, one of the robbers threw some dynamite against the car door, the explosion of which knocked a hole in the car and broke all the glass in the other doors. The robbers called upon me and my companion to come out. We did so, but before obeying I put my revolver just inside the car door.

"They searched us and ordered us back into the car. We again obeyed, but as one of the robbers atempted to follow me into the car I caught up my pistol and placing it against the robber's breast fired and shot him through the heart. The robber, while lying writhing upon the ground, fired twice upon me and then expired.

"The second robber and I then exchanged shots as he attempted to drag his comrade's body to the engine, and intending to uncouple it from the train and thus get away.

"While the robber was lifting the body upon the engine I secured a double-barreled shotgun and quickly fired at the surviving train robber. He sank to the ground and then suddenly sprang up and ran away. On the following day his body was found in a bush about 50 yards from the scene of the attempted robbery. Only one buckshot had struck the fellow, but it had cut the artery over the heart.

"However, the toughest time I ever had was the express car fight in Montello, Nev., in 1882. I had carried a shotgun as express messenger on most of the lines in Nevada, Arizona, Idaho and other states, but," after a pause, "I never had as close a call as that.

"The train got into Montello about 1 o'clock a bright, moonlight night. The engineer stopped at a switch to allow a freight train to go by, and while the train was standing still the robbers, seven in all, appeared, covered the engineer, fireman and conductor with revolvers and took possession of the train.

"After the freight train pulled out the robbers entered the engine and pulled the train down the track, and then began their attack upon the express car.

"They ordered me out of the car; I refused and during the night never spoke to them again.

"While they were consulting as to the best mode of attack I barricaded the doors with the safe, boxes, etc., and was prepared for them. They surrounded the car and seven bullets crashed through the solid sides and doors. I knew, of course, that my life was at the mercy of luck or fate, but never weakened. I took up a position at the side of the car and returned each round of shots during all that night. At one stage of the proceedings the robbers swung my car loose from the remainder of the train and pushed it along the track 60 yeards. They would then shoot for a time and retire to consult and them renew the attack.

"Finally they determined to carry wood and set fire to the car and would doubtless have done so had not the process exposed them too much to my fire. At about 3 o'clock the passenger train from the opposite direction arrived upon the scene. Some of the attacking party immediately ordered them to move on as rapidly as possible. Deeming prudence the better part of valor, they at once did so, running to the next station, where they secured help and then returned, arriving at Montello soon after daylight. Of course, it must be remembered that in the meantime the attack on me was continued.

"During the night I was three times shot at, one bullet striking me in the left hand, badly damaging it; one in the thigh, a flesh wound, and the last one grazing my abdomen. I was, of course, pretty sore from the hurts for some time afterward; nevertheless I was glad to escape with my life.

"One of the robbers was so badly wounded that he died an hour afterward and was buried a mile or two from the station by his companions before they attempted to make good their escape.

"Shortly after daylight came they gave up their attempt to rob the car, mounted their horses and left, taking their wounded companions with them.

"I was taken to San Francisco to rest and recuperate, while eighteen men in all pursued the highwaymen.

"The express company offered a reward of $1,000 each for them, and five of them were captured, namely: Brown, Kelly, Walker, Delano and Murray and sent to prison in the City of Carson, Nev., for a long term. Three of them, however, have since been pardoned by an ex-governor on account of 'extenuating circumstances.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Man With the Opals

By Austin Fryers

CHAPTER XX.

It was a happy trio that met at break- There was immense satisfaction in the fact that the treasure for which they had been seeking, and which had run such risk of being misappropriated, was now safely in their possession. There was, of course, still the fact to face that it was humanly certain every posible effort would be made by their enemies to wrest the opals from them. The priests, whose spies were doubtless to be found in every part of the city, were certain to strain every nerve to secure the treasure which had been all but within their grasp; while Durand, who had only capitulated through sheer necessity, was of that cool calculating sort of disposition which would simply regard their present advantage as a move in their favor in the game, but which would not preclude him from hoping for eventual success, to attain which he would use all his cunning, resource and wonderful energy.

"You will be able to queen it, little girl," said Charters to Estelle, "when we get back to London. You will have the most superb set of jewels in existence."

"You will, indeed," said Anson, with delighted eagerness. "The specimens are superb and it will be posible to make them up with an effect few jewellers in London could equal."

"I think you are both talking like very good-natured people, but also very stupid ones," said Estelle.

"Why? Why?" asked her father in in genuine astonishment.

"In the first place, dad, because you are quite coolly assuming that it is in your power to use Mr. Anson's share of the jewels as if they were your own, and," she continued, unheeding the deprecatory gestures of the younger man, "you are both talking as though you had both such huge fortunes apart from these gems that you could either of you afford to let me rummage through them for the choicest specimens."

"If you would only accept them," said Anson eagerly, "I shall take it as the very greatest pleasure I can possibly derive from them."

"I promise you both thatI shall accept some," she said merrily. "I should not be a woman if I could resist such a temptation—but it must be after you have realized the fortune the majority of them are worth, and have it safely placed in your respcetive banks. There, now, we will say no more about it, because you both know I am right, and I am not going to allow myself to think that you have either of you lost your senses through your sudden access to fortune."

"Of course, Estelle, you are quite right, but I really think that out of my own share alone, I can realize not merely a handsome fortune, but what would have seemed a week ago a stupendous one, and still be able to let you have a set of opals which will be the envy and talk of London. But to business, Anson! No boat will be leaving here for another week at least, and it will never do to risk these jewels in the hotel. We must see that they are beyond the reach of Durand and of those villainous priests, or I shall not have a moment's peace. Last night I woke up suddenly from my sleep, fancying in my nervousness that I could hear someone trying the door or the window of my bedroom. Of coures it was only fancy, but what was mere fancy last night may be reality at any time."

"You are quite right. Our very first move should be to see the jewels safely bestowed. I suppose the proprietor of this hotel has a sitting-room."

"Very likely, but the place is so overrun with Cingalese and people that I do not think it safe. The only real security is to deposit them at the bank, but how are we to do that?"

"I should think the authorities of the bank could readily apperciate the difficulty, and arrange to overcome it. If you go and see the manager of the best bank nearest the quay, so that we shall not have far to transfer the stones to custody of the captain of our boat, he will, I have no doubt, arrange to send for them and ensure their safety."

"Yes, I think that will be the best plan. After all it cannot be such a very unusual experience in such a region of thieves. By-the-bye, an idea has just struck me. If they are on the watch they will be sure to expect some such move as this. What has occurred to me is to make up a parcel in imitation of the bag of opals, and carry it with me to the bank."

"Oh, no, dad," interrupted Estelle, anxiously. "If they are watching, they might really think you had the opals, and, who knows, they might attack you."

"I don't think there is much risk in it," pursued Charters, stubbornly. "After all, if they are cheated by the ruse, their sole endeavor will be to take the bag from me, and I shall not offer any real resistance. If they do seize it, they will make off to one of their wretched monasteries with it, and before they have discovered their mistake we shall have the stones safely transferred to the strong room of the bank."

"I think it is a capital idea," said Anson. "After all, they could not attempt any serious attack on you in broad daylight, bad as this place is, and the ruse may just deceive them sufficiently for our purpose."

"If you are really sure?" said Estelle hesitatingly.

"Oh, well, I may be just bowled over in some way or other, or held forcibly while the bag is seized," said Charters lightly, "but we can't keep our bag of rainbows without running a serious risk every moment they are in our possession. In broad daylight an ordinary assault and robbery is the most they'll venture on; whereas, if we don't get them into safe keeping, these wretches won't stick at murder to accomplish their ends." The plan was further discussed, and Estelle's objections on the score of the risk her father was running were effectually silenced. Anson offered to be the messenger to the bank with the decoy bag, but this Charters would not dream of. But, if truth were to be told, Anson did not insist over much, as he had something to say to Estelle, and was glad of the arrangement which ensured their being alone.

CHAPTER XXI.

Charters had been gone considerably more than an hour, but serious as was the nature of his mission, and anxious as both were to learn of his safety, the time had seemed only a matter of a few minutes. For Anson had told his love and Estelle had confessed that from the first moment of their meeting she had been attracted to him, and that the friendship which had then accidentally sprung up between them, had long since ripened into love.

"I know that my father has the friendliest regard for you," she said as they stood by the window, looking over the kaleidoscopic scenes in the street, "and he has a very high appreciation of the many services you have rendered him, so that he will, I am sure, be delighted to hear our news. But—Leslie," and she paused, shyly, and blushed prettily as she stumbled over his name, "it is a long time since papa went out. I am afraid something may have happened to him."

"I think not, dearest," replied Anson, reassuringly, "he has probably found the manager of the bank busy, and it will take him some time to explain all the circumstances."

"Oh, Leslie, look! Here is Dr. Durand."

Yes, it was undoubtedly he. Approaching the hotel with the same self-assured swinging step of old, the usual cool, cynical smile playing about his pale features. He saw them as he approached and raised his hat with well-bred ease, taking it quite for granted that their recognition was assured.

Anson stared at him without returning the salutation, but Estelle had been surprised into responding with a slight bow.

"What can the fellow want?" asked Anson with unconcealed annoyance. "He is sure to be intending to call on us, but I think our best course would be to decline to see him."

"On the other hand," said Estelle, "we are surrounded by so many mysterious circumstances that it may be as well to hear what he has to say."

"There is one thing about it," said Anson. "We are on our guard. We know very well that in whatever he does, his desire is to further his own ends, not ours."

Durand came into the room with a cool, almost imperious air, and a commonplace comment on the weather. He probably noticed the reserve with which his intrusion was received, but this did not affect him in the slightest degree. He had no doubt expected this reception, if not one more hostile, and his coming was therefore no doubt for a very different purpose than to remove the unfriendly feeling his own acts had inspired.

"We will not waste time in getting to the object of your unlooked-for visit," said Anson, bluntly, "and you will not need me to tell you it is as unwelcome as it is unexpected."

Durand made no reply, nor did he indicate by a gesture even, how the words affected him.

"You do not expect us to believe," continued Anson, doggedly, "that you can have any other object in this, or in anything else you do, than to consult your own interests."

Durand looked up with an expression of surprise, while a smile played over his features.

"Of course not. Surely that is the most primitive philosophy—that all our ends, good or bad, have their base in self-gratification. Even if I am here to assist you—which, strange to say, is the case—my motive is still to please myself."

There was always an unmistakable strain of refinement in Durand's manner, which saved him from the rough treatment his conduct in general merited and Estelle motioned him to a chair. Durand with a quiet "thank you," took it. He was determined to make himself quite at home and Anson resigned himself to the situation.

"Frankness," said Durand placidly, "will save us much time; and time, I can assure you, is a matter of consequence to treasure-guardians in Colombo at present."

"How do you know that it is necessary for us to preserve guard any longer?" asked Anson, eyeing him suspiciously. "How do you know that the opals are not now safely stowed away in the strong room of a bank?"

"Because the veriest child would not be taken in by such a clumsy ruse," replied Durand, "and I don't suppose for a moment that our enemies the priests and their numerous spies were a bit deceived."

"Our enemies?" ejaculated Anson, with a questioning emphasis on the first word.

"Our enemies, most assuredly," said Durand. "As I said, we will be frank. The opals represent a huge fortune, which is a temptation to all of us. They belong really to mother Earth, and are as much the property of one of her sons as they are of any other. If personal ownership were at all to be considered, we should as a matter of strict morality hunt up their real possessor among the Maories."

"You know that is all nonsense," cried Anson. "The jewels belonged lawfully to Wade, who gave them to Charters and myself. They belonged to him, if only in accordance with the universally recognized rights of the first discoverer."

"Of course, I know and agree," said Durand, blandly. "In fact, the Maori who would contest such an imperial proposition would merely betray his rude aboriginal ignorance. I am an Englishman, of course, and believe in our right to extend our Empire wherever there is anything worth taking. We will agree at the outset about all that. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof is ours."

"You haven't come here for this kind of thing?"

"No, but it clears the air. Wade found the opals, and quite rightly took them. They were his by right—while he could hold them. I found them next, they were quite rightly mine—while I could hold them. Now they are yours, and quite rightly yours—while you can hold them."

"And we mean to hold them, too," said Anson with a confident laugh.

"I am very glad to hear it. I have come to render you every assistance in my power to do so."

"What is your game, Durand?" broke in Anson, hotly. "Do you think I can believe that you have given up all idea of trying to regain them by fair means or foul?"

"If you have any such notion," said Durand, calmly, "you may dismiss it from your head as preposterous. I not only intend to regain them, but, if I live, I shall regain them in spite of all you and Charters may do."

He uttered this threat as though he was discussing a proposition for an afternoon stroll, with never a rising of his voice, nor a gesture to indicate any excess of feeling. But that he meant every word of it was unmistakable, and it almost chilled Anson to face a rivalry as relentless as it was passionless.

"Let us know in a word," said he, "why you are here; what you have to propose. You do not disguise that you are an enemy who is not to be appeased, so how can we have lot or part with you?"

Durand smiled.

"I do not admit that I am an enemy. I am merely determined to win the game in which we are all playing for enormous stakes. But even if enmity be the correct expression, there are degrees of enmity. If I have to choose between you and Charters, and those wretched priests—and that is the exact position—I do not hesitate in siding with you. You and Charters did me a good turn once—you saved my life; they tried to cheat me, and failing that they would have murdered me but for you. Now I am here to help you to get out of Colombo. Once we are out of the power of those priests, the duel will be between us."

"I am not sure we can accept your co-operation," said Anson. "There are more chances to you in a triangular fight, when we have to guard ourselves on all sides, than there can be when we have only to defend ourselves against you."

"That is not so. I have little doubt of being more than a match for you and Charters under ordinary conditions, but once the opals are in the power of these priests, and hidden away in one of their temples, they are lost forever. I gave up the opals because they proved more than a match for me. Unless I help you, and we use all our wits, they will be more than a match for you. Already you have played into their hands in a most serious manner."

"How so?"

"By that clumsy device of sending Charters out with a dummy bag."

"Oh, Mr. Durand, nothing has happened to my father!" cried Estelle, who had up to this remained silent. "You are not suggesting that any harm has come to him?"

"Not exactly harm, perhaps; but how can you expect peace when you play the game of war so loosely?"

"For God's sake, man, say what you mean!" exclaimed Anson, who had read in Durand's words more than they literally conveyed.

"I know nothing, but I have seen enough to expect that they will not miss such a chance. Where is Charters?"

"Gone to the bank."

"Why has he not returned?"

Estelle went deadly pale, and even Anson, who strongly distrusted Durand, and could not as yet bring himself to believe a word he uttered, felt a cold grip at his heart.

"There is only one thing to be done," said Anson, after a moment's thought. "I must enquire at the bank; but you, Durand, must come with me."

Durand smiled faintly. "I shall be pleased to go," said he. "You will soon have reason to believe me when I tell you that if you placed the opals there on that table, and asked me to take them, I should decline to do so. In such a hell as this, they are a veritable loadstone of crime."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was with a very anxious heart that Anson set out. He feared to leave Estelle, and yet he knew her anxiety was so great that if immediate search were not made for her father the consequences might be serious. He feared to leave her alone with the jewels, the source of all their trouble, but he did not dare lose sight of Durand.

There was nothing for it that then occurred to him, but to seek Charters at once, and keep directly under his eye the one man whose cunning and determination he most distrusted.

With a few reassuring words to Estelle, hiding as well as he could the anxiety at his own heart, he set out.

Durand as usual, was as cool as though his heart was not set on the struggle against unseen foes in which they were engaged. His coolness helped to sober Anson, who reflected that many things might have happened to delay Charters, who after all was a robust athletic man, and would not submit to any serious assault without a struggle which might be sufficient to secure him help. In fact, he had come to discount his fears very largely before they reached the bank.

Here, no trace whatever of Charters was obtainable. No one answering to his description had called, and no business such as his had been broached.

Anson turned away blankly. He was at a loss what to do.

"What can you suggest?" he asked, turning to Durand.

"I don't understand you."

"What is the meaning of his not having been here?"

"They have probably stopped him by some means, or else he has had some experience or other which had induced him to change his plans."

"Then he may have returned to the hotel; returned by some other route, while we have been coming this way."

"Perhaps."

"What is in your mind, Durand?"

"I really have no idea as to what may have happened. These fellows are up to a thousand dodges. They may have seized him as a hostage; they may have him in one of their numerous dens about here, and may torture him into helping them."

"My God! and we have left the opals solely in the charge of an innocent, unsuspecting girl!"

Durand turned and stared at him blankly. "You don't mean to tell me the opals are in the hotel?"

"Of course they are."

"But in the safe? in the proprietor's care with his signed receipt for them."

"No, we did not care to trust them."

Durand's face went green with suppressed rage.

"God!" he cried, "you have ruined me. Why did I not realize that I was dealing with maniacs, idiots?"

And without more ado, he set off at a run, heedless of the attention he was attracting, until he found a 'rickshaw into which he jumped and told the coolie to run with him to the hotel.

Anson followed as fast as he was able, but Durand outpaced him; nor was there a second 'rickshaw to be got till he had reached the next street.

Durand's anxiety was obviously genuine, but Anson so distrusted him that he soon evolved in his mind a complete explanation of all that had happened, which pointed conclusively to Durand as the sole instigator.

It was Durand and not the priests who had been watching the hotel; he it was who had secured Charters' detention so as to provide an excuse for enticing himself away from the hotel, leaving the opals with no one to guard them but Estelle.

What a clever plan it was, and how simple it seemed to Anson now that they had all been hoodwinked and it was too late! With Charters and himself away, how easy for Durand's tools to gain access to the hotel, overpower Estelle and secure the jewels! There could be no other possible explanation of it all, and he felt so assured that this was what had happened, that he returned to the hotel consumed with only one desire, and that was to wreak immediate and summary vengeance on Durand.

When he returned, this passionate resolve was by no means slaked by what first met his eyes. This was the figure of Estelle stretched on a couch in the drawing room insensible, a couple of the hotel servants administering restoratives.

Anson, pained as he was at the sight was able through his medical training to see at a glance that she was not in any danger, and was being properly treated; so with a few hurried directions, he passed into the next room and found Durand hurriedly searching in every available hiding place, searching, as Anson knew instinctively, for the opals.

Rushing up to him, Anson seized him by the neck, and gripping him as in a vice, flung him round, and sent him whirling into a heap in the corner of the room.

"So, you villain!" he cried, "this is your doing after all."

Durand, lithe as a cat, sprang up and placed the table between himself and Anson.

"You are mistaken," he said hoarsely. "I have had nothing to do with this. It is your own cursed folly has played into the hands of the priests. Don't be a fool, Anson. See if the opals are gone; you know where they are kept."

But Anson had already ascertained that. He had seen at a glance, on entering the room, that the trunk in which they had been placed was broken open and rifled.

"You know well enough that they are gone," he said. "But I shall take the next trick. You have the opals, but you shall not leave this room until I have left my mark on you for all your miserable, deceitful life!"

"I know nothing of all this, I tell you," said Durand; "and if you injure me, you will destroy your last chance of ever seeing the stones again, or of helping Charters."

The last words caused Anson to pause. He had made up his mind that the jewels were lost, but worse than that might remain. Durand was the villain who had worked the whole evil, but Charters was still in his power, and Estelle would not have him suffer pain or injury for the entire treasure.

"You scoundrel," he said, "you are too clever for us. Release Charters, and let him return here, and you can keep the infernal jewels. I wish we had never heard of them."

"You do not believe me, but I tell you that I am more disappointed than you at the loss of the opals. I have nothing to do with all this, and you must accept my assistance if anything is to be done."

"But Charters must return before Miss Charters recovers."

"I will help you find him, but I do not know where he is."

Anson, chagrined and baffled, could only look at him with mingled hate, contempt and distrust. With Charters' fate in the balance he dare not do more. Then he left the room swiftly and returned to Estelle's side.

She was already regaining consciousness, and Anson with a gesture dismissed the servants. A few minutes later she was sighing in his arms.

"Oh, Leslie! Where am I? Where is my father? I remember—you went for him."

"I remember now. I found these flowers on the table; I don't know how they came there; and when I smelt them I—I—Oh, Leslie, I can see it all. I have been insensible—the opals are gone!"

"Yes, dearest, but let them go. They have brought us nothing but misery, unrest and tronble."

"Where is papa? Hac he returned?"

"Not yet, dearest, but we shall soon see him now that the unlucky treasure is gone."

At this moment one of the hotel servants brought a note in on a salver. Anson started, for the address was in Charters' handwriting.

Estelle instinctively knew the truth. "Oh, Leslie," she exclaimed. "I know what you have got there. It is a note from papa."

Anson tore open the envelope and read the message briefly and hurriedly written in pencil.

"Dear Anson:—

"You must keep Estelle from being anxious about me. I am in no personal danger, but am clearly given to understand that I shall be detained until the opals are secured by the priests of the monastery to which I am being taken. I cannot advise you what to do, but I am allowed to write this so that you may know why I cannot return. Give my love to Estelle and impress on her that she must not be anxious about me. Yours,

"H. CHARTERS."

"There is another reason, dearest, why you need not be anxious," said Anson, "a reason your father does not suspect, and that is that the jewels are no longer in our possession. No doubt as soon as they are taken to the monastery your father will be released."

"Oh, Leslie! Do you think so? Yes, I am sure it is best that we have seen the last of them. We may have escaped worse trouble and dangers."

"One error I made was to believe that Durand was at the bottom of this. He was evidently genuine in his desire to help us for the time, at all events, and so I will consult him before seeing the fellow who has brought this."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Durand was sitting dejectedly on the couch when Anson returned to him. He could see at a glance that there was a change in Anson's manner, and he jumped up excitedly.

"You have news?" he asked. "News of the opals?"

For reply Charters handed him the note he had just received.

Durand glanced hurriedly through it, baffled rage illumining his pale features. "Curse them!" he muttered, "they have the whiphand of us at the moment; and look like keeping it."

"I must apologize to you for the wrong impression I formed—" Anson began.

"Don't waste time about that," said Durand, brusquely, "though I wish you could remove the impressions you fingers have made upon my neck. We must see the fellow who has brought this note, and get what we can out of him. He won't know that his scoundrelly masters have got the opals, and so he will convey whatever instructions he has received."

Anson agreed, and, Estelle having retired, the sallow priest who had brought the letter was shown into the room.

He salaamed solemnly and profoundly.

"Your employers and confederates," said Durand, "are defying the law in what they are doing."

"The Sahib is mistaken," the priest replied. "We are obeying the commands of our gods."

"Ah, well, it does not much matter; at any rate you have the advantage at present. What do you require us to do?"

"Meet me tonight at ten o'clock at the eastern gate of the Cinnamon Gardens. Bring with you the opals. Tomorrow the Sahib Charters shall return to you safely, and shall bring with him in money a fair price for the gems on which the gods have set their minds."

"And suppose tomorrow night—or now—we choose to have you arrested?"

The priest smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Suppose that your temple is identified, and we lodge an information that stolen valuables are concealed in it?"

"The Sahib must decide for himself."

"And if we hand you the gems tonight what guarantee have we that our friend will be returned to us safe and sound?"

"We do not want the Sahib. We want the gems!"

"Very well—we will be at the gate of the Cinnamon Gardens tonight at ten, with the opals; and we will trust you to safeguard our friend tomorrow."

"It shall be done."

The fellow salaamed low, and glided from the room. Evidently the supposed possession of the opals conferred some

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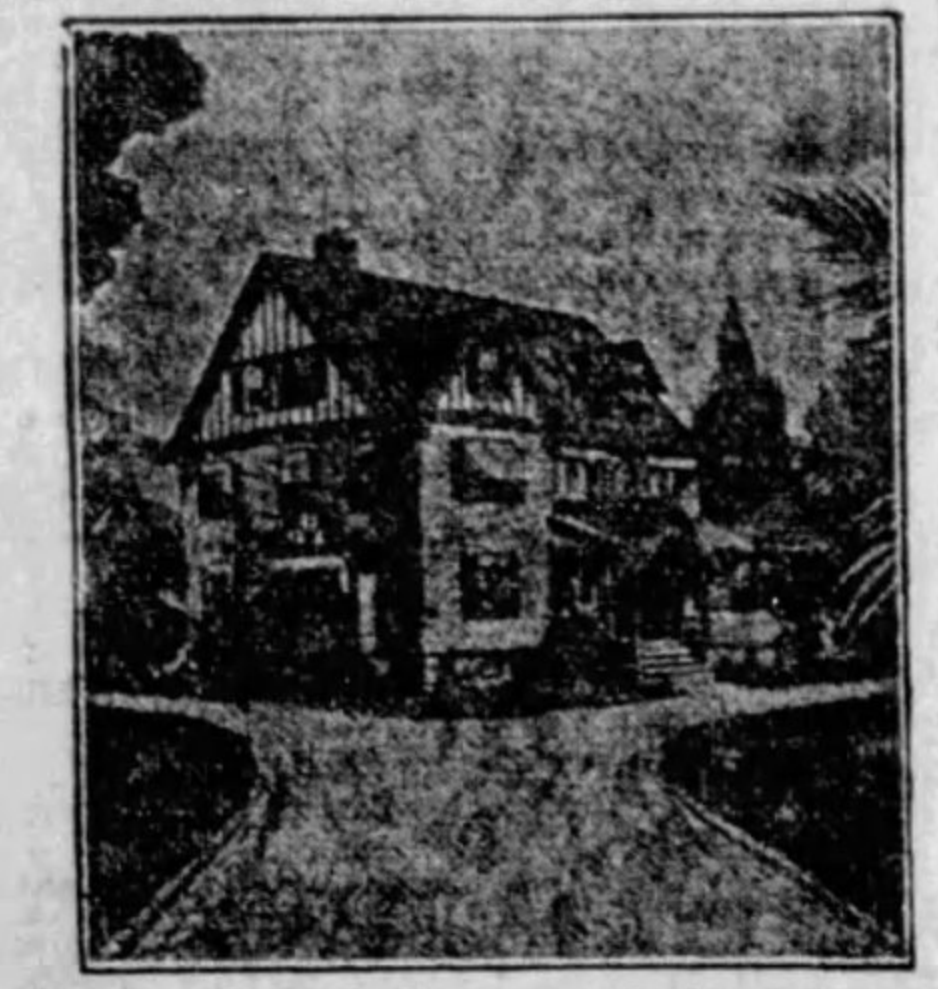

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exceptional distinction on them in his eyes.

"What will be the upshot of all this?" asked Anson. "Would it not have been better to have told him at once that the opals were gone?"

"No," replied Durand, "it would only have enraged him, as he knew nothing of it. They have apparently secured them through some other medium, and these fellows are eaten up with jealousy of each other when they are in competition on any work for their gods."

"But can we do nothing?"

"We can and must. We shall go to the monastery and watch, concealed, for Charters' release. They will no doubt release him when the opals reach them, but we must make sure of this. Besides the opals are not yet lost; there is still a chance to recover them, as the priests are working against each other in the matter. Why I specially wanted to see the messenger was to see if I could by any means discern his particular monastery. This I was able to do. I know where to run his people to earth. It is one of the oldest places of the sort about here, and is hidden among the hills some miles outside the town on the north side."

"What do you propose to do, then? What idea have you in your mind, even vaguely?"

"We must wait till we see what transpires. In the first place Charters may be able to tell us where they have placed the opals."

"You will still try to get them, although they are in the monastery?" queried Anson, the infection of excitement seizing him as he read in the other's nervous tension the undaunted desire to continue the struggle to the end.

"I shall try to get them, and you will try with me. Are we, three Englishmen, going to submit—call ourselves beaten—while the smallest chance remains? Do you think Charters is willing to be beaten?"

"I do not know, but I tell you this frankly: I will not be a party to any adventure in which he may risk his life. I would not for all the opals risk bringing any more trouble on Miss Charters."

"Nothing is done without risk," said Durand with a faintly perceptible sneer. "But it will be time enough to talk of that when we hear what Charters has to say. At any rate, from my point of view it is necessary that we get to the monastery under cover as soon as possible and await events."

"I confess I do not like leaving Miss Charters alone after the experience she has so recently had."

"Let her decide, then," said Durand decisively. "May we see her?"

"Oh, yes," said Anson. "I think I can guess the trick by which they caused her to faint. Come into the next room. I have no doubt she is anxious to discuss the matter."

This was evidently true, for as they entered she rose from the couch, and extending her hands supplicatingly, she addressed Durand eagerly.

"Oh, Mr. Durand, do you think they will injure my father? Can we not do something at once to assist him?"

"I think so, Miss Charters. At all events I have proposed to Mr. Anson that we should take some immediate measures to try."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Durand. I felt sure you would do something to help us."

"I am proposing that you should both assist me."

"I don't understand," she said distrustfully, while Anson looked uncomfortable, even under the possibility of a moment's misconstruction of his motives by the woman he loved.

"Let me explain," said Durand, ignoring the effect of his words on Anson. "Mr. Charters is a prisoner in a monastery which I know to be situate in the hills to the north. Now that they have stolen the opals they may possibly release Mr. Charters. Still there is the possibility that they may not, or that they may think it safer to spirit him across country somewhere, so as to give them time to dispose of the opals as they choose—they are sure to select the rarer specimens for their temple, and get rid of the rest. I therefore have suggested to Mr. Anson that we should go at once to the monastery and see what assistance we can render your father. If he is released we can watch and see that he is not spirited away. Mr. Anson naturally hesitates to leave you here alone, and perhaps it would be better if I go by myself."

"Oh, no, no," broke in Estelle, turning appealingly to Anson. "You will go, Leslie, and bring my father back to me?"

"Darling . . ."

"Do not think of me, Leslie. There is no longer any reason why they should want to injure me."

"Then, if you will not be nervous—if you feel sure you will be safe—we will start at once."

Durand smiled. He saw that his point was gained. Within half an hour they had started on their mission.

(To Be Continued.)

LAST CHIEF

Of the Sioux Nation Is Dying After an Eventful Career.

"Good Voice," the last great chief of the Sioux, now 83 years old, is dying in his wigwam near this place. Realizing his approaching end he a day or two ago called together his friends to bid them good-by. To them he said:

"I shake hands with our agent, the officials at Wasington; also my friend, William Hare, bishop of South Dakota.

"Last evening as I lay in my tepee I saw the sun go down and in a few minutes after all was darkness. I knew it would rise again and its golden rays would light the earth once more and I thought tonight that my life would go out, but I feel sure that soon I will see light again in the presence of the Great Spirit, the Father of us all. As quietly as the twilight deepens into the darkness of night, so quietly and certain will my life go out, for I am old and my time has come. Shake hands, Indians and white. Good Voice hears the Great Spirit say come. I'm going; I'm not afraid. Morning has come; good-by, good-by."

The splendid sentiment expressed in the closing paragraphs of Good Voice's message to the world is characteristic of his life. He has stood for "On earth peace and good will to men," and has lived the part. He is still the idol of his tribe, for whom he has stood sponsor for 60 years.

Some time ago Good Voice related some of his experiences in aiding the government. He said:

"There were times when the government killed my relatives and took my horses. But I stood for peace. I might express that I was defeated on both sides. General Harney killed 22 relatives of mine and took my horses.

"The government sent Red Bead, who was my uncle, to make peace with the Indians. But the Indians found out that Red Bead was on the government side, overpowered him, and his party was badly slaughtered. These Indians were composed of tribes from Cheyennes, Ogalallas and Rosebud Sioux.

"I have been in Washington several times as delegate, and on these occasions I have fully represented my people on good government. I have always looked for good government.

"When the government asked us to give our children to the school I was the first one to send mine. In order to keep our children on the reservation I asked the government to keep our schools on the reservation here.

"I always looked to the good government, and, therefore, I asked for a church.

"By our disobedience the government used to have war with the Indians. But I always took the government's part and helped them. What I mean by helping the government is: When General Sherman had a fight with the Cheyennes, a Cheyenne shot a horse under Sherman, and, in doing duty, I killed the Cheyenne.

"The government asked the Indians to consider whether they would help the government by acting as scouts, of which I was the first member, holding the office as sergeant.

"The government asked me to be good both to the Indians and to the whites. In about 1876 an Indian killed a white man, and the army officers requested the Indians to turn the Indian over to the authorities. But the Indians were afraid to arrest him, so I went and arrested him and took him to the authorities.

"In the same year Crazy Horse, one of our chief warriers, was arrested in our camp, and I was ordered to take him to the fort, which I did; and that same day he was killed by the soldiers.

"Another time two white men who were carrying mail from Camp Sheridan to the Black Hills got into trouble, which resulted in the killing of one. Chief Spotted Tail was notified to have the other white man arrested and I was ordered to arrest him, which I did, and turned him over to the authorities. Afterward he was hung for his crime."

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RANGE

Countries in Which It Nests and Sections Which It Avoids.

The idea of the nightingale being a melancholy bird might have originated in the classical myth—the notwas, if we may borrow the literal translation of the Russian word for legend. For Philomela the nightingale of the Greeks, was once a human maiden who had known the depths of sorrow. And to them the bird was still lamenting the woes of the girl, whose tongue had been cruelly cut, out says a writer in the Outlook.

The erratic distribution of the nightingale is a curious and interesting problem in bird life. No other bird in the British Isles is so remarkably restricted in its range. The "delectable Duchy" does not attract it; it does not visit the Emerald Isle; the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" has no charms for it; only one spot in gallant little Wales, the neighborhood of Cowbridge, is honored with its visits. And in England only on the east side of a line drawn from the mouth of the Tees to the coast of Dorset does it find its fastidious taste suited.

And in France it avoids the western part; rocky Brittany knows it not. Many years ago Sir John Sinclair endeavored to induce the nightingale to extend its summer range to "Caledonia stern and wild." His attempts were founded on the well-known fact that migratory birds return to the spot where they were reared. Orders were given to a London dealer for as many nightingale's eggs as he could produce at the rate of one shilling each. These were dispatched to Scotland and placed in robins' nests, where they were duly hatched and reared. But they never returned to Scotland after their autumn migration.

In Europe the nightingale goes as far north as Copenhagen. The reason for this curiously restricted range is not known. But without wishing to propound any theory, we may note a curious coincidence between the geological structure of the country and the distribution of the bird, for the line mentioned as marking the range of the nightingale is not found, are the carboniferous and still older rocks; east of it, where the nightingale occurs, are the triassic and still younger rocks. And the little area in Wales honored by the nightingale's presence is an island of younger rocks among Wales' more ancient strata. For some reason the nightingale would appear to prefer younger rocks.

Attempts have been made from time to time since the days of Aristophanes to express the nightingale's song in syllables, to impose on its thrilling music "the harsh captivity of words." But, as Prof. Newton says, the song is indescribable.

Caught in Their Own Trap.

Two men, who had an intense desire to make Mr. Gladstone look foolish, were once caught in their own trap. They had determined to try to put a "poser" to Mr. Gladstone by raising a discussion on a subject on which they, greatly daring, imagined he knew nothing about. Accordingly, they looked up an article in an encyclopedia on some such theme as "Chinese Funeral Customs." They arranged to discuss the matter at a dinner party at which Mr. Gladstone was to be the chief guest. As usual, he sparkled with information, but when this unusual theme was introduced by the two men Mr. Gladstone was silent. They thought that at last they had fathomed the depth of his extraordinary knowledge and one of them challenged him recklessly by saying: "I suppose, Mr. Gladstone, you cannot throw any light on this matter?" Mr. Gladstone replied in the mildest manner possible: "No, I don't think anything new on the subject has appeared since the article dealing with it was published in such-and-such an encyclopedia," naming the very volume from which the men had extracted their facts. The laugh was turned against them and they never tried again to make a clever man look foolish.—Cassell's Magazine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SERPENTS AND A SYMBOL.

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 8 Is, "The Brazen Serpent." Num. 21:1-9.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Recent weeks have witnessed a widespread controversy concerning the causes of the August panic in the stock market. The subject has been discussed with much heat. The general inability to diagnose business, political and social conditions is really quite remarkable in this age of efficiency and exact science. Not so with the calamity which overtook an ancient people in the wilderness round about the Red Sea. Their panic and suffering was increased by the fact that they clearly perceived the reason therefor. They, in their simplicity, knew that there is a direct relation between evil conditions and offenses against God. Herein modern civilization may learn a valuable lesson from them.

The Unlearned Lesson.

The man who stumbles twice, or twenty times, over the same obstruction, can scarcely expect to find a niche among the wise men. Just so foolish had been the children of Israel. For nearly forty years they had been in the wilderness, ever sinning the same sin and being heavily punished for it. Their principal failing was lack of faith in God. With every reason to trust Him, they yet perversely persisted in unbelief. The forms of offense varied, but their nature was ever the same, lack of faith in God. From the first whimper on the Egyptian side of the Red Sea to the murmuring at Meribah, it was ever the same distrust of the divine Leader who had given them every reason to repose implicit confidence in Him.

Still they remained a rebellious and ungrateful people. We are not surprised that Moses got mad at them. It is no wonder that Jehovah was repeatedly ready to give them up as a bad job. Even the long waiting at Kadesh-barnea, when every man above twenty perished because of the unbelief which refused to go up into the promised land, had not wrought a cure of complaining. Of course there were seasons of repenting, and Israel seems to have seesawed up and down between contrition and misconduct through all the forty years in the wilderness. Broadly speaking, though, faith was lacking. For that matter, is not the sin of all sins today unbelief? What was the query of Jesus: "When the Son of man returns, will he find faith in the earth?" We try to substitute the machinery of civilization for faith; but the Son of man will not look for civilization, and the cunning works of men's brains, when he returns, but for faith—the very sort of faith which was missing from among the Israelites.

The Visitation of Serpents.

The pilgrims were on the march. They had left Kadesh-barnea, the place of penance, and were journeying by a circuitous route to the land of their desire. But they were discouraged. It is only the rare spirit which is not affected by environment; spiritual condition is often, although not necessarily, a thing of circumstances. The hot sands of the desert, the blinding glare of the sun, the heavy-footedness of such travel, the burdens to be borne, the fleas, the enemies, and all the innumerable annoyances and privations, small and great, had worn the people's nerves. So "because of the way," they were discouraged, and everything looked blue to them, as it always does to a discouraged person.

Then they began to "lay it on the Lord," as we still have a fashion of blaming all our troubles upon a beneficent Providence. Of course they found fault with Moses, but that was only an indirect way of shifting the responsibility upon Him whose representative Moses was. They complained, in the old way, that they were likely to die in the wilderness, that there was no bread and no water, and that the manna was not desirable, and that, altogether, they would better have been left in Egypt.

Everything must have a limit, except the love of God. His patience has limits. Some eminent law-breakers are today pouting and whining like spoiled babes because the public at length reached an end of its forbearance and demanded a reckoning of them. Why, the very patience of Jehovah himself has an end—as the complaining Israelites found when the visitation of serpents came down upon them. The same God who had plagued Egypt with frogs and locusts and flies could chastise his own with serpents.

The Dawn of Terror.

Of all the creatures that inhabit this earth the serpent is everywhere regarded as the most loathsome. He is the dread of all simple peoples, and revelation makes him the incarnation of the tempter. What a terror must have smitten the camp when this plague first fell upon it. The sudden increase of the bitten ones, the similarity of the affliction, and the ubiquity of the snakes all argued against accident. Conscience instantly told the sufferers why the punishment had been sent. Orientals will sit down in calmness, as I have seen them, in the presence of the black plague. But this sudden alarm of serpents—springing with deadly fang from wayside footprints, from the shadow of rock or shrub, and infesting the very household equipments—this was a nerve-racking terror. The scream of the newly-bitten, the groans of the thirsty dying, the shrill wailing of the bereaved, were not more awful than the constant fear, fresh in every mind, that each might be the next victim.

The leader at whom the people had railed they now thronged with pleadings, beseeching Moses to pray for their deliverance. To them the serpents stood for sin—their own sin of unbelief. So their contrite cry rang out, "We have sinned, because we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord that He take away the serpents from us."

When the Ship Went Down.

One of the revealing stories which come from the recent terrible wreck on the Pacific coast told how the survivors had gathered around a minister of the gospel and prayed, as only drowning people can pray. In its deep need every spirit instinctively turns to God; alas, that it should require a calamity to bring this to pass with so many of us. The Israelites were obeying one of the deepest human instincts when they turned to Jehovah for help. The final argument for prayer is not to be found in the books, but in the breast of man.

Forbearing, long-suffering, patient still, God heard. Since the affliction had been sent as a punishment of unbelief, the healing should be by an act of faith. The sufferers should be saved through a symbol. Moses was directed to make a serpent of brass and erect it upon a pole in the sight of the whole camp, so that whosoever should look upon it would find life. God made faith a test of healing; the man who would not look, could not live.

The effect of the proclamation is thus imagined by one commentator: "As the herald passed along, what a scene the camp would present! There you might see a man all but dead, raising himself upon his arm, and straining his glazed eyes, if haply he might behold the glittering symbol; yonder another, wiping away his tears of anguish to look upon the glorious object; and yonder still, a mother with her child, eagerly pointing to the staff, if perchance she may fix her loved one's gaze upon the mystic healer."

The Story With a Moral.

Following the example of the Great Teacher, this dramatic incident must be used primarily for its illustrative value. It points one great truth, the truth of all others which forever is the need of the times. Man has been sorely bitten by the serpent of sin. He must suffer and perish unless saved. "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him may have eternal life." The healing of the world's suffering from sin is only by the upraised cross. "There is life for a look at the Crucified One."

FEET OUT

She Had Curious Habits.

When a person has to keep the feet out from under cover during the coldest nights in winter because of the heat and prickly sensation, it is time that coffee, which causes the trouble, be left off.

There is no end to the nervous conditions that coffee will produce. It shows in one way in one person, and in another way in another. In this case the lady lived in S. Dak. She says:

"I have had to lie awake half the night with my feet and limbs out of the bed on the coldest nights, and felt afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold. I had been troubled for years with twitching and jerking of the lower limbs, and for most of the time I have been unable to go to church or to lectures because of that awful feeling that I must keep on the move.

"When it was brought to my attention that coffee caused so many nervous diseases, I concluded to drop coffee and take Postum Food Coffee to see if my trouble was caused by coffee drinking.

"I only drank one cup of coffee for breakfast, but that was enough to do the business for me. When I quit it my troubles disappeared in an almost miraculous way. Now I have no more of the jerking and twitching and can sleep with any amount of bedding over me and sleep all night, in sound, peaceful rest.

"Postum Food Coffee is absolutely worth its weight in gold to me." "There's a Reason." Read the little health classic, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

IMITATIONS TAXED AS GEMS

Only the Artificial Ruby Is the Real Thing Chemically.

Precious stones have not been superseded by any of the artificial products which recently caused alarm in the jewelry trade. Many of the importers and jewelry manufacturers in the Maiden lane district are now taking occasion in sending out catalogues for the fall trade to say that the demand for natural stones is greater than it ever was before and that substitutes are not accepted. As far as taking the place of real stones, it is said, all the artificial products have proved failures. It is admitted that the laboratory gems have a large sale, but only as a class of imitations somewhat higher than glass.

Imitation diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls have all been imported in the last year under the designation of reconstructed gems, the importers in each case demanding that the duty be 10 per cent, the rate applicable to precious stones, while the government claimed 20 per cent, the rate on glass imitations and on non-enumerated manufactures.

Decisions of the board of United States general appraisers handed down in the last week have settled the status from the customs point of view of the emeralds, the last of the reconstructed gems to receive attention. In all the cases the importers of the imitations have been successful in getting the 10 per cent rate. The authorities base their decision on the similitude clause of the tariff law, which allows an article to be classified with whatever it most closely resembles in material, appearance and intended uses.

Of all the stones entered in the foreign invoices as reconstructed gems the ruby is the only one really entitled to the name, say prominent dealers. The reconstructed ruby, they say, is really made in the laboratory so that it is chemically identical with the finest rubies of Burma, and the differences are seen only in the interior lines and bubbles and in the crystalline formation.

The sapphire, like the ruby, being of the corundum group, it was supposed that the blue stone could be made in the laboratory as readily as the rest. But the so-called reconstructed sapphire turned out to be a doublet, composed of two pieces of quartz, with blue coloring on the plane where they were cemented together. The latest reports from Paris indicate that the machine which turns out red rubies by the thousand cannot produce a single blue sapphire.

The so-called reconstructed emerald also proved to be composed of two pieces of aquamarine joined as a doublet with green coloring mixed with the cement, all the work being done so skillfully that to the naked eye the two stones looked as if they had always been one. Chemically the emerald and the aquamarine are the same, and the only difference is in the coloring, so that from a custom house point of view the difference was immaterial. Flawless emeralds of a deep green hue command fabulous prices, while the aquamarine doublet may be bought for a song.—New York Sun.

Lincoln's Guard Was Absent.

I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was never even investigated by the police department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the District, and had volunteered, as I believe each of the guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the District. He is dead now and, as far as I have been able to discover, all of his family. So it is no unkindness to speak of the costly mistake he made.

It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's theatre, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know—Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately; for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theatre in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime and that he observed that Parker, whom he must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. Booth had found it necessary to stimulate himself with whisky in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the door of the President's box armed with a Colt's revolver, his alcohol courage might have evaporated.—Wm. H. McCook in Harper's.

In 1950.

Mr. Hasitall—"What are you children going to do today?"

Miss Hasitall—"Oh, I guess I'll take the airship out. I want to go over Wall street and drop bags of sand on the curb brokers."

Hasitall, Jr.—"I'm going to take the submarine boat out. I want to see if I can find our ancestors who fell off the Mayflower.

Steve Hasitall—"I'm going to take the auto-boat."

Helen Hasitall—"I'm going to take the auto. They have just made a new speed law and I want to be the first to break it."

Ben Hasitall—"I am going horseback."

Baby Hasitall—"There's nothing left for me. I guess I'll take a walk."—Life.

Correcting the Record.

Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, tells a story about former Representative Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "was engaged in a debate with an Illinois congressman and called him an ass. This was unparliamentary, of course, and had to be withdrawn. Pursuant to the order of the speaker Mr. Johnson said:

"'I withdraw the language I used, Mr. Speaker, but I insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order.'

"'How am I out of order?' demanded the Illinois man, with considerable heat.

"'Probably a veterinary surgeon can tell you,' retorted Johnson. This was parliamentary and went into the Record."—Indianapolis News.

THE FLAG IN ALASKA.

Controversy Arises of Place the Flag Was Raised First.

In what place is the American banner that first fluttered over Alaska now resting? In what manner has the flag been preserved to the present time? And finally, what is the real story of the stirring October day at Sitka when the American warship arrived to take possession of the country, and when the Russian flag was rent in two pieces as they pulled it down from the flagpole for the last time in the western hemisphere, while the beautiful Princess Maksoatoff wept at the shortsightedness of her country at selling a land with so much potential greatness.

A few months ago the management of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition started to solve these questions, especially to the whereabouts of the flag. The result was curious, and indeed reminds so forcibly of a famous incident of the eighteenth century that perhaps the story may be told.

John Baxter, in his day a famous divine, died with so many pious expressions and belief that his heirs determined to issue the story. The book, The Last Words of Richard Baxter, was issued, and was an immediate success. Money rolled in. The heirs became greedy, and hoping to duplicate the success issued another book, More Last Words of Richard Baxter.

It was so with the flag. No sooner had a search begun for the first American flag unfurled in the northland than the inquirers began to be daily informed of where the "real first flag" was to be found. Every one that had a flag thirty-five or forty years old seemed to be determined to advance his banner as the original one. Many and ingenious were the stories told and bitterly did some of the contestants wage war for the legitimacy of the particular flag in which they were interested. True, many of these ancient American banners had most interesting histories, but histories not particularly pertaining to the point at issue.

After sifting the matter out the exposition management believes that the original thirty-six starred banner to float above the Russian barracks at Sitka is one of three which are in different parts of the United States for safe keeping. The history of each of these three flags is well authenticated, and later the one desired will be obtained by the exposition to be used at the opening ceremonies. It is the plan of the management that when on June 1, 1909, the gates of the exposition swing open to the world the banner on the topmost pinnacle of the ten million exposition of Alaska, Yukon and the Pacific countries will be the same one that waved farewell to the Russians two generations ago.

The writer while in Grand Pre in the Acadian valley, some years ago was shown nine different sites where once stood the forge of Basil, the blacksmith, where Evangeline once stood watching the upward sparks. Each site, strange to say, was of a different form. As then, so in the present case each of the owners of these three flags believes it to be the original, and the following pertaining to each flag is the story as the present owner tells it:

One flag, the property of Edward Leudecke, of Wrangell, has a strong claim to being the original. It now reposes in the vaults of the Dexter-Horton bank in Seattle. The story is that the body of American troops that left San Francisco in the autumn of 1867 for Sitka to take possession of the country proceeded by the inside channel and touched first at Wrangell.

At that point there were living a few Americans engaged in pioneer work. One of these was Edward Leudecke, who, after forty years, is still a resident of Wrangell. Leudecke, when the troops touched at that point, heard for the first time of the American purchase. Although the country was not then formally taken over by the United States he ran to the flagpole and hoisted the American flag, and there it flew for many months. In the meantime the troops proceeded to Sitka, then the capital, and on October 18, 1867, the Russian flag was pulled down and the American flag raised before the barracks and in the presence of a detachment of both Russian and American troops.

Then the flag of Leudecke floated till 1867, when the news of the admission of Nebraska to the union was announced, and then the flag with thirty-six stars was pulled down and another one with thirty-seven stars was raised in its place. Leudecke, however, clung carefully to his flag, and in 1905 turned the banner over to G. E. Rodman, an attorney of Wrangell, who sent it on to its present destination for safe keeping.

Leudecke is now seventy-two years of age and is strong and hearty. He remembers perfectly the first arrival of American troops in the north and the amazement and joy of the few Americans there on being told that Alaska had been purchased from the Russians.

Of course this flag of Leudecke's cannot be the official one, as it was flown at Wrangell. Nevertheless, it would seem as if it has a strong claim to be the first American flag ever flown in the northland.

Another flag is told about by Major A. N. Brown, private secretary to Gov. Albert E. Mead, of the state of Washington. Mr. Brown in this connection writes as follows the story of this flag:

"In making some researches among the government documents and reports on the acquisition of Alaska I have found that when Secretary Seward dispatched General Rousseau as United States commissioner to Sitka to receive the territory of Alaska from the Russian government he had given to the general a flag with instructions to use it in formally taking possession. The report shows that it was used, that it was taken back to Washington by General Rousseau and that it was there returned to the secretary. It would be interesting to have that flag exhibited at the exposition. I would suggest that you interest some of the state delegation in that matter to the end that the department of state hunt the old flag up and send it out."

The whereabouts of the third flag is known to Dwight A. Hurlburt. Mr. Hurlburt in writing explains further that he was a member of the squad of the Second United States artillery which went to Alaska in 1867 to take possession. He was the member of the squad to adjust the staff at the raising of the flag on October 19, 1867, at Sitka. Mr. Hurlburt took the pains to follow the course of this flag after it had served its usefulness, and this he claims is the original flag after which the exposition is in search. The flag is not, as he says, in the possession of the government at the present time. Mr. Hurlburt is now in Kansas City, but spent many years in Alaska. He was there when Secretary Seward visited Sitka, and took down the speech of Mr. Seward in shorthand and thus preserved it to posterity. It was afterward published in the Alaska Times of that time.

These are the three flags which seem to be most near to the ideal. Doubtless there are others, and the management of the exposition would be grateful to receive information from anyone knowing further about this matter, or in fact about anything vital to the early history and settlement of Alaska.—Washington Star.

Cane Whittled by Lincoln.

Ira H. Haworth, who was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary recently.

Mr. Haworth has a cane and a gavel given to him by President Lincoln in 1860. They are made from the wood of a black walnut tree which was cut down by Lincoln. The cane was whittled by Lincoln and around the top of it is a band of German silver, which is engraved: "To Ira Haworth from Abraham Lincoln, 1860."

"Yes. Abe gave them to me," said Mr. Haworth yesterday, when I was chairman of the township committee in his home county. I used them in the campaign of 1860. When he gave them to me he said:

"'This gavel is to keep order. The cane is to use when you get old. I know you will live to be old because the good die young.'"—Kansas City Times.

Bell and Belle.

On the watch tower of the Vela, at the Alhambra, Spain, there is a silver toned bell which the Moslems used to ring as a signal to let on the water in the gardens and the fountain in the city below. Its sound can be heard at Liga, thirty miles away. The maiden who strikes it today is sure of a husband before the year is out, and of a good one if she rings loud enough. On certain fete days it is lively for the bell.—Chicago News.

Warning to '07 Girls.

"What's the matter with that '07 Bryn Mawr girl? She's very beautiful, yet every chap on the bench avoids her."

"Well, you see, she knows enough to correct everybody's mistakes, and she doesn't know enough not to."

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody please tell me how to lay cucumber pickles in brine, so that they will be just right to eat?—C., Wevertown, N. Y.

What is a good grain ration for cows? Would bran and cornmeal be good if mixed with oil meal or cotton-seed meal, and which is the better for feed, cotton seed meal or oil meal? How much of either cotton-seed meal or oil meal is a feed for grown stock? How many pounds of grain would be a feed for a Jersey cow per day? Will somebody please answer these questions through the Farmstead columns of The Blade—C., Grand Junction, Col.

My poultry is dying with what I suppose is the "limber neck." What is the cause and a remedy?—B., Friendsville, Tenn.

Would be pleased to have some one tell me how to clean seeds in pulp, like tomato seeds.—C., Oneonta, N. Y.

What is the best time to plant box-elder seeds? Want them as a windbreak. How deep should they be sown? Who will kindly answer?—C., Spooner, Wis.

Would like to hear, through the Farmstead columns, of something that will kill weevil in wheat.—T., Ogillville, Ind.

We have been bothered with what we call gas roaches for several years and have tried everything that we have seen published in an endeavor to get rid of them, but without success. With the hope that some Farmstead reader may know of a successful way, we are making this appeal to them.—W., Noblesville, Ind.

My hens eat well and look all right, have red combs and wattles, but seem to break down in the back and drag themselves around until they get so weak they die. Some of them fall off the perch and are dead when I find them in the morning. I have lost a dozen. My neighbors' flocks are similarly afflicted, and the trouble seems to be widely prevalent. Can anybody tell me what the disease is and give a remedy?—M., Greencastle, Ind.

Blackberry Wine.

Somebody asked, through the Farmstead columns, for a recipe for blackberry wine. Here is my method: Put the berries in a dish and crush them fine; let stand 24 hours, stirring quite often; then drain through a cloth. To each quart of juice add three quarts of water and three pounds of granulated sugar. Stir well and bottle; let it work clear; then cork and put away.—B., Weavertown, N. Y.

To Kill Horseradish.

P., Nashua, Ia.: Cut horseradish off at the ground and sprinkle the stubs with kerosene oil (common lamp oil). I think it will kill it.—W., Jamestown, Pa.

Blackberry Bushes.

One of the most neglected crops after the harvest is over is the blackberry. Perhaps no crop entails so little labor in proportion to the revenue derived therefrom, yet it will pay to keep the canes free from weeds and grass, and to apply fertilizer as well. When a portion of the canes have been winter-killed, a good crop may be obtained from the remainder if the canes received good treatment the previous year, but as a rule the canes are left until it becomes time to cut them. Many blackberry fields that have borne good crops year after year and then begin to fail and die out are simply yielding to starvation and neglect.

The Wild Mustard Pest.

Wild mustard is a well known and very widely distributed weed pest, and one which it is very difficult to eradicate when once introduced. R. A. Moore and A. L. Stone, of the Wisconsin Experiment station, have, however, been quite successful recently in destroying the weed in grain fields by spraying with a solution of iron sulphate.

The solution is made by emptying a 100-pound sack of iron sulphate into an ordinary 52-gallon cask (kerosene or vinegar barrels are gauged for approximately that amount), and the stirring until the sulphate goes into solution. Iron sulphate is in a granular form similar to that of salt and goes into solution readily. When stirred vigorously seven to ten minutes, the sulphate is dissolved. Made in the proportions given, we found that the mixture was practically a 20 per cent. solution, the proper strength, although some German experimenters have had good results by using a 15 per cent. solution.

The solution was sprayed on an oat field badly infested with the weed, when the plants were in the third or fourth leaf. The results show that in all cases practically all of the weeds were destroyed.

The spraying should be done on a calm, bright day, after the dew has disappeared, as the work is more effective if the solution is put on in a warm sunlight. When rain follows the spraying within a few hours the extermination of the mustard will not be complete.

The grain field should be sprayed when the mustard plants are in the third leaf, or before the plants are in blossom, in order to have spray do the most effective work. The day following the spraying the tips of the blades of grain may be somewhat blackened, but no detrimental effects can be noticed, either to the crops or grasses seeded with it, two weeks after spraying.

Daisies, cocklebur, birdweed, ragweed, chicory, sheep sorrel, yellow dock, wild lettuce, and many other weeds were partially or wholly eradicated from the fields where tests were made for the extermination of mustard.

Iron sulphate can be purchased for about $11 per ton in small quantities, and in bulk for considerable less. One hundred pounds of iron sulphate will make sufficient solution of the proper strength to spray approximately one acre. From 20 to 25 acres of land can be covered in a day where the sprayer is kept in continual use.

The iron solution is not poisonous, and can be readily handled without injury. White clothing coming in contact with it will be discolored, but not burned.

Raising the Calf.

For the past four years the Kansas experiment station has been experimenting in raising calves on skim milk and its substitutes, and among the conclusions reached are the following:

Strong, thrifty calves cannot be expected from cows that have received poor feed and care previous to calving time.

Cows should be fed bone and muscle food while carrying their calves—oats, bran and clover or alfalfa.

Cows to produce strong calves should go dry from six to eight weeks before calving.

They should be given succulent food, as grass, roots or silage, for three or four weeks before calving to keep them in a laxative, healthy condition.

The calf should not be permitted to drop in a cold or damp place.

If the cow's udder is caked and feverish milk often, but don't milk perfectly dry.

Feed the calf whole milk for the first ten days or two weeks, then gradually change to skim milk and directly after feeding milk put a little ground feed into the calf's mouth, which will soon teach him to eat.

After he has learned to eat the change to skim milk may be quite rapid and the allowance may be increased considerably.

A great difference was found in the individual capacity of calves yet as a general rule the calf from three to five weeks old may be fed from ten to twelve pounds of milk daily.

The milk should always be fed warm and sweet. Next to overfeeding, there was nothing that was found to cause greater difficulty with the hand fed calves than feeding sweet milk one meal and sour the next. They also found that it was not practicable to feed unpasteurized skim milk from the creamery.

When calves are fed for future usefulness in the dairy care should be taken not to get them too fat. In the early part of the feeding period, when the calves are receiving a large amount of skim milk and comparatively little grain, there is not much danger of getting them too fat, but as the grain ration increases it may be necessary to feed more nitrogenous grain.

Wells and Pure Water.

In a discussion of the disposal of dairy and farm sewage in such a way that the water supply may not be injured O. Erf, of the Kansas experiment station, draws some general deductions regarding the construction and care of wells which are of much interest.

It must be borne in mind that the well on a dairy farm, and, indeed, on any farm, or in any dooryard, cannot receive too much care, for it supplies the water for household use, for the dairy farm, for cheese factories, and for other purposes which are related to food supply. Well water is most commonly contaminated in two ways, either by surface water, which runs directly into the well, or by baryard drainage, household slops, and cesspools.

Sewage disposal may be so managed that it is not a menace to the water supply. One of the most satisfactory methods is employing a septic tank, as the Kansas experiments show. This need not involve any great trouble or expense.

Discussing well construction, the Kansas station states: Nearly all of the bacterial life exists in the upper strata of the soil. Soil ten or twelve feet below the surface of the earth is perfectly sterile, unless it has within it a crevice or opening so that surface sewage can run down. Therefore due care should be taken in digging and constructing a well so that direct contamination will be prevented.

The well itself must be constructed that the impurities cannot get into it from above or from the sides. Water should be filtered through ten or twelve feet of fine soil. To prevent the surface pollution of well water a tight wall should be built in the well down below the water level. This can be built of hard, burned brick and cemented on the outside. Clay should be pounded around this.

The Egg Producers.

From a practical standpoint it would seem that there is a great deal of time and money thrown away in trying to develop points in the poultry we raise, rather than put all stress upon the egg-laying habit. That may be true, and it may not be true. It might soon happen that the high pressure method of coaxing the hens up to the limit in egg-production would result in the loss of vitality to the individual and to the breed. The old rule of "more haste, less speed," might assert itself, and to our notion this would be one of the very things to happen in the end.

An all-around well-developed hen that is able and willing to lay upwards of 200 eggs in a year's time is not a mean thing to contemplate. At a penny apiece here is an income of about $2 per annum. Rating the value of the hen at 50 cents, and the cost of her keep at another 50 cents, her is a net profit of $1 on a $1 investment. One hundred per cent profit is not to me sneezed at. We believe it possible to make the record as above laid down as a practical business proposition. It is not to be accomplished, however, through hap-hazard methods. It requires brains in the management and strict attention to business.

Up to a reasonable limit a good hen of any of the egg-laying strains is a machine that can be depended upon for turning out sure and good profits. If the owner is just as good as the hen all will be well and good. It is always to be remembered that a living dog is better than a dead lion. There is no profit in dead hens.

Alfalfa in Illinois.

Eleven acres of alfalfa are growing on the farm of M. E. Snyder, one mile south of Moweaqua. The crop is the largest one in the country. The alfalfa is growing luxuriantly and will soon be ready for harvesting. Four crops are taken from the field each season. Mr. Snyder feeds the alfalfa hay to his farm animals and does not thresh it. In speaking of his crop Mr. Snyder said: "I'm proud of that eleven acres of alfalfa, largely because I succeeded in raising it when so many farmers failed. And it all rested on one thing—inoculation of the land before sowing. Four acres have been yielding for about four years. I inoculated the land for the first crop in this way: I took several wagons loads of dirt from the field in which white clover had been growing and sowed loosely over the field. Then I planted the alfalfa. It grew well and has continued to grow ever since. I planted seven more acres this year. To inoculate this patch I took several wagons loads of dirt from the ground on which the alfalfa had grown. This I sowed about the field and now the new crop is in fine condition. A number of farmers from all parts of the state have been here to see the crop and inquire why I made a success of raising alfalfa when they failed. I would not sell my alfalfa land now for $200 an acre. The alfalfa hay is unequaled as a cattle fodder. The animals like it and I always give them all they want. If fed to the cattle while green on the fields it has a tendency to bloat them. I cut the crop, let it dry on the field and then stack it. I would advise any farmer to plant alfalfa. If handled properly it will yield well and prove valuable."—Taylorville Courier.

Trees Grow at Night.

One of the foreign agents of the Bureau of Forestry, now in Tasmania, reports, as the result of a series of measurements of growing apple and pear trees plants, that 85 per cent. of the growth of trees takes place between midnight and 6 o'clock in the morning.

The growth continues at a much diminished rate until 9 o'clock. After that it is very slight until noon, when the tree falls into a condition of complete rest, lasting until 6 o'clock. Then there is a gradual renewal of the growth, which, however, does not become rapid until the middle of the night.

Bobbin Boys' Wages.

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently in Bloomington an address on strikes.

Turning to the amusing features of the strike question, Mr. Lennon said:

"I remember a strike of bobbin boys, a just strike, and one that succeeded. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus the day they turned out they posted in the spinning room of their employers' mill a great placard inscribed with the words:

"'The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse.'"—Washington Star.

At the Altar.

"Will you have this here woman to be your lawful, wedded wife?"

"That's what I 'lowed I would."

"Will you love, honor and obey her?"

"Ain't you got that switched 'round, parson?" said the bridegroom.

"John!" said the bride-elect. "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!"

"Yes, sir," said the bridegroom, meekly. "I reckon I'll have to."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE OLD, OLD CALL.

It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's
that I'm complaining,
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I'
never felt his frown)
But there's sorrow beating on me, like a
long day's raining,
For the little wrinkled face of her I left
in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself
and no other—
Do you mind the morns we walked to
mass when all the fields were green?
'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, m
mother, mother, mother,
The wide seas, the cruel seas, and ha
the world between.

It's the man's part to say the word, the
wife's to up and follow—
(It's a fair land we've come to an
there's plenty here for all)
It's not the homesick longing that lure
me like a swallow,
But the one voice across the world tha
draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself
and no other—
Do you mind the tales you told me when
the turf was blazing bright?
Me head upon your shoulder, oh, m
mother, mother, mother,
The broad seas between us and yoursel
alone tonight.

There's decent neighbors all about, there'
coming and there's going;
It's kind souls will be about me whe
the little one is here;
But it's her word that I'm wanting, he
comfort I'd be knowing,
And her blessing on the two of us t
drive away the fear.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself
and no other—
Do you mind the soft Spring morning
when you stitched the weddin
gown?
The little careful stitches, oh, m
mother, mother, mother,
Meself beyond the broad seas, and yo
in Kerrydown.

—Toronto Mail and Empire.

FISH, NOT MOUSE.

Quite a sensation was caused in northbound Bellefontaine (Ohio) car o recent Sunday evening by the scream of a woman, who declared that she felt a mouse running across her foot. Sh jumped up, shook her skirts violently and threw the other women into a panic for, of course, as soon as she discovere the mouse they all imagined a plague of mice similar to that which infested Egypt in the days of Pharaoh.

The agitation of her raiment, however disclosed the fact that the disturber of her peace was not a mouse, but a craw fish. Soon some one espied a second crawfish, then a third was discovered and finally the floor of the car seemed alive with crawfish of various sizes and different degrees of ferocity, lifting their claws in a menacing manner that would put to blush the most terrible mouse in the town.

General interest was at once aroused All the women gave signs of dire alarm two or three, after shaking their dresses mounted the seats; several small boys with cautious glee, captured and pocketed some of the crustaceans; others, fearing a pinching, used their handkerchiefs a nets to ensnare the victims. A very red faced man, wakened by the excitement caught sight of a crawfish on the floor and glared at it with speechless horror until he perceived that others saw it also when he realized, with apparent relief that it was really a crawfish.

Investigation disclosed the fact that the presence of the crawfish was due to of a somnolent person provided with a minnow bucket and a paper-covered basket. He had had no luck at fishing but had discovered a crawfish hole, from which he filled his basket. His catch however, was relentless and refused to be confined by a bit of paper, so that swarmed out and were prowling about search of water. By the time the excitement calmed down the basket was empty, the small boys had the crawfish and the fisherman waked to find himself minus the catch and twelve blocks past his corner.

Disillusionment.

Believing that they were going t see the biggest man on earth outside of the dime museums, a lot of people went to Broad street station on Friday to get a look at William H. Taft, secretary of war. Many of them had seen the cartoons and heard so much about President Roosevelt's big secretary of war that when they heard he was coming to Philadelphia they were anxious to see him. And they heard much about the dimensions of the man that they didn't know him when they saw him. There was a crowd of people in Broad street station at 10:40, when the train bearing Mr. Taft arrived, a large part of whom had come especially to look at him. Wearing a medium length black overcoat, the war secretary did not look any bigger than an ordinary fat man and he passed through the crowd almost unnoticed. A woman in the crowd heard Mr. Taft addressed by a man who had gone to the station to meet him. This was the way she discovered him. Her eyes opened wide, and turning to her friend, she remarked: "Why, I expected to see a giant. He's not such big man." A few others recognized him, but the majority left the station satisfied that Mr. Taft had not come on that train.—Philadelphia Record.

Distribute the Emigrants.

Some definite and well-organized movment ought manifestly to be made toward the wider scattering throughout th country of the horde of aliens that continually trooping into our country. is not good for either themselves or f the public that they plant themselves, they have been doing, in great colnies in the large cities. That practi makes for continued poverty, ill healt general conditions that are undesirab It would be surprising to know how ma of those who flock to these shores annually are and should be tillers of t soil. There is demand for such. should be induced, if not compelled, distribute themselves over our large a of agricultural districts.—Washington C.) Times.

The Making of Men in the Navy

The United States Navy offers the opportunity for finer training, mental and physical, and more certain promotion, than any other occupation. It is easy for the young man of good habits and ability to secure a warrant position by promotion through the petty officer ratings and passing a reasonable examination.

A warrant officer, beginning at $1200, sea-pay, receives $1800 after twelve years' service, and can retire at 62 years of age with independent pay for life. The

U.S. Navy

needs young men of good health and character, who can be promoted to fill vacancies. Applicants must be American citizens between 17 and 35 years of age.

Term of enlistment four years. Pay, $16.00 to $70.00 per month, including board, medical attendance and clothing allowance at first enlistment. No experience necessary, but electricians, machinists or skilled mechanics can enlist at higher ratings and secure more rapid promotion.

Personal application can be made at Navy Recruiting Stations in various cities, or full information of how and where to join the Navy may be had by writing

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION

NAVY DEPARTMENT, BoxA B, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I Can Cure Cancer

At Home Without Pain Plaster or Operation and I Tell You How, Free.

I Have Proven Cancer Can Be Cured at Home. No Pain, No Plaster, No Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have discovered a new and seemingly unfailing remedy for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful cures, and I will be glad to give full information free to all who write me and tell me about their case.

Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., had cancer of the mouth and throat. Doctors said, "no hope." Mr. Keagan wrote: "It is only a question of a short time—I must die." Today his cancer is healed up and he is well. My marvelous radiatized fluid did it. [illegible] other just such cures to its credit. It is saving people every day and restoring them to health and strength. If you have cancer or any lump or sore that you believe is cancer, write today and learn how others have been cured quickly and safely and at very small expense. No matter what your condition may be, do not hesitate to write and tell me about it. I will answer your letter promptly, giving you, absolutely free, full information and proof of many remarkable cures. Address, Dr. Rupert Wells, 2904 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

"What are you doing for a living now?" "I am like a last will and testament." "How's that?" "Reduced to writing." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I understand they're as happy in their little flat as can be." "Yes. Just like two turtle doves." "How glorious." "Yes. You see, the janitor is away on his vacation."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dolly—"Are you de doctor what brings us new baby?"

Dr. Pillem—"Yes, my little dear."

Dolly—"Well, you stop it. Every time a new one comes pop has to sell anudder dog, an' we only got one pup left."—Chicago News.

Judge—"You say the prisoner was in a wagon, trying to make his escape, when you arrested him?"

Constable—"Yes, your honor."

Judge—"Was it a covered wagon?"

Constable—"Yes, your honor; it was covered with my revolver."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Now that you've come in for a little money," said Zimmerman, "I hope you'll pay me what you owe me."

"Let's see," said Borroughs. "Your name's Zimmerman, isn't it? Sorry, old man, but I'm paying off all my creditors in alphabetical order."—Philadelphia Press.

Bookkeeper—"Sir, the cashier has gone off with 10,000 crowns."

Employer—"Run for the police! Run, run!"

Bookkeeper—"And he has taken your wife with him."

Employer—"Ah, that's different. For heaven's sake, do nothing!"—Vienna [illegible].

"What became of Nineveh?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"It was destroyed," said Johnny.

"And what became of Tyre?"

"Punctured."—London Opinion.

"Is Jugsby drinking as hard as ever?"

"I don't think so. We carried him home about an hour ago, and he's sleeping now."—Cleveland Leader.

"Oh, George," exclaimed Mrs. De Collar, "all the trunks are packed and shipped, and I forgot to put in my bathing suit."

"Never mind, dear," replied her husband, "fortunately I've sworn off smoking."

"Eh? What has that to do with it?"

"Why, you can pack your bathing suit in my cigar case."—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Kybosh, who was in search of a late copy of a monthly magazine, absentmindedly stepped into the parlor. He was just in time to see the young man hastily removing his arm from the back of the chair in which Miss Kitty was sitting.

"Pressed! O! Change!" he muttered, instantly stepping back into the sitting-room.

For Mr. Kybosh remembered that he was a young man himself many years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

Chinese Stores in the Philippines.

There are a large number of Chinese in the Philippines. Practically the Chinese carry on the business of the islands. They are the middlemen who transact the business between the foreigner and the native. [illegible] of the detail "business" in Manila itself, and their little shops are to be found in every corner of the islands. [illegible] their shops are clustered together. Frequently there are six or even little shops side by side, apparently different stores but all owned by one man. [illegible] a sliding scale of prices, and [illegible] the custom of reducing the price asked. [illegible] prices one somewhat of the "list" prices in the United States with 50, 27, 10, 5, 3½ per cent off. By this system, in operation in the Philippines so long that the natives [illegible] a thing as a fixed price and are not satisfied unless they get some reduction "consolation" as they call it. A Filipino goes to the first of a group of stores and prices something. A fixed price is named, say $2, but he declines to [illegible] $1. He goes to the next store and the first man sends word by the back door. [illegible] The purchaser [illegible] gets a lower fixed price at each store. Perhaps at the fourth store he is able to get the article for $1.50, and thinking he has 50 cents "consolation" enough takes it, but if he keeps on he probably gets it at his own figure. This system prevails throughout the islands.—Consular and Trade Reports.

Russia's Reverend Whist Player.

The Metropolitan of Petersburg Archbishop Antoni, has incurred the burning hatred of the card players of all Russia. Everyone plays cards in Petersburg, and among the upper classes is vint, a word which means "screw." It is whist with [illegible]. Probably the most perfect player in the Russian capital was Father Komendantoff, the chaplain of one of the large grammar schools. His play was so admirable that he was often invited out to aristocratic gatherings, where he would play for the entertainment of the company. The fame of his play at length reached the ears of the Metropolitan and this dignitary was of the opinion that [illegible] he banished him to banishment for ten years to a remote monastery on an island in the White sea.

The sensation in Petersburg may be imagined. A petition is now being circulated [illegible] the Metropolitan to allow Petersburg to retain its favorite. The petition has been signed by three grand dukes, sixty titled persons, forty generals, and the entire diplomatic corps. A sentence in this petition runs as follows:

"Father Komendantoff is an ornament in good society, and many have been attracted to the church by his seemly bearing."

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Ingersoll on the Democratic Party.

Two requests were made to the Question Bureau during the past couple of weeks for Robert G. Ingersoll's reply to the question, "What is the matter with the Democratic party?" We appealed to our readers for a copy of the reply, which has been responded to by Mr. Clark Keyson, of Maukato, Minn., who was a subscriber to The Weekly Blade before the civil war. Here is what Col. Ingersoll said:

"What is the matter with the Democratic party? I will tell you, my friend. The Democratic party was born under the planets that were in opposition. It lives in the objective case. Like a mule, it has no pride of ancestry; no hope of posterity. It never originates anything. It shines by borrowed light. It has never been united in honest wedlock to a principle, but lived for years in open adultery with a harlot called slavery; lived with her until she died of corruption and was buried amid the sobs and groans of her paramour.

"The atmosphere that surrounds Democracy is full of noxious vapors that breed moral pestilence and death. The sun never shines through it; vice reeks in its shadows and corruption grows lusty under its influence. Springs of purity are never found in Democracy. Its waters are torpid, lifeless, covered with the scum with which stagnant pools and waveless waters always offend the eyes of men. The soil which Democracy has cultivated has failed to yield harvests of value to the nation, but has given crops of worthless weeds and briars. Democracy has no love of country; believes in states instead of a nation; drives loyalty from its doors and welcomes treason to its habitations; holds the deeds of our sailors as naught; weeps over the lost cause; hates the blue and loves the gray; stabs loyalty in the back; binds up the wounds of treason and speaks words of hope and comfort to its devotees; applauds when helpless blacks are stricken down in the south, and caresses the hands red with innocent blood; denies the right of American citizens to make homes for themselves in the south; justifies the man who shoots them down or drives them out.

"Democracy is a curse to the land, the source of our bitterest woes; the haven where vice finds friends and crime its apologists and defenders. Democracy is original sin let loose to rend and destroy; it is the spirit of evil filling the swine of the land, the incarnation of unholiness; the child of the devil, its home should be in that outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Such faintly pictures, my friend, what the matter is with the Democratic party."

The Sun's Light.

Editor Question Bureau: Is the sun light or a reflector of light? If it is a reflector where does light come from?—O. L. F., Tustin, Mich.

The sun produces light, emits it. What we see of the sun is only the surface, and this surface is called "photosphere." It is the photosphere that sends out the light and heat.

Robin Hood.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief account of Robin Hood, the English outlaw, his life and exploits.—B. F., Flora, Ill.

Robin Hood is said to have been born in 1160. According to the popular account, with his followers, he inhabited Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire, and also the woodlands of Barnsdale in the adjoining West Riding. They supported themselves by levying toll on the wealthy, and more especially on ecclesiastics, and by hunting the deer. The principal members of his band were his lieutenant Little John, his chaplain Friar Tuck, William Scadlock, George-a-Greene, Much the miller's son, and Maid Marian. What basis of fact there is for the story of Robin Hood is doubtful. Grimm maintained that he was one with the Teutonic god Woden. Other theories suppose him to have been a rebel yeoman in Lancaster's rebellion under Edward II., a Saxon chief who defied the Normans, and a fugitive follower of Sir Simon de Montford after the battle of Evesham. The date of his death is given as 1247.

Potato Production.

Editor Question Bureau: Please name in order of importance the three states that produce the most Irish potatoes.—J. A., Panther, W. Va.

In 1906 New York led in the matter of potato production with a yi eld of 44,142,630 bushels. Michigan came next with 27,075,000 bushels. Pennsylvania was third, with 23,856,918 bushels. Minnesota a lso raised 23,765,000 bushels. Ohio was next, with 17,277,920 bushels.

Richard Henry Savage.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of Richard Henry Savage, the soldier and novelist, who wrote "My Official Wife." Has he any brothers or sisters living?—R. M. B., Socorro, N. M.

We cannot answer as to whether Richard Henry Savage has any brothers or sisters living. Not one of ten questions of that kind can be answered in these columns; family histories do not usually appear with biographies of men of prominence. Mr. Savage was born at Utica, N. Y., June 12, 1846, and died in New York, October 11, 1903. He was graduated from West Point in 1868 as brevet second lieutenant, and in 1871 served as vice consul of the United States at Rome and Marseilles. In 1872 he was military secretary, with the rank of major, in the Egyptian army, and in the latter part of 1872 and during 1873 was United States commissioner to Texas, to settle the Mexican-Texas border dispute. During the Spanish-American war he served as senior major of the United States volunteer engineers. He wrote many books.

Emmanuel Grouchy.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a biographical sketch of Emmanuel Grouchy? What part did he take in the fight just prior to the battle of Waterloo?—J. F. I., Flora, Ill.

Emmanuel Grouchy was born in Paris, October 23, 1766. He acquired distinction in the revolutionary armies, and army of Rhine under Moreau, and rendered important service at the battle of Hohenlinden. In the war with Prussia in 1806, and with Russia in 1807, he acquired new fame, and was sent to the army of Italy under Prince Eugene. At the battle of Wagram his masterly manoeuvres contributed greatly to the victory. On the restoration he was banished, but allowed to return in 1815. On Napoleon's return from Elba he immediately joined him, was made a marshal, and obtained first the command of the army of the Alps, and then the command of the cavalry in the grand army. After the battle of Lignyke was sent on the following day with 34,000 men and 100 cannon to follow the retreat of the Prussian army under Blucher. While he here on the 18th engaged with Thielemann, Napoleon gave battle at Waterloo, the disastrous result of which has been sometimes laid to Grouchy's charge, from having failed to observe how three divisions of the Prussian army were advancing to Waterloo to take Napoleon in flank and rear, while Thielemann alone remained at Wavres. Being again banished, Grouchy came to the United States, where he lived five years, but was permitted to return in 1819. After the July revolution he was elected to the chamber of deputies by the department of Allier, supported the new dynasty, and was appointed in 1831 marshal, and in 1832 a peer. He died in 1847.

"Buckwheat" States.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell which state produces the most buckwheat; in other words, what states lead in the production of buckwheat? Of what country is it native?—D. B., Panther, W. Va.

The states of New York and Pennsylvania lead in the production of buckwheat. In 1906 the New York yield was 6,109,488 bushels. During the same year Pennsylvania produced 4,788,000 bushels. The state with the next highest yield was Michigan, with 676,000 bushels. Maine was a close contestant for third place, with a yield of 637,924 bushels. Tennessee was lowest, having produced only 8,432 bushels. Buckwheat is supposed to be a native of Asia.

Vice-President Fairbanks.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biography of Charles W. Fairbanks. Is he dead? If so, when did he die? Is he still vice president of the United States?—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

Charles W. Fairbanks is still vice president of the United States and therefore he is not dead. Considering the fact that scarcely a week or even a day passes that the newspapers of the country do not have something to say of Mr. Fairbanks, it is surprising that any man who is able to read should ask if he is still vice president and alive. Mr. Fairbanks was born in Union county, Ohio, May 11, 1852. After passing through district schools he attended the Ohio Wesleyan university, and was graduated in 1872. After leaving the university he went to Cleveland as Associated Press agent, meanwhile studying law. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of Ohio, and in the same year removed to Indianapolis, Ind. In that city he has lived ever since. The first public office he held was that of United States senator; he was elected in 1897. In 1904, at the Republican national convention held at Chicago, he was nominated for vice president, and elected the following November.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Editor Question Bureau: "Please give the story that inspired the composition of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and the composer's names.—M. D. S., Baltimore, O.

Charles Wesley wrote the words of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." According to Sankey's story of the Gospel Hymns, several incidents have been told as having suggested to Wesley this one. One, that a narrow escape from death in a storm on the Atlantic inspired him to portray the thoughts of a Christian in deadly peril. Another, that as he stood at an open window on a summer day a little bird, pursued by a hawk, sought refuge in his bosom, giving him the idea of pointing out the soul's one sure place of refuge in time of need. "Mrs. Mary Hoover, of Bellefonte, Pa., whose grandmother was the heroine of the story, has related to her pastor this family tradition: Charles Wesley was preaching in the fields of the parish of Killyleagh, County Down, Ireland, when he was attacked by men who did not approve of his doctrines. He sought refuge in a house located on what was known as the Island Band Farm. The farmer's wife, Jane Lowrie Moore, told him to hide in the milk house, down in the garden. Soon the mob came and demanded the fugitive. She tried to quiet them by offering them refreshments. Going down to the milk house, she directed Mr. Wesley to get through the rear window and hide under the hedge, by which ran a little brook. In that hiding place, with the cries of his pursuers all about him, he wrote this immortal hymn. Descendants of Mrs. Moore still live in the house, which is much the same as it was in Wesley's time."

Madstones.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us something about madstones.—U. O. M., Botsford, W. Va.

This is one of the many questions that come to us with uninterrupted regularity. It is as sure as dog-days and mad dogs, no matter how often it may have been answered. A madstone is a vegetable substance or stone which, when applied to a wound caused by the bite of a mad dog, is said to prevent hydrophobia. The most famous madstone in the United States is owned by the decendants of a family named 'red, in Virginia. It was brought from Scotland in 1776, and is reputed to be the one referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "The Talisman," and has been preserved as one of the most valuable relics of the age. This stone is about two inches long by one inch broad, and about half an inch thick. It is of a chocolate color. When applied to a wound it adheres until all the poison is absorbed, when it drops off. It is then soaked in warm milk or water for a time, and when removed the liquid is found to be full of greenish-yellow scum. It is said that of the 139 cases in which it has been applied for the bite of a mad dog none ever suffered from hydrophobia. There are said to be three authenticated madstones in the United States. Belief in madstones was common hundreds of years ago in the east, and travelers in India in 1677 and 1685 make mention of it. Tradition says the madstone grew on the head of a certain snake. A New York expert in gems identifies the madstone or snakestone of the east with a stone which is a variety of opal found in the joints of the bamboo in Hindustan and Burma. This stone is formed of juice by which by evaporation, becomes mucilaginous, then a solid substance. Another authority says it is found in the joints of diseased cornstalks and is formed by sap-depositing salica.

Underground Railroad.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a description of the underground railroad. Perhaps it will be of interest to some of the younger people.—H. C., New London, O.

"Underground Railroad" was the name given to a mysterious organization which made it its business to aid in the escape of fugitive slaves. The movement originated among the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and the system was gradually extended until a chain of stations was established a day's journey apart and leading from Kentucky and Virginia across Ohio and from Maryland through Pennsylvania and New York to Canada. The stations were private houses, and the inmates were known to be pledged to the cause. The fugitives reached these stations after nightfall, were fed and clothed when it was necessary and given a night's rest. The sick were provided with a place in which to remain until they were restored to health. Levi Coffin, a Quaker, and the reputed president of the organization, assisted in the escape of about 100 slaves annually for many years. He always had a carriage in readiness to convey the fugitives to a place of safety, and organized sewing circles to provide clothing for the destitute. Harriet Tubman, a colored woman, who had escaped north, made 19 journeys to the south and brought back bands of fugitives, always without detection. The greatest secrecy was observed in all of the movements of the organization. The underground railroad was formally organized in 1838, but did not reach its perfection until the passage of the fugitive slave law in 1850 aroused the Abolitionists to still greater exertions.

Decoration Day.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us about the origin of decorating graves with flowers. When and where were the first graves decorated with flowers? Were they the graves of soldiers? Is there such a thing as a national Decoration day?—E.E. B., Flag Pond, Tenn.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves of soldiers originated among the southern women during the civil war. May 5, 1868, General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order appointing May 30 of that year for Grand Army services in so decorating graves. The day is a legal holiday in all states except Idaho. Strictly speaking there is no such thing as a national Decoration day. There is no national law on the subject.

"A Star With a Tail."

Editor Question Bureau: There is a star in the elements with a tail to it. Please tell what causes it. Some say it is a sign of war.—S. B. G., Chavies, Ala.

If you have discovered a star "with a tail to it," then it is a comet, and there is nothing unusual or extraordinary in its appearance. If some people say it is a sign of war, then some people are foolish, and it is not worth while to listen to them. There are two classes of comets, periodic and unexpected. From one to two of the former, and from three to four of the latter appear on the average every year. However, the number varies greatly. In 1898 as many as ten were discovered, five being found in twelve days. The periodic comets move in elliptical orbits about the sun in planes more or less parallel to the ecliptic, the largest period so far definitely known, that of Hadley's comet, being 76 years. The unexpected comets have still larger orbits, lying in all planes, with much greater periods. The tails of comets have caused much scientific speculations. One thing that has been proved is that the tail is gaseous and also that it is in an extremely rarified condition.

Guglielmo Marconi.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief biographical sketch of Guglielmo Marconi and show how the name is pronounced.—S. L. B., Lowell, N. C.

The name is pronounced like this, as nearly as we can show it: Gool-e-el-mo Mar-ko-ne. Marconi was born at Marzabotto, near Bologna, Italy, September 23, 1875. He was educated at the University of Bologna and Padua, and as early as 1890 undertook experiments in demonstration of his theory that the electric current readily passes through any substance, and when started in a given direction follows in a didect course without the assistance of any sort of conductor. He finally invented an apparatus for wireless telegraphy, which was successfully tested in England and Italy. Marconi came to the United States in 1899, continued his expriments, and in 1900 employed his methods in reporting the results of the presidential election of that year.

Knights of Pythias.

Editor Question Bureau: I would be pleased to learn through the Bureau the history, number of members, etc., of the Knights of Pythias.—V. A. T., Budd, Ill.

The Knights of Pythias is a "brotherhood organized to dessiminate the principles of friendship, charity and benevolence." The order was founded at Washington, D. C., February 19, 1864, by Justus Henry Rathbone and four associates. An official declaration affirms that "toleration in religion, obedience to law and loyalty to government" are its three cardinal tenets. The theme upon which the entire fabric of the society rests is the story of Damon and Pythias—friendship unto death being a paramount doctrine. At present the order is confined in its jurisdiction to the continent of North America, efforts earlier in its history to include the world as its field of action having met with failure. The total number of Knights of Pythias in the United States, in 1906, was given as 705,543.

From Ocean to Lakes.

Editor Question Bureau: I see by the newspapers that the United States government has obtained permission from Great Britain to place one of the vessels Dewey captured from Spain in one of the Great Lakes, to be used as a training ship by the United States government. How will the government transfer the ship from ocean into the lakes?—S. H., Cairo, W. Va.

The transfer could be made through the St. Lawrence river and the canals.

Discovery of Iron.

Editor Question Bureau: Please explain when iron came into existence.—J. E. W., Sellersburg, Ind.

Iron was found on Mount Ida by the Dactyles, the forest having been burned by lightning, 1432 B. C. The Greeks caimed the discovery of iron. The first recorded discovery of iron in the United States was in North Carolina, in 1585, and the first attempt to manufacture it was made in Virginia in 1643.

Miscellaneous.

L. E. K., Dunlap, Tenn.: The word baptism is from the Greek "baptizo," from "baptizein," to immerse or dip.

E. M. S., Symmonds, Pa.: The postoffice department does not permit two or more postoffices of the same name in one state.

F. S. J., Charlotte, Mich.: The Bureau cannot give you a biographical sketch of Col. Kirk.

R. B., Genoa, Ill.: The question you ask is one for a lawyer to answer. We cannot assume responsibility of answering questions of law.

G. B., Winslow, Ind.: The word "dago" is United States slang for any dark-colored foreigner, especially Italians, Spaniards or Portuguese.

C. M., Sarah, W. Va.: William Jennings Bryan was born at Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860. His parents were Silas Lillard and Maria Elizabeth (Jennings) Bryan. His father was a native of Culpeper county, Va., and removed to Illinois when 18 years of age.

Mr. Croker's Bull.

"I attended the Derby last month in England," said a Chicagoan. "I was one of the first to congratulate Richard Croker on his victory.

"Mr. Croker, as calm and quiet as usual, took his success imperturbably.

"'By jove,' said I, as the crowd about him grew enormous, 'you'll have your hand shaken off.'

"'Oh, no,' said he. 'I am used to it.'

"Afterward I dined with him. I asked him if he did not find life in the country dull.

"'Dull?' said the famous boss. 'Not a bit dull. With crops and animals about you, especially with animals about you, life is never dull.'

"He went on to explain how much there was to study in the lives of animals. He told me a little story on this head.

"He said an old Irish woman was milking a cow one day when a bull charged straight down on her. She was not in the least alarmed. She kept on milking calmly. And lo and behold, the bull thundered on till he was within a few yards of her, and then, when every one expected to see the old woman and the cow and the pail of milk knocked helter-skelter, the bull suddenly stopped, turned tail, and retreated meekly.

"'But, Mary,' said an onlooker, 'how is it you didn't run? Weren't you scared?'

"'Scared?' said Mary. 'Not a bit was I scared. Shure, an' ain't that cow the bull's mother-in-law?'"

Big Snake in the Philippines.

In the Manila Times of May 16 appears the following: "Callers at the Paris building this morning enjoyed the sight of a snake skin of mammoth proportions. It was that of a boa constrictor shot 40 miles north of Zamboanga by two American prospectors, Bell and Newman. The skin measures 29 feet, but Mr. Wickersham, who brought the skin to Manila, says when first killed the snake measured 36 feet 6 inches.

"At the time it was shot the constrictor had just seized a deer by the nose and was choking off its wind. The constrictor received a charge of buckshot full in the neck and fell without a struggle. The wound is now represented by a jagged hole in the skin about three inches in diameter.

"Mr. Wickersham says he has seen one constrictor even larger, 36 feet. For the purpose of convincing the skeptical that there are such monsters in these islands he has agreed to place the skin on exhibition."

Jique Wood for Railroad Ties.

Mahogany is often used for ties by the railroads in Cuba as well as in other tropical countries, but Sir William Van Horne has forbidden it on his road. He considers it a crime to cut small mahogany trees, and there is plenty of other timber in the forests suitable for construction purposes.

Jique (pronounced hickey), acana, jucaro negro, all hard woods which do not grow large and cannot be utilized for cabinet work, are just as good as mahogany for ties and will outlast steel rails in this climate, because they won't rust. On the railroad between Nuevitas and Camaguey, the oldest in Cuba, which was built in 1838, are jique ties that have been in use for fifty years. Some of them have been taken out and used for fence posts after thirty years in the railroad bed. There is a tramway at Camaguey with rails of jique wood over which the cars have been running for more than a quarter of a century, and they do not show wear any more than steel after the same service. Much of the wood is so hard and heavy that it will sink in water.

New Orleans Cities of the Dead.

"New Orleans has several minature cities within its boundaries, and they are the cities of the dead," said Louis W. LeBlanc, of the Crescent City.

"I mean," he explained, "that every cemetery in New Orleans is a miniature city. They are built above the ground and laid out in streets, just as in the larger city. Every house is of marble and some of the tombs are miniature cathedrals, temples and classic structures. In them are buried many men who won fame under the dominion of Spain and France. In them, too, are to be found inscriptions that tell of sweet Creole romances, such as that of Jeanne Laclede, the popular singer of nearly a century ago, who died of a broken heart.

"Certain days are set apart according to the old French Catholic custom for visiting these miniature cities, and on these days they are crowded all day long. As they were built so long ago they are now in the center of the city, and at night look weird indeed. Long ago it was found necessary to build the cemeteries above the ground, because of the fact that the city itself is below the level of the Mississippi river."—Washington Post.

A Double Race.

Dr. Douglas was in this office yesterday with a curiosity in the shape of a double rose, the like of which had never before been brought to the notice of this writer. It was a red rose of the common variety, but in the center another stem had grown on which was a rose equal in every way to the one from which it had grown. The bush from which it was picked is full of roses of the same peculiarity.

The doctor accounts for this unusual growth from the fact that the first blooms were retarded by the unusually late spring, and that this second or double growth followed.—Ponca City Courier.

Good Word for English Sparrows

An army of locusts has made its appearance across the river from Centreville, in Shipp's bend, and the citizens of that section are plagued by the din of the screeching serenaders.

The pests have done little harm so far, but planters are apprehensive that the newcomers will devastate crops. English sparrows are having a feast, thus showing that they are good for something.—Centreville Correspondence Nashville Banner.

BLOODED BULLDOG

Held Grip on Balloon Rope and Is Lost in Cloudland.

Somewhere in the forest is a well-bred bulldog hunting for a home. That is, he is hunting unless he has found one or has died. The chances are in favor of the latter.

The dog, whose name is Sprig, was the property of S. W. Young until he took a flight into the clouds by clinging to a hot air balloon. When last seen he was hanging on like a trick areronaut and was proceeding over the forests with no idea of letting go.

Mr. Young has a bungalow six miles east of here, where, on July 4, he entertained some city guests. During the evening he sent up some fireworks, but an immense balloon of paper was overlooked.

This was later found and early this week Mr. Young prepared it for flight. As it looked as though there would be considerable wind that night he tied a short rope underneath the fire box and to this attached a bit of wood. In this way he expected to steady the balloon until it was clear of the trees.

About 9 o'clock in the evening the tin fire box under the balloon was filled with cotton and the cotton soaked with alcohol. When all was ready the alcohol was ignited and soon the big bag began to fill with hot air. It tugged at its moorings, swayed from side to side and careened this way and that until Mr. Young cut it loose.

Just at that moment the hired man "sicked" Sprig on the balloon. He said afterward that he did it just to see what the dog would do. He found out. Sprig made one dive for the paper bag, missed it and caught the bit of rope in his teeth. His jaws fastened an instant later on the wood beneath and he began to shake the crosspiece as he would a rat.

Mr. Young was horrified. For an instsant he stood speechless. Then he shouted to the dog to let go. Sprig wasn't that kind of a dog. His breeding told him to hang onto anything he once laid jaws to, and he clung to the stick as though his life depended on it. In the meantime the balloon headed north by west, and borne by a strong wind, grew smaller and smaller, until it was a mere speck among the stars.

The dog's owner had no idea how long his pet would be able to hang on, but he believed he would land safely, and next morning started out to find Sprig. It would be pleasant to relate that he found him, but he didn't. Although the search was conducted for three days, nothing was seen of the dog and no one living in the woods can give a clew as to his whereabouts.—McKeever (N. Y.) Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Mother's at the seashore,
Sister's gone away;
Brother Bill is catching perch
Out there on the bay.
Everyone is happy,
Having worlds of fun,
'Cepting Dad, who never will
Get the dishes done.

Heaped up in the kitchen
All the dishes stand;
All the common china,
All the Haviland.
Mother's been away a month,
Dad has used them all;
Now he's eating off the plates
That decorate the wall.

Mother, mother, hurry;
Come back from the shore;
Dad can only find enough
Plates for two meals more.
He is up against it
While you stay away;
Now he's eating breakfast food
From the large ash tray.

He will not wash the dishes—
He piles them in the sink;
If you could only see them now,
I wonder what you'd think.
Oh, hurry, mother, hurry,
Come back to us today,
For father hasn't washed a dish
Since first you went away.
—Detroit Free Press.

Weeds Worth Millions

New Zealand flax is one of a number of wild weeds that yield their gatherers great wealth. This flax, the strongest known, grows wild in marshes. When it is cultivated it dwindles, and its fibers become brittle and valueless.

Indian hemp grows wild, and out of it hasheesh, or keef, is made. Keef looks like flakes of chopped straw. It is smoked in a pipe; it is eaten on liver; it is drunk in water. It produces an intense, a delirious happiness, and among orientals it is almost as highly prized as beer and whisky with us.

The best nutmegs are the wild ones. They grow throughout the Malay archipelago.

But the most valuable weed of all these wild growths is the seaweed. The nitrate beds of South America, which yield something like $65,000,000 a year, are nothing but beds of seaweed decomposed.

The "Naughty" Trumpeter.

As an instance of Lord Wolseley's dislike of bad language in the service, a story may be told of a swift conversion which he one day effected. The commander, G——, of an Irish garrison, was a man whose reputation for "fluent" language was great. At an inspection at which Wolseley was present, G—— gave the bugler the order to sound the "charge." To G——'s consternation, the man blew the "retreat." Then G—— braced himself for the usual volley. Suddenly, however, he caught Wolseley's eye upon him and he stopped short. The oaths that were upon his lips died away unspoken, yet say something he must. For a moment he gazed blankly around, then turning quickly to the unhappy bugler, he roared out, to the intense amusement o Lord Wolseley and his taff, "You naughty, naughty trumpeter."—P. T. O.

This Year's Anniversaries.

While we celebrate in Virginia the tercentenary of the establishment of the first successful English speaking settlement in what is now the United States of America, we are asked to remember also that this is the 900th anniversary of the traditional discovery of America by the Norsemen; that it is the 400th anniversary of the naming of the continent, as well as the birth of Alvaro Nunez Cabeza de Baca, who began his explorations in the new world at the age of 20; that it is the 300th anniversary of the arrival of Poutrincourt in Nova Scotia, of Hendrik Hudson's exploration of the coast of Greenland, and of the first planting of the English flag on the coast of Maine. We are further reminded that in 1607 the first separatists from northern England went into Holland in search of religious liberty, thus beginning the movement which thirteen years later carried the Pilgrims to the New England coast in the Mayflower.

Australia's Eldorado.

Australia is a land teeming with precious stones. Among the stones found are the moonstone, emeralds, agate, amethyst, asteriated avanturine, bacanite (lydian), bloodstone or heliotrope, cairngorm, cat's-eye, chalcedony, Chrysoprase, citrine, Hyaline, jasper, moss agate, morion, onyx, plasma, prase, rock crystal, rose quartz, sagenetic, sard, sardonyx and water bubble.

The annual output of opals amounts to $1,250,000. Rough diamonds have been found lately in Queensland, one purchase weighing four and a half carats, while many others weighing from one to five carats have been sold. Diamonds so far found in the state have not been of sufficient value to cause excitement, and this, together with the fact that European and American gem merchants have adjudged them as inferior quality, has discouraged exploration.

Sapphires have been found in various places, many of the yellow and green being equal to any produced elsewhere. Recently $1,250 was refused for a rough yellow sapphire, and a large blue one, with a yellow center, weighing two and a half ounces, brought $2,500.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Public Health Scares.

A French doctor having discovered, as the result of an analysis, that four out of five tramway tickets taken at random in Paris, might transmit disease, the home secretary is to be asked if he is prepared to have a similar examination of tickets made in London. The question can hardly be taken very seriously. If such risk as a tram or omnibus passenger runs in taking a ticket from the conductor were the only danger of "catching something" to which he is exposed during the ride, he would have very little to fear. The atmosphere of the inside of a crowded tram is possibly accountable for a good many of the mysterious colds that a man cannot imagine how he caught; but it is difficult to suppose that the ticket is more dangerous than any other article that is handled in the course of a day. To nearly everything that passes from one hand to another a certain risk of infection attaches, and almost every week nowadays the particular danger of something new is pointed out. One week we are warned against opening our letters, the next against the perils of blotting paper, today against tram tickets. The man who takes heed of all these warnings must lead and existence that will turn his hair gray long before its proper time.—Daily Graphic.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

There's a cot upon the hillside,
Where the honeysuckle twines.
There's a garden full of roses,
And a shady grove of pines.
There's a baby full of mischief,
Playing on the kitchen floor,
And a happy mother looking
Just beyond the open door.

Give me such a little bower,
With a loving little wife,
And I think that every hour
Would be happy all my life.
Let the world chase on for money,
Give us home and love, my friends,
Then our paths would e'er be sunny
Till our little journey ends!

Soon a merry whistle sounding,
Comes a rippling up the street,
And she runs to greet and kiss him,
With impatient, flying feet.
Then the happy couple hastens,
Through the shady cottage door,
With the happy father calling
To the baby on the floor!

No, they haven't any "auto,"
Just a baby carriage there,
Though they have no grand piano,
There is music in the air,
No, they haven't any diamonds,
Not a thing from foreign parts,
They have just a cozy cottage,
With two happy, loving hearts!
—R. E. Cluse in Chicago Record-Herald.

How Plants Perspire.

"Yes, it is hot," said the farmer, lighting an Egyptian cigarette. He was a farmer of the new type, a scientific farmer, graduated with high honors from a college of agriculture. "Yes, it is hot. My grains and vegetables must be perspiring tons today."

"But grains and vegetables don't perspire."

The farmer's gold front tooth flashed, as he smiled, like a little sun.

"Don't they?" he said. "They do, though. Look at that sunflower there. It is only four feet high, yet on a hot day it perspires two pounds of perspiration."

He waved his silver-headed stick over his fertile fields.

"All that stuff perspires," he said. "Beans, peas and corn perspire, during the five warm months, 200 times their own weight. Our perspiration is nothing to that, is it? Imagine me, for instance, a man of 160 pounds, perspiring 32,000 pounds every summer.

"The perspiration of the cabbage is the most profuse of all. Do you know that an acre of cabbage gives off daily in the summer over ten tons of perspiration?"

The Wrong Ship.

"I have been engaged in the practice of law a good many years," said S. S. Urmy, police judge of Topeka, Kan., "and about the most humorous thing I ever saw in a court room was in Topeka.

"One day an old negro man was being tried in the justice court—that was before the office of police judge was created—and he demanded a trial by a jury of his peers. He could neither read nor write, and the lawyer insisted that the jury, to be his peers, as required by law, must be unable to read or write, too. To avoid dispute I agreed to it, but we had a time finding twelve men in Topeka who could neither read nor write. But we did find them and the case went to trial.

"Before the jury retired I took two pieces of paper and wrote 'Guilty' on one piece and 'Not Guilty' on the other, and instructed the foreman of the jury to destroy the one he did not wish used and to return the other to me when the jury reached a verdict. The jury was out only a few minutes when it came in. The foreman handed me a piece of paper with the word 'Guilty' written on it.

"'Well, gentlemen, you find him guilty, do you?' I asked.

"'No, sah, jedge, no sah; we done found him not guilty,' spoke up one of the jurymen. Then he added with disgust: 'I tole that fool nigger he was tearin' up the wrong piece of paper.'"—Kansas City Star.

Serpent in a Nevada Lake.

A report from Walker Lake states that a monster sea serpent has been seen at the northern end of the lake. Dan Cornelison, a mining man of good reputation for veracity, brought the story to Goldfield.

Cornellison says that both he and a companion named John McCorry sighted the reptile while fishing from a boat half a mile from the northern shore of the lake. The monster was then making its way toward the east shore of the lake. Cornellison says that at first sight he took the serpent for a man in a skiff, and when it disappeared for a moment he thought the boat had capsized, and rowed toward the spot, when it suddenly reappeared, giving them a good view of its proportions, which they estimated to be about thirty feet in length and six feet across the back.

Another resident of that vicinity, a man named Peters, is said to have discovered the serpent some time ago reposing in shallow water near the shore, and on being aroused it disappeared in deeper water. There is also said to be a legend among the Piutes around Shurz concerning the existence of a serpent in Walker Lake.—Sacramento Bee.

THOUSAND AN ACRE.

A thousand dollars profit on one acre of land. This may seem incredible to those farmers who congratulate themselves if they clear $10 to $20 per acre on cotton and corn, but that amount was made by William Volz & Sons on their farm at Olmso, seven miles from Brownsville.

These gentlemen sold from this one acre of land 39,000 pounds of celery, for which they received $1,979.89, leaving a net profit of $1,025.

"The crop was planted as an experiment," said Mr. Volz. "The celery planted was of the golden self-blanching variety. It was sown in the seed beds September 20 and transplanted in December and January. It was cultivated three times and 1,000 pounds of commercial fertilizer applied to the acre.

"It was irrigated every twelve or fourteen days except near its maturity, when we were unable to secure water for nearly four weeks, owing to repair work in the canal, and this reduced the yield 40 per cent. Next year we will plant fifty acres in celery."—Southwestern Farmer.

CONSUME VAST FORESTS.

A bulletin recently issued by the census bureau at Washington on the printing and publishing industry shows that this line of activity presents a striking exception to the prevailing tendency toward consolidation. The number of establishments in 1905 was 26,422, a number larger than was reported for any other industry. The increase reported from 1900 to 1905 was proportionately greater than from 1890 to 1900. A notable feature was the increase in the number of pounds of paper used—more than 900,000 tons, or almost one-third of the entire output of the paper mills of the United States being used for newspapers and periodicals in 1905. To make this paper required the services of nearly 15,000 men, who received approximately $9,000,000 in wages. One million three hundred thousand cords of spruce, poplar and hemlock logs were used, representing the timber product of about 100,000 acres, exclusive of the raw material imported from Canada.

THE STEWARDSHIP.

The silence of your ultimate thought is mine,
Beyond the depth that any word can reach—
The sacred stillness of the inmost shrine,
That never yet was marred by speech.

And mine, the fires that on the altar burn,
The altar of your spirit, where the dense
Sweet odors deepen. Have you yet to learn
Whose fingers flung that nard and frankincense?

And mine, the word that never yet was said,
The mystic master word, the key and clue
To all you wish or hope for, living or dead—
The very meaning of the soul of you.

These are all mine—and mine I swear they stand—
Secret, unsoiled, in veils of love I fold them,
Till God himself shall claim them at my hand,
And I shall yield them Him for Whom I hold them.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

RECLAIM THE EVERGLADES

After many years of discussion without any real action, the state of Florida has at last commenced the work of draining the great submerged tract known as the Everglades. This is to being into rivers on both the gulf and Ating into river on both the gulf and Atlantic slopes. The section to be drained comprises about 3,000,000 acres, upon which there is very little timber or brush, consequently the work of reclamation will be comparatively easy, and it is expected to have several thousand acres ready for cultivation and settlement by December of this year. Owing to the latitude and the great richness of the soil this land will be of great value when thoroughly drained. It is estimated that 500,000 acres of this land could produce 2,250,000 tons of sugar, now annually imported by the United States. It will also be admirably adapted to the cultivation of rice.

The Day of the Farmer.

The farmer who is not an amateur is a really increasing factor in today's life. In fact, farming is rapidly becoming one of the professions. We have our agricultural schools, just as we have our law schools.

It is getting to be a business as well. Farmers have their trusts, like other manufacturers.

It is a far cry from the New England farmer, trying to arrange an exploded granite quarry into a stone wall that he may have room in which to plant his crop, and that master of capital, science and black earth ten feet deep who plows with a traction engine and reaps with a ten-horse team. And between these two types of farmers the drift is steadily toward the latter.

The comic paper does not laugh at the "granger" as frequently as it used to laugh. It wants his subscription.

The capitalist does not foreclose mortgages on the prairie farm now. He borrows money of its owner.

And, what is vastly more important, the entire country looks with a respect bordering upon apprehension on this new type of American who has decided views on railroads, trusts, and, in fact, on every subject, from the "green bug" to the lecturer at his Chautauqua. This rise of the farmer into national significance is welcome in view of the inundation of great cities by immigrants who have significance only en masse.

The farm is the nursery of individualism. If you are a cliff-dweller in the city send your boy there this summer, and let him see what it means to create wealth with the help of nature rather than with the ticker. You will help make him a better American.—The World Today.

THE LONG AGO THAT WAS SO FAIR

When Moses in his basket dreamed
The pessimists went to and fro,
Declaring sadly that it seemed
That all the world was filled with woe;
They wagged their heads and paused to praise
The glory of the ancient days,
The splendor of the Long Ago.

When Caesar's lightest word was law
The graybeards gathered to deplore
The soul-disturbing things they saw
And gossip of "the days of yore;"
Their minds were filled with fear and doubt
As gloomily they talked about
The "good times" that could come no more.

When Richard of the Lion's Heart
Put on his armor for the fray,
The ancient grumblers stood about
And mourned the darkness of their day;
They spoke of "good old times" and sighed
For former glory and for pride
That had "forever passed away."

When Washington did all he could
To cheer the ragged men he led,
Gray-headed, toothless grumblers stood
Around and sadly voiced their dread,
And grave comparisons were drawn
With "good old times forever gone,"
And "fair old customs" that were dead.

I hear a grumbler who can find
No hope, no promise anywhere:
"A blight has fallen on mankind."
He cries in tones of deep despair;
"The world is given up to crimes.
Oh, for the splendid olden times,
The long ago that was so fair!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Our Assimilation Problem.

Twenty thousand immigrants land in the United States in one day; a large proportion being decidedly alien and many, to borrow the President's phrase, undesirable citizens. Probably in New York, the aliens now make a full majority. It is not wonderful that there should be alarm as to the possibility of assimilation and the probable effect of such a deluge unassimilated on national character. Already for some time past it is by national character rather than by institutions that the commonwealth has been upheld. The institutions have been showing wear and tear, as all institutions and other human products will, if they are not from time to time amended; a process which, under the American constitution, and with the people divided into two jealous parties, is practically almost impossible. Intellectual, and to some extent social, assimilation the system of public schools may effect; but political good sense, self-control and integrity are not to be at once imbibed from a school book.

Always the Typo.

Among Clyde Fitch's amusing collection of scrapbooks there is one devoted to typographical errors. The noted playwright showed this volume to a reporter recently, and the young man copied some extracts from it.

One item concerned a dance. The word bonnier was misprinted, with this deplorable result:

"There were no bonier ladies present than the mayor's own daughters, and this fact was further emphasized by the perfect fit of the shepherdess costumes they wore."

A country paper, after telling how a cow got in front of a train, said:

"As the safest course under the circumstances, the engineer put on full steam, dashed into the cow, and literally cut it into calves."

A New York society editor, misprinting the word chill, published this statement:

"Mrs. Astor was unavoidably absent from the reception, being kept at home by a bad child."

Bill's Reason.

Hugo Osterhaus, the new captain of the battleship Connecticut, praised at a dinner in New York the old salt of the past.

"He has disappeared," said Captain Osterhaus sadly. "We made fun of him, and before our ridicule he blushed and vanished.

"Such stories as we used to tell of him!

"One, for instance, dealt with an old shellback's beard.

"'Why is it, Bill,' a youth asked the old fellow, 'that you never shave your upper lip clean?'

"'Well, ye see,' Bill answered, 'a man's gotter have some place to strike his matches on.'"

Japanese Boat in Chicago.

While peaceful citizens on both sides of the world are reading about the troubles between the United States and Japan, few of Chicago's 2,000,000 are aware that a Japanese boat is here.

Yet nevertheless it is true. A Japanese vessel bearing the formidable name of Hoomaru is quartered in the Jackson Park launch house and needs only a few guns, a new motor and a searchlight in order to take at least some part in any hostilities that might arise between the two countries.

The Hoomaru, which is about twenty feet long, belongs to the Japanese government and carried passengers on the lagoon during the World's Fair in connection with the Japanese exhibit. It has never been removed, but remains in drydock within a stone's throw of the wooded island. Hundreds of persons in rowboats pass the curious craft daily and wonder what it is and why it is there.

Oratory and Stimulants.

Chicago Record-Herald.

When a member of the Belgian parliament is making a long speech the government furnishes his hearers with brandy, so that they may be able to stand the strain. We think our scheme of permitting our statesmen to retire to the cloakrooms while orators are in action is a better one.

MATRIMONIAL.

MARRY WEALTH — BEAUTY—Marriage Directory Free. Entirely new plan. [illegible] SELECT CLUB, Dept. 346, Tekonsha, Mich.

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BRET HARTE'S GRAY HAIR

Once, indeed, on my remarking the graying of his hair, Harte told me it was due to the continued influence of fear while a rider with Yuba Bill. Several of his predecessors [illegible] mounted the stage, so he declared, without some [illegible] of a dark glen, a flash [illegible] from the [illegible] himself [illegible] could, they grew more uncongenial with every repetition. Then it was he had noticed that he was growing gray about the temples. I reminded him of his own military career—of his having enlisted as a volunteer in the war between the Eel river and Scott river Indians. To which allusion he replied: "Yes, that was after that Humboldt bay massacre. I was escorted to the recruiting officer by indignation and hunger! But although the hardships and privations endured then left me a feeble stomach and irritable nerves, I came to no other harm. Having no blood to spare, I shed my indigestion for freedom. You see," he continued, "I never had any sympathy with those mess-pork heroes, although their ways, and, above all, their point of view, were to me an inexhaustible source of amusement and interest. I cared little whether they wore their own scalps on their heads or wore the scalps of others to trim their buckskins. I only saw some reckless men ready to fight for their country, as did Hampden, Washington, and," with a twinkle, "Jeff. Davis!"—S. R. Elliott, in The Reader.

YAMS AND SOME FACTS.

It is not uncommon to hear some varieties of sweet potato spoken of as yams. This is incorrect. So far as we know, no yams are grown in this country except the Chinese yam, or cinnamon vine, botanically, Dioscorea divisricata. D. alata is grown in the West Indies, the tubers occasionally reaching the size of 100 pounds. Another species, D. bulbifera, has been cultivated to some extent in this state, being grown as a curiosity. In this variety the tubers are small and of no value as food. But bulblets grow in the axils of the leaves, in some cases reaching a size of several pounds. These bulblets are edible. The following item from the Journal of Agriculture gives some information about yams:

A Dekalb county reader wants to know the difference between yams and sweet potatoes, and how yams should be prepared for the table. Langworthy says that the true yams, which are often confused with sweet potatoes, belong to a group of climbing plants. The number of varieties, however, found in the tropics and sub-tropics is very large, and many of them bear starch yielding roots, which are edible and which vary greatly in size. Some are no larger than potatoes, while others are several feet in length and weigh as high as thirty pounds. The true yams are grown extensively in Southern China, Oceania, Porto Rico and the West Indie, where they are a very important source of carbohydrates in the diet. They rank next to sweet potatoes in those food elements. When used as a vegetable, they may be prepared similar to sweet potatoes, by being boiled, baked or roasted, cooked in broth or stewed. The flesh of the more common varieties of yams is white, though some varieties have a yellow flesh, greatly resembling the sweet potato. In flavor they are very like sweet potatoes, so that when they are cokked it is sometimes impossible to distinguish them from the sweet potato. In digestible carbohydrates they rank very close to sweet potatoes. About 98 per cent in the latter are assimilated as against 96 per cent in the former.—Florida Agriculturist.

Dog's Homing Instinct.

The other day, writes a correspondent, a dog was sent by carriage to Brandon station in Norfolk, en route for London, from Buckenham Hall. At Ely it slipped its collar as the guard took it out to give it water; the time was after dark on a winter evening and the dog dashed away and could not be found.

At 6:30 on the following morning one of the stablemen at Buckenham heard a dog whining and howling under the window. It was the same dog, returned. The distance from Ely to Buckenham is computed at seventeen miles.

The dog is a female spaniel and it is virtually certain that its local knowledge of the country about Buckenham on the side toward Ely was limited to a mile from the former. This would leave it an unknown tract of sixteen miles to travel through the dark in a single night. By what sense was it guided?—Country Life.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1907.

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Circulation Last Week 175,000

PREMIUM WATCH.

For the largest club of subscribers sent us during August we award a premium watch to A. C. Bartlebach, of Cherry Tree, Pa. Mr. Bartlebach sent us a club of 102 names.

It will be much easier to raise a club of over one hundred names this month. The many county fairs held in September is an easy field for large clubs secured in a single day.

"The $100 auto is the poor man's dream," says the Boston Herald. And the pedestrian's nightmare.

Were it not for the planet Mars lots of astronomers would never be heard of in the newspapers.

"Whisky labeled 'paint' is already being shipped into Georgia." Well, isn't it a sort of "interior finish?"

Somebody remarks: "Mr. Foraker does not stand for the Republican party." Neither does he go away back and sit down for it.

An Ohio woman refused to tell her age in court, and the judge had to decide that she was as old as she looked, and let it go at that.

The President hasn't much use for automobiles, and may never have, unless he hears that a baby has been born in one.

How would you like to live next door to the Santa Barbara, Cal., man who has a phonograph with ten thousand records?

The question, "Who would make the worst President of the United States?" will be a good one for the debating societies, for the reason that it can never be definitely settled.

Mr. Bryan says he has not left the presidential race, because he has not yet entered it. In other words, Mr. Bryan stands just about where he stood when he wrote to Jones.

Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, has returned from a swing around the west. Everywhere he found Prosperity with a glad hand and a welcoming smile.

The man who predicts the end of the world should fix the date about one hnudred years ahead, and thus avoid all risk of being called a silly old goose.

A New Jersey policeman has been dismissed from the force for kissing a pretty widow. Unless he is very young he should have known enough to kiss a homely widow.

China has protested against the agreement between Japan and France. If China had good judgment she would wait until her new army learns how to shoot before protesting against anything.

Governor Harris will long be remembered by the people of Ohio as the old-fashioned governor who earned his salary.

Whenever Secretary Taft makes a speech it usually covers an immense lot of ground, taking in all the adjoining states and territories.

A Philadelphia man has solved the problem of using the sun's power to run an engine. He isn't the man who was going to use ashes for fuel.

In view of the cost of keeping her quiet, it is a question if it wouldn't be just as cheap for Uncle Sam to marry Miss Cuba. He could buy her a lot of nice clothes and fall hats with $2,554,970.

Professor Pickering says that from a "purely astronomical view Mars is not exceptionally interesting." Of course not; only the funny things the professors say about Mars are exceptionally interesting.

That part of the train in which Secretary Taft was riding, it may be observed, did not leave the track.

It is rarely, if ever, that we hear of an automobile being wrecked while on its way to church Sunday morning.

Ninety-eight Kentucky counties have no saloons. Kentucky men must find getting home early in the evening an easy matter.

If Speaker Cannon patronizes a clipping bureau he has surely discovered a widespread lack of faith in his resolution to quit smoking.

There is good reason for the belief that it will be a difficult matter to convince Oklahoma that her baby constitution is not the sweetest little dear ever born.

Leslie M. Shaw says the farmers of the United States produce more than $6,500,000,000 per annum. And most of that amount is produced during the baseball season, too.

Coxey is too smart to try to get an army to march in the direction whence cometh a cry for harvest hands.

"All the world loves a fat man," says the Des Moines Register and Leader. The Taft boom is certainly spreading.

Vice President Fairbanks is going west to attend the national irrigation congress. He doesn't seem at all afraid that he will offend the dry-farming advocates.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

President Roosevelt's next important public address will be delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the McKinley monument, September 30, at Canton. No doubt he will find in the pure life of the martyred McKinley the inspiration for some wholesome advice to the American people, but it is scarcely to be expected that he will take this opportunity to reply at length to his critics.

From Canton the President will journey to Keokuk, Ia., where he will feel more at liberty to talk of those matters bearing directly on his administration.

His itinerary includes a trip down the Mississippi to Cairo, and thence to Memphis, with a stop at St. Louis. In all, the President will deliver six speeches, and it is fair to assume that from the time he leaves Canton he will talk to the people concerning the progress of the government's battle against the illegal trusts.

Efforts will be made by his enemies to construe this journey into the middle west as part of a plan to force his own nomination, in spite of his repeated declarations that he will not, under any conditions, be a candidate. But the President knows, as Governor Hughes has discovered from practical experience, that the surest way to direct lawmakers is to go directly to the people and have heart-to-heart talk with them about those questions of policy in which they have a personal interest. The work of the administration is not yet finished. The President believes that further legislation is necessary before the reforms he has started can be brought to full fruition.

Hence the desire to explain the situation to the people and leave it to them whether his plan of campaign is of the kind they want. If they approve, they will not be slow to acquaint their representatives, just as the voters in New York proved powerful enough to force the passage of the public utilities bill. No politician dares to find fault with so democratic a plan.

OHIO DAY AT RUTLAND.

The old borough of Rutland, Massachusetts, will observe Ohio Day on September 14. There will be appropriate ceremonies, music, oratory and a general good time.

The great majority of Ohio people will wonder why far-away Rutland will observe Ohio Day and will ask what such observance means, for Ohio has not yet reached the point of generally celebrating the anniversaries of historic events.

It will be 119 years ago next month that a party of sturdy, courageous God-fearing, liberty-loving New Englanders left Rutland to found the first colony in Ohio. The expedition might have been less successful had it not had for its leader that patriot and hero, Gen. Rufus Putnam. Under such a leadership, and with such a following, there was little danger of failure, although the obstacles were of a nature to discourage the stoutest hearts.

At Marietta the settlement was made, and through all the years the character of those stalwart New England men and women has made itself felt, not only throughout Buckeyedom, but even beyond the limits of the United States.

Under the indomitable Putnam these Rutland colonists, in the wilderness along the Ohio, raised the banner of civil and religious liberty, and those colors have never been struck. Not only this, but they laid deep and firm the foundation of that progress and prosperity which has made of what is known as the great Northwest one of the most favored spots in all the great union of states.

This is the Ohio Day which will be celebrated at old Rutland on the 14th of September. It is an anniversary which might well be recognized by the citizens of this state. In fact, if Rutland has reason for celebrating the event, Ohio has cause to recognize it as a red-letter day in her history.

VENEZUELA COURT'S FINE.

When it comes to the matter of fines the Venezuela court of first instance is playing second only to Kenesaw Mountain Landis who recently touched up Standard Oil to the tune of nearly $30,000,000. The South American court has given the decision in the asphalt case and finds that the American company is in debt to Venezuela in the sum of nearly $5,000,000.

Nor is this all. Because, as is alleged, the American company incited and aided the Matos revolution, farmers of Venezuela were drawn from their farms and maufacturers from their shops. This loss of trade is attributed to the company and for that reason damages will be claimed, which, in the aggregate, will amount to nearly $10,000,000 more.

Of course there is a vast difference between fining and collecting and we opine it will be several moons before the Asphalt company will be handed over to the South American republic. Indeed Uncle Sam may succeed in convincing Venezuela that her court has erred in its judgment.

UNFAIR TO TAFT.

The Washington Post, comparing statements in the New York Sun and the American Economist concerning Secretary Taft's utterances on the tariff, finds that neither side is satisfied, the Sun insisting that the language of the secretary makes him out a "standpatter," while the Economist claims that he is a revisionist to the extreme of being a free trader.

Yet the secretary says in his speech:

> "The present business system of the country rests on the protective tariff, and any attempt to change it to a free trade basis will certainly lead only to disaster.
>
> "I had occasion in a speech which I delivered at Bath, Me., now about a year ago, to express my individual opinion as in favor of an immediate revision of the tariff. * * * What has happened in the last year has only served to confirm the view I then expressed, and it now seems to me that even more of the extremists in the matter of the tariff are of opinion that it would be not only unwise, but unsafe, for the party to fail in its next national platform to pledge itself to a revision of the tariff as soon after the next presidential election as possible."

What is there in that language to warrant either opinion? Surely the secretary doesn't talk like a standpatter. Schedules are not sacred in his eyes. He doesn't say anything about letting well enough alone, but he does say emphatically that the Republican party will make a blunder if it does not pledge itself in its next platform to an early revision.

As for the Economist, that journal has been treating its readers unfairly in its deceptions of the Ohio candidate from the moment his name was mentioned in connection with the presidency. Its attitude on the tariff is so extreme that it cannot even tolerate one who differs with it. To it any suggestion of tariff revision except it be to increase the rates, borders closely on treason. It no longer preaches Protection, as that principle is interpreted by the Republicans, but Protection as it is interpreted by the wealthy corporations—not a protection for the benefit of all the American people, but a protection for the benefit of the favored few.

Secretary Taft's cause cannot be seriously hurt by such criticism for the reason that the injustice of it is too palpable. The people will judge him by what he says, and not by what others put in his mouth. Of course, we cannot deny that the New York Sun, the American Economist and William Jennings Bryan might be a trinity of widespread influence if they could combine forces, but such a contingency seems too remote to merit serious consideration.

HIS OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

No one can read ex-Governor W. S. Taylor's letter to the public without being impressed with the sincerity of the writer. The assassination of Governor Goebel was a horrible affair, and no one will question that justice demanded the adequate punishment of all who had a share in it.

That it was a political crime is not denied, but it seemed then and it seems now, after all these years, that the $100,000 fund raised to prosecute the murderers has been diverted from its original purpose and has been employed to persecute Republicans whose chief crime is their activity in the politics of that state.

Believing that he would not be accorded a fair trial, ex-Governor Taylor, who was charged with being in the conspiracy, fled to Indiana, and all efforts to get him into Kentucky through legal and illegal means, have failed. In the meantime Youtsey was tried and convicted, while Caleb Powers has escaped a life sentence only by an appeal to the highest court of the land. Four times he has faced a judge and jury who, as he and his friends aver, were determined to convict him, and now he is undergoing his fifth ordeal.

Viewing the history of these prosecutions, ex-Governor Taylor cannot be blamed if he looks with suspicion on the promise of immunity which the state's attorney holds out to him on condition that he return and testify in the Powers case. Taylor does not meet this offer in the spirit of the cowardly murderer who is afraid of the truth. On the contrary, he submits a counter proposition which must strike an approving chord in the heart of every true Kentuckian. He says he doesn't ask immunity, but he does want to return to his old Kentucky home, the land of his birth and of his friends. He recognizes the gravity of the charge hanging over him, and he demands that his case be heard. If the prosecution will turn the remainder of the fund raised to convict someone of Goebel's assassination into the public treasury and assure him a fair trial before a bi-partisan jury and an impartial judge, he will return and face his accusers.

The challenge is apparently open and fair; will the men who have been seeking revenge for Governor Goebel's death meet it in the same spirit?

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

While there will be many differing opinions as to Richard Mansfield's position among the great actors of his time, there will be but one voice when his genius for stage management is discussed.

With the possible exception of Sir Henry Irving, there was no actor on the stage comparable with Mr. Mansfield in the matter and manner of producing plays. The late Augustin Daly was a master of stagecraft, but he, unlike Irving and Mansfield, did not act in the plays he put on.

Mansfield possessed the more artistic temperament, Irving the greater histrionic art. Both worked toward the same end, however, and both succeeded far better than usually falls to the lot of ambitious men. Mr. Mansfield wore himself out trying to make the American stage better. During the latter part of his life his undertakings were on a colossal scale, and were of such pictorial perfection that their effect on the art in general will be beneficial and lasting.

His productions of Cyrano de Bergerac, Julius Caesar, Henry V., Ivan, and Peer Gynt, established standards that will be looked up to for many years to come.

The passing of Richard Mansfield removes from the stage a commanding figure, one whose constant endeavor was for the uplifting of taste and appreciation. He strove constantly in the one direction and was not turned aside by monetary, social or business considerations. It is safe to say that his influence on the higher phase of the drama has been greater and better than that of any other one actor-manager.

It will be difficult to fill his place. America has a dearth of really great actors. Possibly E. H. Sothern comes nearest to occupying the exalted position that once was glorified by Edwin Booth.

A HARAHAN AFFAIR.

Accounts differ, some claiming that Stuyvesant Fish landed with his fist on President Harahan's jaw, and others that he seized Harahan by the neck and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. But at any rate there seems to be no disputing the fact that the directors of the Illinois Central witnessed a personal encounter between their former and their present executive head and Mr. Vanderbilt was so shocked that he exclaimed from the heights of a chair, where he had climbed for safety at the first outbreak of hostilities: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, stop; surely you are forgetting yourselves!"

This brawl of millionaires was the culmination of differences that begun on the day E. H. Harriman ousted Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the road. Mr. Fish did not take the act graciously. Instead he charged that Harriman was trying to introduce "frenzied finance" methods into the management of the virtuous Illinois Central. Of course Harriman indignantly denied this, but one word led to another until each had called the other a liar and offered to prove it.

The first opportunity afforded Mr. Fish for exploiting more in detail his opinion of Mr. Harriman was at the meeting of directors, and it is said he was reading a redhot roast on his enemy when President Harahan adjourned the meeting, and this act caused the explosion.

It is not for a moment believed that Fish will let the matter rest. He is determined to revenge himself on Harriman for the trick the latter played on him and he will find a way of getting his message before the Illinois Central directors.

President Harahan had decidedly the worse of both the verbal argument and the fistic encounter. He was elected to succeed Fish because Harriman had decided, and was able, to elect him. That fact and knowledge of Harriman combined, gave plausibility to Fish's assertion that Harahan is the tool of the man who put him at the head of this great railroad system. It was Harahan's bounden duty to feel insulted and without doubt he won favor with his chief when he called his detractor a liar.

If Mr. Harriman possesses the generous nature ascribed to him, he will see to it that the directors of the Illinois Central pour balm on President Harahan's hurts in the shape of an increased salary.

THE PROUTY PLAN.

Commissioner Prouty's suggestion that the interstate commerce commission should be reorganized into two sections, the more properly to perform the two-fold functions conferred on it, is likely to attract attention. The commissioner explains that the body of which he is a member, as now constituted, is required to perform executive as well as judicial duties, and these, he says, should be divorced.

His plan is to divide the commission in two branches, one of which shall determine the reasonableness or unreasonableness of a rate, while the other branch will be empowered to enforce the commission's decrees.

It is a fact, also, that the work of the commission is growing so rapidly that it may be absolutely necessary to enlarge it in order to keep the decks clear. A mass of testimony has been taken in the course of recent investigations, and new complaints are being filed constantly.

By dividing the labors, there will be more system, and consequently more expedition to the work of the commission. And there will be less criticism when one set of men determines issues and another set executes the laws as interpreted.

WALL STREET'S IMPOTENCE.

Secretary Wilson, who has been traveling extensively through the west in the interests of the department of agriculture, reports a remarkably prosperous condition in that section of the country.

As far as the crops are concerned, there is every indication of at least a normal yield in all grains except oats, while with continued favorable weather corn may reach one of the high marks. Farmers are getting good prices for all their products and are paying cash for dry goods and groceries. As a sequence merchants are enjoying an active and profitable trade and are meeting their obligations at the banks promptly.

Conditions are so healthy, in fact, reports the secretary of agriculture, that western people have money to loan to the stringent market of the east, and are taking advantage of the high interest rate.

This is truly a remarkable condition. Until very recently the natural flow of loaned capital was from east to west seeking the best returns. A quarter of a century ago, the New York farmer could borrow money on a first mortgage at 5 per cent while the same security commanded 8 per cent in Ohio and as high as 10, 12 or even 15 per cent further west. The capitalist who lived west of the Mississippi was not sending his money east in those days for investment because he could do much better nearer home.

But with the development of the western farming country and with the clearing of titles, interest rates have gradually decreased, and now that the east is in the grip of a tight money market, the current has set in the other way.

And this is one of the most cogent reasons why Wall Street no longer controls the finances of the country and why the slump in stocks, which is without a parallel in the history of the street, scarcely creates a ripple outside the narrow world of speculation. The savings banks of Illinois, for instance, as shown by a recent report, are bulging with money and Wall street cannot touch that. And so it is in every one of the western states. The country in fact has grown too fast and too fat for the stock gamblers to make a football of it.

We doubt if many have fully realized this changed condition of affairs. With the first violent fluctuation of stocks, following the administration's initial assault on illegal trusts, financiers of national reputation prophesed an end to our period of prosperity. They were so sure of it that some, even though they approved of the President's policies, counseled him to be more conservative lest a panic should ensue. Since then there have been several stock vibrations, and large additions to the ranks of pessimism and still the administration continues to sail under full canvas. If we are any nearer the financial rocks than we were months ago, our expert lookouts cannot discover the fact. On the contrary we should say that the pronounced failure of the stock manipulators to stampede capital ought to convince the American people that the reign of Wall street is ended.

WHY SOLDIERS DESERT.

We are curious to know how much evidence government officials have in support of General Greeley's contention that the abolition of the canteen is in large measure responsible for the rapid increase in the number of desertions. The general attributes the defection to two principal causes—the one already referred to and the small pay which Uncle Sam allows his soldiers.

No doubt the soldiers are deserving of an increase in wages, but as long as there was no trouble in getting recruits under the existing schedule, congress was not likely to act. Now there are complaints from most recruiting stations. Young men are not falling over one another in their eagerness to don the regimentals of the government. The fact is that what might have been regarded as a fair pecuniary return for bearing arms, is too meagre today. The cost of living is so much higher that there is no disputing the justice of the soldiers' plea for more money.

But as to the canteen, there is room for debate. It was abolished after a spirited and prolonged fight in which the anti-canteeners proved their mettle. They must have convinced congress of the merit of their argument. Have conditions changed so as to weaken their case? Most of the army officers are for the canteen. They insist that it is an aid to discipline, to the morale of the army, and that the soldiers are more content where the canteen is instituted. If Gen. Greeley can demonstrate his point, it means a strong argument for restoring the canteen and many people will hasten to revise their opinion. For most of us know that discontent in an army is a near neighbor to mutiny.

"THE CHICAGO IDEA."

Possibly because Lenold's restaurant was raided by robbers immediately following the announcement that the Chicago police authorities had driven the bad men out of that city is not proof that the bold hold-up was pulled off by Chicago visitors,but the sequence of events is to say the least suspicious.

And the method of operation was so like that of the typical Chicago crook. The men came in and asked for sandwiches and the attack was made while the waiters were intent on filling the order. Guns were displayed ostentatiously and threateningly and when young Lepold showed signs of rebellion he was beaten over the head with the butt end of a revolver. This feature only of the narrative creates doubt in the mind that the raiders hailed from Chicago, for, as a rule, when a Chicago crook meets with resistance he does not hesitate to commit murder.

The occurrence should spur Chief Knapp and his men to renewed vigilance. It is evidence that Toledo is harboring desperate crooks who will stop at nothing in their thieving expeditions and unless these men are quickly apprehended a more serious crime than that which occurred at the corner of Monroe and Huron streets may be the sequel.

THE RUSSIAN ELECTION.

Preparations for the election of the third duma, which is to meet in November, are well under way.

The change in the election laws, by which suffrage is denied a large per cent of the radical and ignorant element, insures the return of a much larger proportion of conservatives. At first the revolutionists were disposed to show their contempt for the government's program by staying away from the polls, but this plan has been abandoned because it was found it would be too nearly in accord with the wishes of the bureaucrats. If the revolutionists should have no representatives in the duma, they would be at great disadvantage.

Their amended purpose is to secure as many members as possible, in order that they may keep tab on the work of that body. It is evident they have no hope of obtaining any important concessions from the czar. They are merely biding the time when the Russian people will weary of accepting empty promises in lieu of real reforms. And in the meantime, they are seeking recruits from the government's strongest bulwark—the army.

With the next outbreak the czar will discover that the revolutionists have made a serious breach, and that his armed minions will no longer present a united front in the defense of his throne.

HUGHES NOT TO BE TRAPPED.

Politicians who are trying to use Governor Hughes as a foil to Rooseveltism are nonplussed over his apparent lack of sympathy. They cannot understand why an ambitious man should hesitate to accept their proffered services.

There are two explanations, either one of which might solve the mystery. The practical politician would immediately infer that the New York governor is not ambitious; that he has no taste for a political life, and is already sick of his job. In a measure this may be true. Many things have occurred since Hughes became governor that were repellant to his nature. When he found the politicians were strong enough to prevent the removal of Insurance Superintendent Kelsey, he was disgusted. When Republican leaders formed a combination with political enemies to defeat the reform measures to which the party was committed, he was astounded at this evidence of repudiation.

But he never faltered. True, he failed to remove Kelsey after a bitter struggle, but there was no vital principle involved. The issue was different when it came to a contest over legislation. The governor conducted his campaign in the very strongholds of his opponents and gained a notable victory. Still there is a prevailing opinion in New York that he has no liking for that sort of thing. Duty and duty alone spurred him on.

But assuming that the experience of the last year has grown wings to a latent ambition in Hughes, there are other considerations that would prevent his yielding to the importunities of Odell and his friends. Hughes is by nature and by environment a reformer. He despises the former Republican boss. He realizes that except for the active part taken by the national administration in his campaign, culminating in the Root speech at Utica, he probably would have been defeated by the lurid Hearst. And he is not ungrateful.

But even were he inclined to regard the President's attitude toward him as that of a man who was employing every agency to strengthen his own lines, it must not be forgotten that Hughes has always been a consistent supporter of the administration and a defender of its policies. He knows, as everyone else knows, that his nomination, even though he were to pledge himself to more radical reforms than are now under way, would be hailed by the politicians, and would be accepted by the people, as a moral defeat for Rooseveltism, and he is not willing to contribute in any way to such defeat. To become President under conditions so peculiar would deprive him of that sympathy which is essential to the successful prosecution of any reform.

But should it develop in the course of events that Hughes, and not Taft, is the most available candidate, and should those who are loyal to the administration discover that in Hughes, rather than in Taft, they had found the logical successor to the President, the objections recited would instantly be dispelled and Hughes could then feel that his candidacy had something more substantial behind it than the hatred and retaliation of professional politicians.

Such a contingency is not likely to arise. Secretary Taft has demonstrated his fitness to succeed Roosevelt. As a part of the administration, he has been in thorough accord with its policies, and indeed has counseled many of them. The longer he is in the public eye the more appreciative the people are of his courage, his loyalty and his devotion to duty. Governor Hughes understands the situation and he knows, too, that the American people are not oblivious to the man in the ranks who serves them well. And Governor Hughes is a comparatively young man.

Possibly Walter Wellman never hoped to do more than start for the north pole this year.

Why not wait and send Mr. Rockefeller his witness fees when the Standard Oil company pays that $29,240,000 fine?

"There is a higher power in this country than President Roosevelt," says the New York Sun. Then, why doesn't the Sun come out and give his name?

While tight shoes are coming in style, it may be some time before fashion decrees that we must have toothache before we can mingle with polite people.

Mr. Bryan should have had too much foresight to call Mr. Taft a "straddler." Nobody appears inclined to accept the accusation seriously.

When it is in need of sympathy, Wall street should not feel hurt if the general public looks in the opposite direction and pretends that it never heard of Wall street.

CURRENT EVENTS

President posted a sign warning autos away from Sagamore Hill.

Out of 212,000 women in Australia qualified to vote 174 exercise the right of franchise.

Government will pay $437,500 for coal to supply battleships on cruise to the Pacific.

The population of the prairie provinces in Canada has increased in five years from 466,000 to about a million.

The Japanese release pigeons instead of smashing a bottle of wine on the stem of a ship which is being launched.

English scientist, after exhaustive observations, declared Mars was abode of intelligent, constructive life.

Iowa man who committed suicide following death of favorite horse left $10,000 for care of its companion.

Balloonist at a Massachusetts fair unable to operate parachute drops 2,000 feet through the air, strikes on a post and is not fatally hurt.

Germany uses two and a quarter million tons of potatoes yearly in the manufacture of alcohol and only 350,000 tons of grain for the same purpose.

John Kendrick Bangs, the author, has forsaken New York and will hereafter make his home in Boston. He will spend his summers at Ogunquit, Me.

One hundred bloodhounds are to be added to New York police department for running down criminals, especially murderers and assaulters of women.

Fereral Judge Pritchard at Asheville, N. C., rules that the state law barring railroad litigants from the United States courts is in violation of the constiution.

Booker T. Washington says that the 10,000,000 in the United States are the most advanced Africans in the world, especially in religion and industrial education.

Three thousand merchants and bankers, representing all sections of the country, report a good business outlook, with no signs of depression Wall street fears.

Three Russians are condemned to death for plotting against the life of the czar, nine others are sentenced to imprisonment or banished and six acquitted.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India cost the country approximately $297,915 on the navy account, in addition to the special civil service vote of $100,000.

Proposal that demurrage rate question be submitted to arbitration is rejected by the New Haven road, which will stand by its withdrawal from the American Railway association.

First Lieutenant E. D. Peek, of the United States corps of engineers, is the tallest officer in the American army. He is 6 feet 4¼ inches in height. He is a native of Wisconsin.

Bitter war with capital, and no quarter asked or given, is advocated by prominent labor leaders in the official organ of the American Federation, and covert warning is given to opponents.

At Litchfield, Conn., the house in which Judge Tappan Reeve started the first law school in this country in 1744, has just ben sold at auction to persons who will preserve it for its historical value.

More persons crossed the Atlantic ocean from this side during the first six months of the present year than during any other similar period. There were 31,000 steerage passengers in that time.

Cocoa importations into the United States are now averaging more than $1,000,000 a month, against $250,000 per month a decade ago. Meantime importations of both tea and coffee show a decline.

For the last three months the tropical Island of Jamaica, surrounded by a warm sea, where the evaporation is great, has suffered from a drouth as severe as any which visit inland deserts, far from any large body of water.

Consul General P. C. Hanna writes from Monterey that the rapid advance of Mexico in education and business enterprise is shown nowhere else more than in the increasing demand for stationery and writing materials of all kinds.

Cows wearing smoked-glass spectacles may be seen in the interior of Russia, where great tracts of country are covered with snow six months of the year. The cows become afflicted with snow blindness while looking for fine grass under the melting snow.

The British board of agriculture has recently published some statistics which show that England's foreign food bill has doubled in amount during the last twenty years. In 1886 it was approximately $500,000,000. In 1906 the amount had grown to $1,000,000,000.

The District of Columbia has the greatest population a square mile of any section of this country. The figures are slightly more than 3,839. In Alaska there is only one person to 10 square miles. Rhode Island is second to Washington, with 407 persons a square mile.

Austria has passed a law by which its citizens not only receive a vote, but are compelled under penalty to use it. About 40,000 are to be called up and fined for neglecting their duty. This is a revival of the exquisite simplicity of the Athenian legislators, who literally roped in the citizens with a reddened rope. The man who had a red mark was fined.

There are 11,000,000 buildings in the country. Scarce 4,000 of them lay any claim toward being "fireproof," and that fireproofing consists solely of their skeletons, their frames being so protected that certain of the structural parts cannot be destroyed by fire. In that sense alone were the big buildings of San Francisco and Baltimore fireproofed, buildings upon which there was a salvage of from 35 to 90 per cent.

The only places in China where horses are used to any great extent are Shanghai, Tsingtau and Tientsin. Australians, "walers," so called, because they originate in New South Wales, are the most popular. These horses are imported into Shanghai in batches of from twenty to fifty, are well taken care of on the voyage and arrive in excellent condition, and are put into use within a couple of weeks after arrival. They retail in Shanghai at prices varying from $80 United States currency to $200, or even more in cases of special breeds.

THE STORY OF RUBBER.

Demand Has Increased Wonderfully; Supply Has Not.

The modern world has gaped with wonder at the fabulous prices which are paid for an almost invisible speck of radium. In other days the world wondered just as much when the hunters for strange things paid a guinea an ounce for a little ball of pure elastic gum to put in their cabinets.

And now that this gum, or rubber, has become one of the necessaries of life (more than 125,000,000 pounds of it are used in the world each year), the highest grade, free of impurities, still costs the manufacturer $1.50 a pound, one of the highest prices paid for any of the great staple commodities.

Our English name for the substance is due to the English chemist Priestly. In 1770, says the Review of Reviews, he discovered that the material was good for rubbing out pencil marks and called it to the attention of the English for that purpose, and ever since then it has been known in English as india rubber.

From 1791 to 1815 a number of English chemists tried to use a rubber solution for the purpose of making waterproof cloth, but quite unsuccessfully. Charles MacIntosh, whose name has now become as closely identified with the industry as that of Goodyear, succeeded in 1823 in dissolving rubber in benzine, which was the beginning of the industry of waterproof clothing.

In 1832 the house of Chaffee & Haskins, of New York founded the Roxbury India Rubber company for the purpose of doing a business of the sort which MacIntosh was doing on the other side. They, however, did not succeed, but they had in their employ one Charles Goodyear, who devoted his life and his fortune to the discovery of what turned out to be the most practical of all methods of overcoming the adhesiveness or stickiness which militated against the commercial uses of the gum.

Heywood was the first to discover that sulphur lessened the sticky quality of the raw material, but it was left for Goodyear to demonstrate, in 1830, that by the combination of rubber and sulphur in proper quantities and under proper temperature the product would not break at a low temperature and would not become sticky at a high one. This was the solution of the problem, and it is this combination of rubber and sulphur under the action of different temperatures resulting in a product of different hardness and elasticity which is known as vulcanization.

His discovery places Goodyear among the greatest of American inventors. Prior to his time practically no rubber was used in the United States. Today we are using quite one-half of the world's product, and rubber may now be regarded as a prime necessary of life.

The production of rubber is peculiar in this, that it cannot be compared with any of the great agricultural crops—cotton, wheat, corn or rice. If in any year the price of these advances materially the result is an invitation to larger planting, with a succeeding larger crop and the consequent re-establishment of the balance of price. As the consuming demand increases the planting increases.

Such, however, is not the case with the rubber crop. Cultivated rubber as yet plays no real part in the world's markets, not more than 100 tons having yet come into consumption in any one year.

Now, as to the uncultivated plants, the great trees and vines which yield the bulk of the product are not available until they are at least fifteen years of age, and then in the case of the Hevea may yield for twenty years. In taking the latex from the Castilloa, however, as well as from the Landolphia, the custom has been to kill the plant.

It will be readily seen, therefore, that the industry of the rubber gatherer is still of the crudest and most primitive kind. It might be compared with that of the huckleberry picker here. The result is that the crop cannot be varied from a large crop to a small crop in any year, as in the case of wheat and cotton. The problem is not one of cultivation, but one almost exclusively of labor on the one hand, and of pushing further and further into the forest on the other.

The average annual increase of the Para crop during the last twenty years has been 8 per cent., and during the last five years about 4 per cent. The largest increase in any single year was 17 per cent. The Congo crop has remained practically the same for the last seven years and has a tendency to decrease rather than increase.

It was early found that rubber was impervious to moth and rust. In its manufactured form, in combination with sulphur, it was bound after a while to lose its elasticity and the fabric of which it was a part to undergo a disintegration, but not a decomposition.

The rubber remained. It was not of the same value either for elasticity or for tensil strength, but it was still of great value, and how to recover it became the question. This led to a series of experiments in the devulcanization of rubber, begun by Helmholtz, which is now conducted on a large scale by two processes, one an acid and the other an alkaline process concerning the respective merits of which there is great controversy. As yet, however, most of the reclaimed rubber, so called, is produced by the acid process.

Many will be surprised to learn that the annual product of the reclaimed material amounts in the United States alone to nearly 50,000,000 pounds, and this must be added to the annual rubber crop as a large factor in determining price. It is used in varying proportions in making compounds for the manufacture of all grades of goods excepting those requiring the greatest elasticity and the highest tensile strength, and has a value, according to quality and according to range of prices for new rubber, of between 10 and 15 cents a pound.

No one knows when the rubber particle or molecule really disappears. It may be powdered and lost through friction, but as long as rubber scrap, or shoddy, exists, the rubber which is in it also exists in a form susceptible of reuse. In this way there has become established in this country what may be regarded as a permanent fund of reclaimed or reclaimable rubber, to which each year a new crop is adding.

Wit' and Wit'out.

Ten bluffs don't equal one "make-good."

We throw flowers at the dead, mud at the living.

The girl of matchless beauty is never matchless.

Girls with dimples do not always make the best laughter.

When a youth starts to sow his wild oats it's time for the father to start threshing.

Honesty is the best policy—only when you pay promptly the premiums of hard work.

There is no liar on earth equal to the man who pretends that he doesn't mind being bowlegged or redhaired.

It is true that a good woman may lift a man from the gutter, but it is usually better to ask a policeman to do so.

When a crowd of women have absolutely nothing to talk about, they start in saying anything about everybody.

The millionaire tells us how to get rich—but it is a fake trail to lead us away from his own private hunting grounds.

Down in our hearts we are all rather pleased to see the other fellow get it in the neck—which explains the popularity of the comic supplement.—Judge.

TIME TO QUIT WORKING

Price a Man Must Pay if He Keeps on Too Long.

When we have set out on a piece of muscular work or head work, we might expect to find a steady, regular increase i nthe fatigue that resulted from it—so much work, so much fatigue. But that is not the case. The "fatigue curve" is not a straight line sloping up from one corner of the chart diagonally to the other. Instead, it goes sharply upward at the start; then for a long distance it runs along on an approximate level, and then it takes a sharp upward turn again.

The level stage—the plateau of hard normal working power, where the cost in energy doesn't vary perceptibly—is the "second wind."

You know how it is in long-distance running. At first the fatigue increases very rapidly; a man has to push himself with all the will power he can muster. Then, all of a sudden, it gets easier. It seems as if he had tapped a big, new supply of energy, and he can keep running for a long time without any great increase in his feeling of fatigue. At that he reaches a point where the exertion tells hard again; fatigue piles up terribly fast now—so fast that unless the runner knows just how much he is good for and has made careful calculations, he is likely to be "all in" before he gets to the end. Every step makes an inroad on his reserve energy. The last spurt costs more than all the rest together.

If a man has covered his distance without touching this final turn of the fatigue curve, he will get rested in a reasonably short time and be able to go over the course again. But if, instead, he has to keep on, teeth set, eyes bulging, "hugging his corn cobs," until he rolls over on the ground, it may take weeks for him to get into good form again. In a big race, naturally, he's got to be ready to do that.

There are emergencies in everybody's life when the merely prudent thing isn't the right thing. If a house is on fire and a family on the top floor is in danger and you're the only person on the premises, you can't stand calmly aside and calculate your fatigue curve. There's a necessity for action—at any cost whatever, even life.

A man may have a big proposition to put through, some important combination to effect, a new movement to get under way. Perhaps he is the only person who knows the whole situation; success may depend upon him. In such a case he must let mere prudence go by the board—and he must stand ready to pay the price, too, when that's called for.

But such emergencies are not everyday matters. Tomorrow we are going to have another day's business to attend to, and the probability is that it will be just as important as today's. Consequently, we have no right to overdrive ourselves today; for the price of it will be taken out of the quality of tomorrow's work. We have done enough when we have come in sight of that last costly lap. It's the time to quit.

A great deal of interesting information about the nature of fatigue has been made available through the ergograph, an ingenious recording apparatus devised by Professor Angelo Mosso, a great Italian scientist. It works something after this fashion: You lay your hand, back down, on a little table, and to the end of one finger is attached a cord which connects horizontally over a pulley with a small hanging weight. The motion of closing the finger lifts the weight; and as the effort is repeated over and over again, the fatigue symptoms in the finger become clear and can be observed and recorded in detail.

Now, one of the important discoveries that Professor Mosso has made is that if you keep raising the weight until your finger is exhausted, it will take just about two hours to rest it; that is, in two hours you can do the same amount of finger work over again—and the least bit more.

That's the price of work on top of fatigue. One unfatigued man is to his work as four semi-fatigued men to the same work. Using all the strength you have, you can't begin to get normal results; and the strain on will and nervous energy is terrific. Carrying a thing through on "nerve" is the costliest business a man can indulge in.

Some people, especially those of nervous make-up, find it hard to tell when the stopping point has been reached—that is, just where the dividing line comes between energy funds available for investment and a capital which cannot legitimately be tampered with. If they get interested in their work they lose sight of everything else and are going on sheer nerve before they realize it.

Though fatigue symptoms vary greatly in different people, it may be worth while to mention a few of them here. Sometimes there is a flushing at the temples. That is the case with myself when I have been reading hard for two or three hours; and then I know that I ought to call a halt. I could keep on reading with undiminished interest for a good deal longer; but it would be at the price of a sleepless night.

With some eople a sure sign is the increased circulation of blood in the ears or cheeks. Some people have queer feelings in the pit of the stomach—not nausea, but something suggestive of it.

One of the most reliable tests in the control test—holding the arms out horizontally at the sides and noticing whether or not the fingers tremble. The fatigue condition raises the nerve pressure gate and allows flowovers from one nerve into another. Normally a nervous impulse goes along its nerve directly to the point of strain; but when you are fatigued the stimulus spreads into other nerves as well and is not distinctly transmitted.

Sir Francis Galton, the great statistician, says that the best test he knows is that of restlessness, shown in the muscular movement. Many times, he says, he has sat in a position where he could watch an audience as it listened to some long scientific memoir. He took notes of how people acted under the strain of protracted attention—how often they moved. At the beginning of the hour they would sit quietly; then they would begin to move on the average of once every four seconds, then every three seconds; and he says that it is posible to trace right through any audience every degree of fatigue by the number of muscular movements made.

He has simply put together mathematically some data that are familiar to all of us. We have all seen—and, alas, been part of—an audience that was trying to endure the last half hour of an unendurable speech. Everybody was shifting his position, crossing one leg over the other or back again, moving the fingers, playing with watch charm or chain, yawning, twitching, folding programme, wiping eyeglasses, adjusting back hair, twisting mustache. These were all fatigue signs.

A loss of self control in small things; that's the symptom in different terms; and another name for it is irritability.

At first it seems strange that this undue sensitiveness to slight stimuli should be so sure an effect of fatigue; but it means that the resistance gates are down and we become aware of sensations pouring in from all sides, slight sensations that ordinarily we take no notice of, because—by the laws of attention—they are quietly shut out from our conscisousness. But when out attention is tired—no longer focussed, but scattering—all these slight nerve pricks attack us insistently and we cannot neglect them.

A noise that you will not hear when you are rested will be perfectly distracting when you are tired. You will go over and shut a window you will walk around aimlessly; you will swear at the faint cackle of a distant graphophone. If there is a light above you at an evening lecture it will hurt your eyes almost beyond endurance. Instead of making the nervous system a less responsive instrument, fatigue makes it more responsive. More responsive, but less serviceable.

Every man who is anxious to hit his job between the eyes should make a study of his own fatigue curve, and he should put the moral of it to heart. To know when it's time to quit—and to quit when it's time—is one of the first lessons in the primer of efficiency.—Dr. Luther H. Gulick, in The World's Work.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

No. 1936—Ladies' Shirt-Waist. This pretty model may be utilized for pongenette or any of the summer silks. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 2001—Ladies' Shirt-Waist. If developed in madras, linen, gingham or pongee it would be a most desirable model. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

No. 1976—Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt. For pongee, serge, cheviot, Panama, brilliantine or mohair, this skirt would make up prettily. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1880—Misses' Four-Gored Gathered Skirt. A very pretty skirt for dimity or lawn is here portrayed. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1850—Child's One-Piece Dress. For practical everyday wear none more satisfactory can be offered. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

No. 1982—Girls' Dress. This model would be very serviceable for any of the soft washable fabrics. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1980—Misses' Shirt-Waist. For development, any of the varieties of linen would be excellent. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1860—Misses' Shirt-Waist. In lawn, organdie or lansdowne this is an admirable model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1922—Ladies' Fifteen-Gored Skirt. For white flannel or sicilienne, it is the skirt par excellence. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

No. 1981—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt. In linen, or poplinette this is a very neat model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 1973—Ladies' Jumper. For chambray, tartan or gingham this would be a very good style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 2008—Ladies' Princess Jumper Dress. In crepe de chine, messaline or any of the favorable silk fabrics this will make a stylish garment. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1977—Ladies' Empire Dressing Sack. Made of yellow polka dotted dimity, trimmed with point de Paris insertion and edging it would be charming. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1849—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Made in dimity or lawn trimmed with lace edging and French knots it would be charming. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1986—Girls' Suspender Dress. The model here portrayed is made in pale green English pique, with a guimpe of ecru allover embroidery. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1905—Girls' Dress. This model might well be utilized for gingham, dimity, madras or any of the tub materials. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1821—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt. In sicilienne, Panama, albatross or voile it would be most satisfactory. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1479—Ladies' Skirt. This will be a handsome model for cloths in plain or fancy weaves. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 1882—Child's Dress. This will be a favorite fashion for linen or gingham. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

No. 1866—Girls' Jumper Dress. This would be a good model for any of the summer silks as also for washable materials. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1975—Ladies' Shirt Waist. The shirt waist with plisse frillings on the front box-plait and on the cuffs is one of the season's most popular fashions. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1419—Ladies' Shirt Waist. A very pretty shirt waist is here portrayed, made of handkerchief linen. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1885—Ladies' Waist. The model here illustrated is made of lavender messaline and venise allover lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1969—Ladies' Four-Gored Petticoat Skirt. A very good model for white washable materials or silks. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

No. 1526—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack. Crepes, silks, flannels and other textures in large showy figures are liked for kimonos with plain material for the bands. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1624—Ladies' Sack Apron. A very neat apron is here shown which would prove very well in gingham, percale or denim. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

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Something new in covers. A drop steel forged cover—will not split, warp or break. You could drive over it with a horse and wagon and not break it. No wood to split, twist or warp. No cast iron to crack, spring or break. In fact it is indestructible. Every cover fits perfectly. No leak. There is no other churn like it on the market. We will ship these churns by freight to our subscribers on receipt of prices named below. (We do not pay freight.)

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THE BLADE . . . . TOLEDO, OHIO

Asks $2,000 Damages Because Beard of 20 Years Is Gone

New York, August 31.—Deprived unttingly of his luxuriant whiskers ile he slept under the ministrations of barber, George Palmer, a Sullivan unty farmer, has brought suit for $2,-0 damages in the Supreme court ainst John R. Reisler, proprietor of a rber shop near Herald Square.

Now, these were no ordinary whiskers. r two decades they grew, fanned by e breeze and wet by the early dew as lmer attended to his morning chores. ey covered his bosom, hid his collar celluloid from view, and made a neckan extravagance. The owner of se hirsute adornments has passed the ridian of life and he had before him vision of living in his old age beth a shelter of his own raising, even one would rejoice in plenty under his n fig tree.

Palmer was in New York recently. , unlucky day, he decided on August to have a shave and his whiskers mmed. He went to Reisler's shop, ich is in West Thirty-sixth street, ween Broadway and Seventh avenue, d, being in a playful mood, he chaffed journeyman who attended him.

He had seen the "Great White Way" d the large hotels and the theatres, d his tone was blithe as he comparthem all with the "opery-house" at rkville and the village store. dinage was handed about in quanies. By and by, under the stroke of lather brush, Palmer was lulled sleep. He awoke and the barber d something bright, which the farr thought was over gay.

"Cut it out," he says he said.

"Cut it off," the barber says the farmer said, and at the same time made a pass with his hand in the direction of his beard.

Anyway, Palmer went to sleep again and was awakened by the swish of a hot towel and the blowing of a stiff breeze. The breeze came from a compressed air atomizer plant in the cellar. Here was movement in the air, a high wind and no vibrant response from the agricultural chin. With a start Palmer awoke. He ran his hands over his cheeks and stared wildly at himself in the glass. His face was as smooth as a brook-worn bowlder, and the barber was spraying upon it the perfume of new-mown hay.

"Ruined!" cried the astonished farmer. "What will folks say! What will my wife say? Who told you to cut off my beard? I tell you I didn't. Why, man, I daren't go back home."

DISPLEASURE OF EDWARD

At Songs in Cafe Has Its Sequel in Police Court.

London, August 31.—A dispatch from Marienbad reports that the sequel of King Edward's displeasure at a theatrical performance there Thursday evening, when he left the theatre in disgust because of the vileness of some of the songs, has been seen in the police court.

The manager of the theatre and a woman singer were brought to court and the singer was fined for having given an objectionable song that was not on the program. The manager escaped as it was shown he was ignorant of the singer's intention to sing such a song.

INVESTIGATING HORROR

Coroner Begins Inquiry to Place the Blame.

But Few Bodies Recovered, as They Are Held on River Bottom by Girders.

Quebec, August 31.—Held in the grip of tons of twisted steel girders and cables, three score of dead bridge workmen, who were carried to death in the collapse of the big Quebec bridge Thursday evening, are still at the bottom of the St. Lawrence river. The coroner this morning began an investigation of the accident.

At a roll call, held last evening, 79 men failed to answer to their names and were not among the injured at the Levis hospital. Fifteen bodies lie at the morgue, awaiting the result of the coroner's inquest. Of the total of 79 dead or missing 16 were skilled American mechanics brought here by the Phoenix Bridge company, of Phoenixville, Pa., to work on the structural steel parts of the bridge.

Missing Americans.

The following is a list of the missing Americans: B. A. Yenser, general foreman, of Lehighton, Pa.; John L. Worley, assistant foreman of Mauch Chunk, Pa.; A. H. Birks, chief engineer of Phoenixville, Pa.; J. W. Atternolt, chief inspector, Phoenixville, Pa. Bridge workers whose home addresses are unknown: P. C. Reynolds, George Cook, Phil Bavant, Thomas Callahin, Carl Stevenson, James Bowen, Ira Fast, William Briggs, J. L. Johnson, A. C. Smith, B. F. Smith, E. A. Brind.

Some of the bodies of the unfortunate men can be seen below the surface of the water tightly wedged in a network of steel, where it is impossible to reach them.

Although tugs, rowboats and rafts have been used to patrol the water over the wrecked bridge the result of all their work was the recovery of only one body at low tide last evening.

Another body was located near the anchor pier and an effort was made to remove it, but it was found that the whole lower part of the body was held in a grip of steel that it was impossible to break. All the bodies except those of the men whose homes were at St. Romouald will be brought here and placed in the morgue. The federal government has appointed a special commission consisting of Mr. Butler, deputy minister of railways, and Collingwood Schreiber, chief engineer, to investgiate the causes of the accident, and they will be assisted by Mr. Holgate, engineer of Montreal.

Mayor Carneau received telegrams of sympathy from Sir Wilfrid Laurier and several mayors in England.

MILLION DOLLAR SCHOOL

Will Be Given Pennsylvania by Charles M. Schwab.

New York, August 31.—Charles M. Schwab announces that he will give the Pennsylvania state college an $1,000,000 industrial school.

CLAIMS ARE ENORMOUS

Railways Must Pay About $2,500,000.

Washington, D. C., August 29.—By the filing today of ninety claims with the interstate commerce commission, the amount asked from the railways under the yellow pine decision reached about $2,500,000.

Among the claims are $300,000 for Toledo and Ohio lumber firms. The claims have been coming in so rapidly during the past few days that clerks of the commission have been unable to tabulate them, and it will be a week or so before it is known just what the total is.

Upon the complaint of the Yellow Pine association in 1903 the interstate commerce commission decided that an advance of two cents upon yellow pine from Georgia and other southern states to Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania, was unreasonable and unjust. The case was carried up to the supreme court by the railways, where the decision of the commission was sustained. The court held that the rate was unreasonable and that even under the old law the commission had jurisdiction over railway rates. When the case was decided against them the railways were required to furnish a bond to make reparation to the shippers, and the shippers are now taking steps to collect their claims.

TWO HUNDRED DIE DAILY

Of Cholera in Lower Yangtz Ports of China.

Shanghai, August 30.—The epidemic of cholera among the Chinese in the lower Yangtz ports is spreading. About 200 persons die daily in the streets of Wu-Hu, in the province of Ngan-Hwei, and Kiuhkiang, province of Kiang-si.

OFFER CHILDREN FOR SALE IN OPEN MARKET.

London, August 30.—A Rome dispatch brings a story of an attempt to sell children in the market at Avellino. A peasant and his wife brought two of their children, twins, four months old, and in open market offered to sell them for $40 each. The babies were plump and healthy, and were bought by a man who offered the price required. He was taking the children away when the police stepped in and arrested both buyer and seller.

PROTECTION FOR TAYLOR

Governor Beckham Guarantees Safe Return to Indiana.

Frankfort, Ky., August 28.—In a letter addressed to Commonwealth's Attorney Robert Franklin, of this city, chief prosecuting counsel in the Goebel murder case, Governor Beckham assures that official of his cooperation with him in seeing that William S. Taylor is protected from arrest if he comes from Indiana to testify in the next trial of Caleb Powers. The governor declares that he and the commonwealth's attorney can "absolutely insure" Taylor such immunity and a safe return to Indiana.

Blind Boy Earns Schooling.

There have been many cases in Cleveland where boys have worked their way through high school, and a few cases where girls have done so, but it is doubtful if there has ever been a case where a blind boy has worked his way through school.

At the graduation exercises which are to be held at East High School next Friday a young man who is totally blind will receive his diploma. He is Frank Brady, and has not only been at a physical disadvantage, but he also has been obliged to earn money necessary to keep him in school.

Nine years ago Brady entered the school for the blind at Columbus, but found that the rest of the inmates at that institution could not keep pace with his mental development. Two years ago he left and entered East High as a junior. His work since has been remarkable. He is so well acquainted with the keyboard of a typewriter that he writes all of his examinations on a machine.—Cleveland Leader.

Soap That Didn't Lather.

A farmer went into a restaurant in Liverpool for some bread and cheese.

"What kind would you like, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Cheshire, Yorkshire or Gorgonzola?"

"Fancy name, that last," said the farmer. "I think I'll try a bit of that."

He thought it so tasty that he took a pound home to his wife and left it on the sideboard in the kitchen. Next morning he came in from his before-breakfast round and inquired if she had found the parcel.

"Oh, yes," replied she. "I saw it there all right. And very good mottled soap it is, no doubt, when you know how to use it. But I couldn't make it lather very well when I washed the children, and after I'd done they smelled so strong that I've turned 'em out for breath of fresh air, just to sweeten 'em a bit before they go to school."—Tit-Bits.

About Silk Stockings.

Silk stockings are among the expensive luxuries of a girl's wardrobe. The first cost is considerable, and they do not stand hard wear.

When the first stitch breaks their beauty is much impaired, if not actually destroyed. That one tiny break rapidly runs down the length of the stocking, and if not quickly mended the open strip speedily widens and the case is hopeless.

The usual way of mending is to sew the raveled edges together with over-and-over stitch. This may stop further raveling, but even with the greatest care there will be a fuzzy seam, very conspicuous on the plain part of the stocking, and most unsightly on any part.

A better way, which only requires patience, is to pick up the stitches and crochet the edges together with a fine needle and fine silk of the same color.

The seam then will never be noticed by anyone but the wearer.

Correctly Informed.

Hoax. "Know that man on the corner?"

Mars: "No."

Hoax: "Well, if you should ever form his acquaintance, beware of him. He is one of those men who treat a fellow and then make him pay for it."

Mars: "You don't say!"

Hoax: "Fact. He's a physician.—Home Magazine.

THE DREAMER.

I dreamed a dream of wealth. What have I gained?
Some chattels and a modest salary;
Some few small comforts as might be attained
By anyone whose limbs and mind are free.
I smile, sometimes, to think that they are not
Much similar—my dreams, and what I got.

I dreamed a dream of fame. That, too, must prove
A disappointment, for I know, ere now,
That mine is not a genius that can move
The world, nor force its devotees to bow,
Some local reputation, and a name—
So far short falls the youthful dream of fame!

I dreamed a dream of love. And when you came
With power to crown it and to make it true,
They faded—both the dreams of wealth and fame,
Save only as they might have pleasured you.
No disappointment this one dream to me,
So greater is the sweet reality!
—New York Tribune.

TO SPARE ROCKEFELLER

Trouble of Testifying in New Standard Investigation.

New York, August 28.—It is quite possible that the government's investigation into the affairs of the Standard Oil company, of New Jersey, which will begin here Sept. 3, will be carried on without John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller or Henry H. Rogers being called on to testify.

Frank B. Kellogg, special counsel for the government in the investigation, admits that there is a possibility that the investigation might be confined to the records and boks of the company, in which case it is not at all likely that any of the higher officials of the company will be questioned. Mr. Kellogg admits that his visit to President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay was for the purpose of discussing the investigation, but further than that he declined to discuss the conference. The conversation, he said, was of a confidential nature.

HETTY GREEN TO APPEAR

Before Chicago Board of Review for Investigation.

Chicago, August 29.—Hetty Green, of New York, who owns property in Chicago worth between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, may appear before the board of review early next week and submit to a questioning concerning her exact holdings in real estate and the reasons why her assessments should be reduced.

This plan was formed by the members of the board last night, the question of Mrs. Green's taxes on down town property, worth nearly $2,000,000, having come up.

The members of the board announce that they wished in this case to deal directly with the owner of the property instead of the agents. This decision was reached, it came to light, after the reading of several complaints against Mrs. Green's methods of keeping her property in shape.

ENGLAND'S AIRSHIP FLEET

Will Soon Be Sailing Over Aldershot Parade.

Aldershot, Sept. 2.—At least one military secret has been well kept in England. It is now learned for the first time that for the past two years the construction of a military airship has been in progress here, and it is probable that within the next few months Aldershot will see the first of the British aerial fleet floating over the parade grounds. It is believed that the new airship will approximate the type of La Patrie, the French military balloon. It will be named for King Edward, who recently inspected it.

THE KAISER ORDERED WINE

For All Officers When He Was Unseated.

Berlin, Sept. 2.—It has been the custom in the Prussian army since the time of Frederick the Great that an officer who lost his seat in the saddle while on parade should give a wine entertainment to his comrades.

When Emperor William slipped out of his saddle while reviewing the veterans at Hanover August 28, he remarked laughingly to the officers surrounding him.

"This is an expensive joke for me, as I must provide wine for all the officers of the army corps," and later, when he ordered wine to be served at all the officers' messes, he remarked: "This little fine amuses me uncommonly."

PLAN ELEVATOR MERGER

Minnesota Farmers to Meet and Consolidate Interests.

Minneapolis, August 29.—A big merger of farmers' elevators in Minnesota is to be formed at a meeting called to take place in Minneapolis, September fifth, by managers of several elevators throughout the state. The plan is to secure the co-operation of 200 farm elevators in the state.

It is estimated that fully 20,000 farmers will be represented at the meeting by delegates.

The farmers in surrounding towns where such elevators are operated usually own stock in them and are thus interested in the movement to merge them in order to secure better grading, better terminal facilities and better means of marketing their grains.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

A spider can live 10 months without food.

Taken the world over the annual average rainfall is 60 inches.

Gold may be beaten until one ounce is spread over 146 square feet.

The average man requires 1,600 pounds of food each year to sustain him.

An average of 3,000 persons land each day in New York City from ocean-going vessels.

Burmese amber is in good demand at fair prices. It is rich in color, is hard and takes on a beautiful polish.

In Russia the postoffice is part of the military system, and the postman, therefore, is under a discipline as strict as army rule.

In the first five months of 1907 Calcutta exported 390,000 calf and sheepskins, 500,000 goatskins, 4,500,000 cowhides, a total of 11,390,000.

An oil portrait of J. Pierpont Morgan is among the unclaimed dutiable goods in the government stores at New York. It will be offered at public sale.

Germany uses two and one-quarter million tons of potatoes yearly in the manufacture of alcohol, and only 350,000 tons of grain for the same purpose.

Burma has issued a license to prospect for petroleum over a new tract of land in the Yenangyat oil field in the Pakokku district, and it is reported that the prospects are good.

The bedbug has been scientifically investigated by the department of agriculture, and the reassuring information is given that an adult bedbug feeds only twice in from 36 to 40 hours.

"Alkoethine," the new motor gas, is a mixture of air, alcohol vapor and acetylene, resulting from the spraying of diluted alcohol over calcium carbide. It proves to be a cheaper fuel than gasoline, and the necessary apparatus for producing it can be adapted to any high-speed gasoline motor.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The wife of a New York yachtsman applies for divorce on the ground that she had only three gowns in 28 years.

In Holland it is illegal for a cyclist to use a horn, as this instrument is reserved for the exclusive use of motorists.

Tourists have destroyed practically every olive tree on the Mount of Olives.

We had a ship called the Muriel says The New York Press, and the sailors promptly dubbed her the Merry Hell. The Georgia, as everyone knows, is Jaw-Jaw. The Pennsylvania is the Billy Pen. The Kearsarge is the Cuss-Age. The Washington is Papa George, and, singularly enough, is accompanied by John Adams. The Indiana is Red Annie. The Terror is the Tear Her. The Cleveland is Grover. The Des Moines is The Mine. The Galveston is Shirt-Waist—a clever hit. The Amphitrite is the Ample Tight. The Solace is One Ace.

While attending the funeral of her husband, an Indiana woman became engaged to the undertaker.

A defaulting New York bank clerk says that he came to grief through being a Broadway "goat."

One Danish gardener has succeeded in growing edelweiss, the Alpine flower peculiar to the dizziest heights of the Swiss Alps, and is exporting large quantities of the flowers to Swiss hotels, where they are sold to tourists.

CLASS HATRED A CURSE

To Country, Declares Hearst in Exposition Speech.

Sees No Reason for Existing Hostility Between Employers and the Employed.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 3.—William Randolph Hearst, of New York, and Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, were the principal speakers at yesterday's great Labor Day celebration at the Jamestown exposition. The exercises took place at the reviewing stand on the Lee parade ground.

Mr. Hearst said:

"I have no patience with the prejudices which exist between alleged classes when the classes themselves do not really exist. There is no reason for hostility between employer and employe between capitalist and wage earner. Capital is but the accumulation of wealth which employer and employe create together. Wages are but a division of the profits. Both employer and employe are entitled to their share of the profits, and as long as the division is just and equitable there is no occasion for conflict. If the division is not just it can always be made so by arbitration, and there is still no occasion for conflict. A condition of class hatred, such as developed in Colorado, is a curse to this country. There should be no prejudice entertained by the capitalist toward the laborer and there should be no prejudice by the laborer toward the capitalist. There should be an appreciation of the essential part, which each plays in the creation of wealth."

President Gompers made a strong protest against "the discrimination of the courts against the laboring men of our country which deprived them of their constitutional guarantee of equity before the law," as he termed it.

CANNED SALMON HIGHER

Price Is Soaring to Almost Prohibitive Figures.

Except in one year opening prices on red Alaska salmon have never been so high as that announced yesterday on the 1907 pack. The exception was the quotation of $1.30 made in 1903. The jobbing trade, although looking upon the 1907 price of $1.15 f. o. b as unusual, appear to be well satisfied with it, as in view of the advance talk of a very short pack a higher figure was generally looked for. It is admitted by most, if not all jobbers, that the price named, which is 20 higher than the opening quotation on the 1906 pack, is warranted by the conditions of supply and demand. The new goods will come on an absolutely bare market, for it is not questioned that the little that is left on the spot will go out clean within the next few weeks. There is some difference of opinion as to how short the pack of Alaska salmon will be as compared with that of last year, the estimates of the probable shortage varying from 500,000 to 700,000 cases.

According to some reports the total quantity that will be available for distribution in the United States will not exceed 750,000 cases, including all brands. The English markets, it is authoritatively stated, have ordered and confirmed 200,000 cases of Association brands. This is the first time in two years that English buyers have been in the American market, and their purchases this year, which are attributed to the close clean up of stocks in England, are accepted as an indication that a radical change has occurred in the sentiment of those markets.

"RAGGED ROBIN."

"The centaurea, or cornflower, as it is sometimes called, is the gypsy of the floral world. It has never been tamed and probably never will be." At least that is the opinion of a West End florist, who is authority on all matters horticultural.

"Put it in the best soil, cultivate it with the highest skill, look after it as closely as you would an American beeauty and is still produces the same small, irregular flowers that have given it the nickname of Ragged Robin, or Ragged Sailor, by which it is known in this country and England. It will grow just as well by an ash heap as in a garden border, and its flowers will not look one whit worse in one case than in the other. Sow it in a bed, and somehow or other it will escape, and you will find cornflowers coming up all over the place, and if it is grown in the country it will take to the road and travel miles every year, straggling off into cross roads and along country paths, and settling down in little patches here and there, a regular squatter on other people's land, without so much as saying by your leave.

"It was always a gypsy, too. It was originally a native of Southern Europe. Over 2,000 years ago it was described by a Latin author, and the description fits the flower today. The French florists, owing to the scarcity of blue flowers, tried to improve it; so did the English, and one New York florist experimented with it for twenty years, hoping to get a blue flower as well developed as the carnation, but all their efforts were in vain. The cornflower had determined to be a ragged tramp, and such it has remained ever since it was first known. It is absolutely untamable and the florists have given it up as hopeless."

AILMENTS OF AMERICANS

A prominent physician at Carlsbad reckons on three fingers the chief ailments of Americans who consult him. They are the results of overindulgence at the table and the worry habit contracted by going the pace. The pace, as everyone knows, may be the too-enthusiastic pursuit of any branch of business or social life. A moderate chase gives no one cause for worriment. It is when one gallops all the time that there is mischief. To a staid and sober observer who cannot see more than one side of a condition at a glance it appears possibly that it would be easier and pleasanter to take the remedy of moderation in this country than to have to cross annually to foreign parts in search of a cure. But he would find difficulty in leading any outside of his own circle to agree with him. Getting into shape to require the cure is two-thirds of the fun and the other third is found in taking the cure.—Boston Transcript.

FRESH AT NIGHT

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food.

If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result.

A school teacher of Media, Kan., says in this connection: "I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts food five months ago. At that time my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing in weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced, almost constantly, a feeling of exhaustion. I tried various remedies without good results, then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

"I commenced using that food and have since made a constant and rapid improvement in health in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in the most strenuous and exacting work.

"I gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning.

"Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes, but as my vitality increased my eyes became stronger. I never heard of any other food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

STEEL ROOFING $1.50 PER 100 SQUARE FEET.

Most economical and durable roofing known.

Easy to put on, requires no tools but a hatchet or a hammer. With ordinary care will outlast any other kind. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere have proven its virtues. Suitable for covering any building. Also best for Ceiling and Siding. Fire-proof and Lightning-proof. Cheaper and more lasting than shingles. Will not taint rain water. Makes your building cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Absolutely perfect. Brand New. $1.50 is our price for our No. 15 Grade of Flat Semi-Hardened Steel Roofing and Siding, each sheet 24 in. wide and 24 in. long. Our price on the Corrugated, like illustration, sheets 22 in. wide by 24 in. long, $1.75. For 25c per square additional we will furnish sheets 6 and 8 feet long. Steel Pressed Brick Siding per sq. $2.00. Fine Steel Beaded Ceiling per sq. $2.00. Also furnish Standing Seam and "V" Crimped Roofing. At these prices to all points east of Colorado except Okla., Tex. and Ind. Ter. Quotations to other points, on application. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We ship this roofing to any one answering this Ad., C. O. D., with privilege of examination if you send us 25 per cent of the amount of your order in cash; balance to be paid after material reaches your station. If not found as represented, we will cheerfully refund your deposit. Ask for Catalog No. C. G. 297. Lowest prices on Roofing, Eave Troughs, Wire, Pipe, Fencing, Plumbing, Doors, Household Goods and everything needed on the Farm or in the Home.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

WE BUY OUR GOODS AT SHERIFFS' AND RECEIVERS' SALES

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY, Thirty-Fifth and Iron Sts., CHICAGO.

Washington, Sept. 2.—A determined effort is to be made at the coming session of congress for the establishment of a parcels post system of delivering packages through the United States mails. With the end in view of being prepared for the forthcoming contest, it is stated that Postmaster General Meyer is at present engaged in outlining a system of parcels post which he believes will prove advantageous to the public and at the same time result in the raising of revenue for the government.

The question of the establishment of a parcels post in this country has been agitated for quite a number of years. It first found its inception during the administration of Postmaster General Wanamaker, who was a member of President Harrison's cabinet; but for many reasons the matter was never brought to a show-down in congress, and it has been allowed to sleep in the committee rooms to which all bills of this character were referred. The principal agencies that have successfully worked against the system are the express companies and the small country stores and merchants. Naturally the express companies could see nothing else in store for them but a falling off in their receipts by the enactment of a parcels post system of delivery, and the country merchants have always believed that the great department stores, through a system of mail delivery, made possible by the parcels post, would completely drive out the small dealers. The representatives from the rural communities, therefore, have successfully fought against the introduction of the system in years past.

While the postmaster general has not as yet completed the plans for the contemplated establishment of the system, it is said he favors the delivery by the United States of all packages under ten pounds in weight. He is of the opinion that this would not work harm or injury to any parties concerned, while the benefits to be derived would be countless. That he has the backing of President Roosevelt in the matter there is no doubt, and the President's influence will have great weight when the question comes up for consideration by congress.

It is pointed out that in Great Britain, where the system has been in operation for many years, it has worked to the entire satisfaction of not only those who have patronized it but to the government as well. During the last calendar year, there were 101,000,000 packages delivered in England by means of the parcels post, and instead of producing a deficit by their carriage, the postal revenues of the country were increased to a considerable extent. Those who argue in favor of the system in this country claim that should it be put into effect, instead of showing a deficit each year, the receipts of the postoffice department would exceed the expenditures, and thus place this important branch of the government on a paying basis, which result the officials have been trying to accomplish ever since the foundation of the postoffice department.

It is more than probable that Secretary of the Navy Metcalf will, in a special report to congress when it convenes this winter, recommend that additional federal aid be given toward the support of the naval militia of the various states. In past years but $60,000 have been appropriated by congress for this purpose, which amount, in the opinion of naval officers in charge of the naval reserves, is wholly inadequate if the service is to maintained at its present high level of perfection. When it is taken into consideration that the national guards of the several states are liberally taken care of each year by congress, the amount allotted to the naval reserves is very trifling, especially in view of the great interest now being taken in this branch of our volunteer fighting force.

Captain J. M. Boyer, who was chairman of a board of naval officers detailed to make an inspection of the naval militia of the several states, especially those bordering on the Great Lakes, has returned to Washington, and is now busy in the preparation of a report to be submitted to the secretary of the navy giving the result of the observations of the board. Captain Boyer is enthusiastic in his praise of the militia of the Great Lakes states, but lays particular stress on the fact that more money will be needed from congress if the service is to be maintained.

"Wherever we went," said the captain in discussing his trip, "we found conditions better than we had anticipated. The men were well drilled, their uniforms in perfect order, and all taking the greatest interest in their work. The ships we visited were well kept and discipline maintained on board was excellent. All along the line a spirit of interest in the work performed was manifest.

"But what is lacking in the naval reserves of the country is the sufficiency of funds. The $60,000 which has heretofore been allowed by congress for the purpose is entirely too small, and a much larger amount will be necessary if this branch of our volunteer fighting force is to be given encouragement. The national guards of the several states are liberally provided for by our national legislature, and it is only fair that the naval reserves should receive better treatment at its hands. Enlistments in the naval reserve force are increasing rapidly. The total strength of the various states at the present time is 5,731, composed of 5,225 men, 37 warrant officers, and 469 commissioned officers. The amount appropriated by congress is insufficient to keep the ships assigned to the naval militia in proper repair, and the states are obliged to furnish money for this purpose that should be paid by the general government. While most of the states have been liberal in making provision for the naval militia, there are some, notably Ohio, which is lacking in its fair and proper treatment of the service from the standpoint of funds. Just how much additional money will be needed for the purpose named I am unable to state at this time, because I have not gone sufficiently far into the matter to make an estimate. But whatever the amount, it will be small in comparison to the great benefit to be derived. The secretary of the navy should be given authority to expend money in the repair of ships whenever necessary, instead of being compelled to deal out a small amount to each of the reserves.

"I am of the opinion," concluded Captain Boyer, "that if congress will appropriate the necessary money, our naval militia will become one of the most important adjuncts to the fighting force of Uncle Sam. Young men in all sections of the country are deeply interested in the question, and they will gladly lend their aid if the government will furnish them the opportunity to do so."

According to a report sent to the state department by W. H. Michael United States consul at Calcutta, there are only two Pasteur institutes in the whole British empire. This is accounted for by the fact that there is no need for them in the United Kingdom for the reason that rabies have been stamped out in England, Scotland and Wales. The dog regulations of England have been so stringent that no case of rabies has occurred there for years, and the regulations covering the importation of dogs are so severe that the reintroduction of the disease is almost impossible. The two institutes referred to have only recently been established, both in India, one at Coonoor and the other at Kassauli, in the Punjab. Australia and New Zealand are also practically free of rabies.

BY U. S. MAIL Send 15 2-cent stamps and I will mail to you one box of Spayd's Roach Powder, guaranteed sure death to bedbugs, roaches and all insects. C. E. SPAYD, druggist, Toledo, O

TOLD WITH A LOOK.

I saw her drop a rosebud, and I thought she did not know;
As she passed along and left it I beheld her cheeks aglow;
The blushing rose had rested on the lovely maiden's breast,
And its petals by her dainty little fingers had been pressed.

I watched the fragrant rosebud where it lay beside a chair,
And because she was so winsome and because she was so fair,
And because—because I loved her whom I had not dared to tell,
I bent stealthily to claim it, vowing I would prize it well.

I had pressed my lips upon it and was turning to depart,
Thinking I should always keep it safely hidden near my heart,
When a friendly mirror showed me where she stood upon tiptoes
In a little nook and gladly watched me as I kissed the rose.

Ah! what cared I for the rosebud? It had lost its charms for me;
Joyously I caught the maiden ere she had a chance to flee.
Nay, the rest shall be a secret—if you'd learn it, find a nook
That contains a lovely maiden who has told you with a look.
—Puck.

The Tomcat Won.

A boastful machinist, employed at the Jessop steel mill, near Washington, Pa., had the conceit taken out of him by a big tomcat one day this week. He was boasting of his strength, declaring that he could pull a horse through the waters of Chartiers creek. Superintendent Wilson, of the mill, offered to bet $10 that he couldn't pull a cat through the water from bank to bank. The bet was taken, a big, black tomcat was secured at a nearby house, and the 200 millworkers gathered at the creek to see the test of strength. The machinist was on one side of the creek with one end of a rope and the cat and the spectators were on the other. The rope was tied around the cat, and, when all was in readiness, the word was given and the tug-of-war was on. The machinist held his own for a moment, and then, with a mighty heave against the straining hemp, the cat pulled him into the water.—Philadelphia Record.

The Length of Eternity.

Mrs. C. W. M'Culloch, of Chicago, on taking up her new office of justice of the peace, told a Chicago reporter that in the performance of marriage ceremonies she proposed to omit the word "obey."

"In these enlightened days," said Mrs. McCulloch, "the word 'obey' has lost its meaning in the marriage contract. The best wife does not propose to 'obey' her husband, any more than the best husband proposes to 'obey' his wife. Obedience is for dogs, horses—creatures without reason. So I think we should drop this meaningless word. For it is meaningless. As meaningless as a certain other word was to a certain boorish husband.

"The husband had been particularly nasty one rainy Sunday at home, and his wife finally began to cry.

"'Eight years ago,' she sobbed, 'you swore eternal love, and now——'

"'Oh,' growled the man, 'how long do you expect eternal love to last, any way?'"

A Massacre.

"Now, listen to me," said a schoolmaster, addressing his class during the geography lesson in a school in Liverpool. The population of China is so great that two Chinamen die every time we take a breath."

This information made a deep impression on the juvenile scholars, and the master was particularly struck with the uncomfortable appearance of one small boy at the foot of the class. His face was flushed and he was puffing furiously.

"What is the matter?" inquired the schoolmaster with alarm. "What on earth are you doing, Tommy?"

"Killing Chinamen, please, sir," was the answer. "I don't like them foreigners wot me dada calls aliens, so I'm getting rid of just as many of them as I can."—Pick-Me-Up.

ANOTHER DAY IS ANOTHER CHANCE

There is a world of hope in the new-born day
When the past is dead, and the amber way
Reaches out to the earnest glance—
Another day is another chance.

Let us blot the page where the wrong has been,
Forgetting the sorrow, and care, and sin;
It quickens the blood like a Kerry dance—
Another day is another chance.

A fig for trials, a truce to care;
Tomorrow's before us to do and dare;
Hope flings her banner our joy to enhance—
Another day is another chance.

Another chance where hope lies dead,
Where honor and all save life have fled
Is a coat of armor, a shield, and a lance—
Another day is another chance.
—Ainslee's Magazine.

198 Chances.

Governor Stuart, of Pennsylvania said recently in Harrisburg of a bill that he opposed:

"This bill, at first glance, is full of promises and enthusiasm and hope, but it is naive. It is like the young man of Kensington who proposed for the hand of the millionaire's daughter.

"'Well,' said the millionaire, frowning thoughtfully, 'what are your prospects? Is there any chance of promotion in your business?'

"'Any chance?' cried the young man. 'Well, I should say so. Why, we employ 200 men, and my job is next to the lowest in the establishment.'"

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

None loves me, Father, with Thy love,
None else can meet such needs as mine;
O grant me, as Thou shalt approve,
All that befits a child of Thine!

MONDAY.

Fairer grows the earth each morning
To the eyes that watch aright;
Every dewdrop sparkles warning
Of a miracle in sight,
Of some unsuspected glory
Waiting in the old and plain;
Poet's dream nor traveler's story
Words such wonders as remain.

TUESDAY.

After all, it is not what is around us, but what is in us; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy.

WEDNESDAY.

What matters it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee?
Have we not each a soul?
Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him gayly swings;
He carols through the slender branches fail—
He knows that he has wings.

THURSDAY.

One of the secrets of a happy, beautiful life is to live one day at a time.

FRIDAY.

What if we must bear a burden?
Have not others burdens, too?
Look about and then be thankful
That your burdens are so few.

SATURDAY.

Life has its full measure of happiness for everyone of us, if we would only determine to make the very most of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that come our neighbor's way.

Helps to Right Living

The best of resolutions are worthless unless we act upon them. It is not enough that we put them into words, and repeat them to ourselves or to others. It is not enough that we write them down for future reference. We must do what we decide to do, and keep doing it, if anything is to come of our decision.

There is no gift oi grace that goes further toward making one beloved than the art of simple kindness. Just to be kind, in smile, and word and deed is the shortest, surest road to power over other lives. It is better to be kind than brilliant; one brings affection and loyalty; the other usually brings in its train only envy and bitterness. This adornment of simple kindness is one within the reach of everybody. There is no person so untalented as to be incapable of habitual kindness. The grace is one that grows in any soil, and beneath clouds or sunshine, snow or rain. It has taken centuries for men to grow into anything like an adequate apprceiation of the wondrous excellencies of Jesus but the humblest peasant by the Lake of Galilee, or upon the hills of Judea, could instantly discern and understand His simple kindness, for kindness is the universal language.

"Nobody ever enjoys a real sorrow—a fresh one," said Aunt Polly, reflectively, "but a good many folks seem to be very fond of dried ones—something that can be laid aside in lavender and rose leaves, and brought out once in a while to be wept over. Most of us have that kind, if only we realized it, and waste many an hour in mourning that isn't strictly called for.

"Once it was a real grief and pain, likely enough, and lay on our heart like a load. We didn't need to nurse it those days; we couldn't get it out of our mind, and we thought it would darken all our life. But time is a wonderful healer, and by and by the hurt and sting faded out of it, and it was dead, and ought to have been buried. But instead of that we sort of embalmed it and we bring it out and mourn over it days when we want to enjoy the luxury of being miserable and fancying our lot a hard one.

Real sorrow is sharp and keen, but when you find there is something you like to call up and be miserable over, you may be sure it isn't anything you really need to cry about any more."

It is the inner life that makes our world. If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we find sweetness, patience, gentleness and lovingness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy and suspicion on every path. If we go out among people in a combative spirit, we find combativeness in those we meet. But if we go forth in a charitable frame of mind, with good-will in our hearts toward all, we find good-will and cordiality in those we come up to in our walks and associations.

In ourselves the sunshine dwells;
In ourselves the music swells;
Everywhere the heart awake
Finds what pleasure it can make;
Everywhere the light and shade
By the Gazer's eye is made.

This is the secret of that fine art which some people possess of always finding good and beauty in others. They have goodness and beauty in themselves. There are such people, and there is no reason why we all should not set this ideal for our lives.

HOME-BREWED DYES AND DYEING

Swamp maple bark dyes anything from light gray to slate-purple, the difference lying in the strength of the infusion. To make it, boil the bark three hours, preferably in an open iron kettle. Dip in a shred of the stuff to be colored—if it comes out too dark add water, if too light, put in more bark, and boil afresh. A peck of new-cut bark to five gallons of water gives a dye of average strength. After boiling, skim out the bark, and drop in a little alum—say a lump the size of a nutmeg for each two gallons of dye. Stir until well dissolved, then put in the things to be dyed—which must be clean, and wet all through with clear hot water. Push them quickly under, so they may take color equally. Keep the dye boiling for ten minutes, then dip out the fabrics, hold them to air half a minute, above the pot, drop them back, boil ten minutes longer, then hang them to drain and cool before washing. Maple dye is very bad about smutting, no matter how well washed. So it is not to be recommended for garments, but for floor and wall coverings, or the cotton warp of half-wool weaves, it is an excellent thing.

PEACH LEAVES DYE YELLOW.

Red oak bark requires exactly the same treatment, except that the alum for setting is less—about half. Set with alum it gives a distinct and distinguished color—light grayish-brown with the barest hint of green. Set with copperas—green vitriol—the color may approximate what is known as burn orange. Use the copperas sparingly—a tablespoonful is enough for a big pot of dye. See that it is all dissolved before putting things in the dye. If lighter shades are wanted, put in half the dyeing first, then let the other half go in the partly spent solution.

Peach leaves dye yellow. Take them at the beginning of September, or even the end of August, when they are green, glossy, oily looking, and give out a scent of almonds at the least bruising. Fill the pot cramful, cover the leaves with soft water, bring it to a slow boil, and simmer for an hour, then skim well, and put in a little alum—about half as much as for the bark dyes. Fill up as the water boils away. When the leaves are all in rags, stir the dye very hard, then put in what is to be dyed, having it sopping wet with boiling water. If a special depth of color is desirable test the dye before putting in the main bulk. Be sure also to keep what is dyeing well beneath the surface, upon pain of having it come out spotty.

To dye wool and silk, use oak bark, hickory, walnut, cherry, walnut hulls, walnut roots and sumach berries. Oak bark set with a very little alum or copperas dyes wool a brilliant tawny color neither brown nor yellow, but with tones of both. Hickory bark, especially from shell-bark or pignut trees, well boiled, set with a trace of alum, and skimmed clean, gives a pure lemon-yellow. Wild cherry bark requires expert handling—its ruddy-brownish tones are apt to come out muddy in any but expert hands. Black walnut bark and ripe black walnut hulls may be used together. Their color-gamut is from tobacco to seal-brown. A bushel of nut hulls is equivalent to half a bushel of bark. The fresher they are the better. If they have dried and turned black they have lost half their strength. White walnut bark, especially if mixed with unripe nuts, thoroughly cracked, gives a hard, clear brown with tones of red. Walnut roots chipped up, and boiled half a day, yield a fine yellowish brown, quite unlike that furnished by the bark and hulls. None of the walnut dyes require other setting than to have what is dyed in them dipped up several times, and thoroughly exposed to air in course of dyeing. But in all sorts of dyeing one must not forget to dye wet nor to make certain that there is no soap left in anything which goes into the pot. A soaped substance takes color differently, so almost infallibly makes a spot or a streak.

Black walnuts, cracked and mixed, hulls and all, with their own bulk of sumach berries, dye an excellent fast black that can be washed until it will not smut. To set such a dye-pot, put a little water in a clean iron vessel, add a layer of sumach berries not stemmed but pulled into little clumps, and over them a layer of walnuts. Next put in a layer of fabric, then more berries, nuts and still more fabric, repeating the layer until all your stuff is in. Have a layer of nuts on top, and upon them lay a board well weighted, then pour in water to stand just level with the board. Boil undisturbed for about two hours, then turn the pot on its side, take out the dyed things, air them a bit, and wash while still warm.

To color lock-wool pick it clean of trash, wet it, squeeze it very dry, then lay it lightly in an open basket, and plunge the basket in a pot of hot strained dye. Keep it there half an hour, stirring the wool about every little while. Do not mat nor felt it, but keep it as open as possible. It must be very well washed, and thoroughly dried before it goes to the cards.

Soft water is indispensable—if pond or rain water is not at hand, add a cupful of clear lye, or a small lump of washing soda, to each gallon of water that goes in the dye pot. In washing dyed things remember to give the color time to set before water touches it, also to wash in suds, rather than rub on soap. In dyeing piece-goods baste selvages together, right side in, also baste across the open end of the bag thus formed. This protects the surface and helps to even dyeing. After washing well take out the bastings, stretch the goods carefully straight, and let it half-dry. Then begin at one end and roll it tight and smooth around a stout wooden beam, pinning or sewing the lap fast at the finish. Lay the roll upon something solid and beat it all over with a heavy mallet, after which let it stand until dry.—Martha MuCullock-Williams in Country Life in America.

WALNUT BARK DYES BROWN.

THE COZY CORNER

A FEW DONT'S.

Many years ago I was a farmer's daughter. I am now a farmer's wife, and a farmer's mother, and would not for many reasons exchange a farm home for one in the city.

I will not attempt to bring advice, but I have a few "don'ts" to offer.

Don't laugh or even smile at sin in any form in the presence of the little ones. I have heard children say, "it can't be anything wrong, for mother laughed when I told her," when the bit of news was about a neighbor being intoxicated. We are always teaching before children. Ideas, whether good or bad, are planted and will spring up and grow in time.

Don't disagree with their teacher, not even in the smallest degree. She is doing a great work, and success depends on parents and guardians more than we realize. I once heard a teacher say that by watching her pupils she knew how they were taught at home. Next to the children in our affections and thoughts should be the school teacher, preacher and Sunday school teacher. If we talk ever so lightly of them we are sure to see the result in the children. By loss of respect and interest all good influences are wasted.

If parents would join heart and soul with the teachers, and stand by them in all they say or do, then the so-called "public school question" would be solved. The writer can recall the time when she thought "mother was infallible." If mother said the teacher did wrong, it was a fact that nothing in her power could change.

A young mother once asked an aged gentleman the question: "When shall I begin to teach my daughter?" His answer was also a question.

"How old is your daughter?"

"Two years," the other answered. Then, with a face full of sadness, the gentleman said: "Why, madam, you have lost a year already."

Don't stay in a large city with boys growing up unemployed; only long enough to make an exchange for a farm. Give each boy his work to do and enough to keep him busy, and give him also the pleasure of a share in the profits. Smart boys growing up must be kept employed most of the time, or they will find some employment for themselves. A farm house may not be quite so nice as a house in the city, but it will hold more pleasure. Your object is not so much a nice home as it is nice, good boys. Then the living expenses are less. Ours do not reach two dollars a week, which is more than covered by the sale of butter and eggs.

Our first winter on the farm we prepared an elaborate dinner for Christmas, consisting of many kinds of vegetables, pork pie, salads, pickles, sauces, cakes, rolls, honey, mince and pumpkin pies, etc., for our family and a neighboring family we invited. When the meal was finished we counted the cost of all that did not grow on a farm. It did not exceed twenty-five cents. One can live on a farm and buy all they have from town, but that is not profitable farming.—Farmer's Wife, No. 2.

FOR MARTHA JOHNSON.

Two letters have come for Martha Johnson, who recently made an appeal for advice. The letters are these:

Martha Johnson, my heart goes out to you. From childhood I had a longing to be a nurse. After teaching a number of terms, and at the age of twenty-two, I decided to enter a training school. My father bitterly oposed my going, but dear old mother sent me away with her love and blessing. I think father thought all nurses were of the "Sairy Gamp" order.

That happened a number of years ago, but I have never regretted going.

My training has been of great value to me, and the strong sweet characters I met and learned to love, will always inspire me to higher, nobler living.

To be a successful nurse, you must be tactful, cultivate patience, self-reliance and a sympathy for suffering humanity.

Don't go with the impression that nursing is a romantic profession. On the contrary, it means prosaic, hard work and the strictest sort of discipline, but if you are of the right metal you will come out a stronger, nobler woman than you entered.

I was a farmer girl, and I don't think the work, on the average, is any harder than work on the farm. But, Martha, better wait a year or so, and if it is still your desire to go, your parents will surely not thwart your plans by that time, and you will be happier geoing with their love and consent.—Mary Storey Whitsett.

To Martha Johnson let me say, she had better wait until she is 21 years old; enter a god Christian hospital, if she is determined to nurse.

My dear, while nursing is a most noble profession, it is a hard life, and plenty of hard work is attached to it; but along with the "bitter there is plenty of sweet."

I, as a nurse, would not change places with any one. I feel I am adapted to this work, having found it out after seven months of nursing my husband, who has gone out of this life to a more beautiful home. I cannot advise the ladies raising their children, because I have none. I'm alone, but not unhappy, because there is so much for me to do. To help others in sickness or in need, is my hapiness. My life is a busy one, because I make it so.—Salome of Indiana.

A HOME GLIMPSE.

As the editor wished us to write concerning our lives and work, I will tell you something of mine. I am 21 years of age and married at 16. We live on a farm of 100 acres that is not our own. We have two cows and a large flock of chickens. We have now over one hundred little chicks. I do my own sewing and sew for my husband and the two babies. I do my own housework also. We have a very large and good garden. I wash, iron and bake twice a week. Am a very busy but happy wife. I do not help my husband in the fields, but do my share when I cook and wash for the hired men.

We have a beautiful country. Here the rolling hills and green meadows have not yet been invaded by the railroads or trolley lines. It makes an ideal place for a home.

I would say to "Troubled Mother" that in all probability the young man who is to marry her daughter is as good as the general run, but when young men want a wife they always expect that the young woman knows what will be required of her. One so young as "Troubled Mother's" daughter cannot, especially as she has been so much of her time in school. I think it would be so much better if she would wait at least two years and go on with her teaching and try to learn more about housekeeping. Then she will also have earned money to buy her wardrobe and numerous other things that a woman loves to take to her new home.—A Penn. Farmer's Wife.

GYPSY TO LONELY MAYME.

This is my first visit to the Cozy Corner, though I have enjoyed reading the helpful things it contains. Every summer our family comes out here to this beautiful spot among the pines, and stays for two, and sometimes three months. I am getting to be a regular gypsy.

I noticed Lonely Mayme's letter in the July 11th number of The Blade, and wish to tell her she has my fullest sympathy. I am only fifteen years of age myself. Yours is a hard position, "Lonely Mayme," but be brave and cheerful in all that you do, and I know you will never regret it. How I wish I might be of some help to you. I hope to hear from you again.

I may write again and tell you all about my beautiful summer home in the pines.—Gypsy Girl.

CAMP MEETING.

There is a camp meeting held every year at Fairmount, Ind., resembling the one described in The Blade article, only there are more conveniences. It is held in a large tabernacle which seats about two thousand people. There are quite a number of the cottages on the ground to rent, or tents may be taken if desired. There is a boarding house where meals may be obtained, and there is a large range for the use of those who wish to do their own cooking. For those who board themselves there is a dining hall for use free of charge. There are ministers from different parts of the country, and it is a fine place for good preaching, singing and a general help to every Christian.—Convalescent.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.

Dear Sisters:—I have just read your cheerful letters under the head of the Cozy Corner. I have been a reader of The Blade for several years, and enjoy reading the letters from the sisters. They always write so cheerfully and it seems as if they were enjoying life to the fullest extent.

I am a farmer's wife and love housework, though I have been an invalid for four years and cannot walk without support. My trials and afflictions have been great, though the great and all wise God knows best. He is a refuge in time of trouble. In your prayers will you please remember the afflicted the sad-hearted and oppressed? It is not likely that I shall ever see your faces, but I love the works of my Father's hands, the world over. I am a member of the M. E. church and am happy in my religion.

I should be very glad to have a few words in the Cozy Corner in reply to my letter. With best wishes.—Mrs. E. P.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

I would like to say a word in regard to flowers. I dearly love them. They are the most beautiful things in God's creation. Everybody that loves flowers should raise them, and do not be stingy with them, but give them to children; give them to your neighbors if they are less fortunate than you in raising them, and, above all, give them to the sick. It will make you happy and make them happy. I know it from experience.—Ohio Pansy.

HELPFUL HINTS.

An excellent substitute for paste is a cold boiled potato. Cut a thin slice from its end, then rub the potato over whatever you wish to paste, and you will find it equally as good as mucilage and much cleaner.—Mrs. A. G.

If Mrs. K. H. C. will get some large envelopes in which to keep clippings and label each one so she will know its contents at a glance, I think she will find it a very convenient way to preserve them.—Mrs. A. G.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me how to raise ferns successfully? I have tried to raise them, but they soon turn yellow and the leaves fall off.—W. M. Wilson.

Can anyone tell how to prevent lime from forming on a teakettle where hard water is used?—Mrs. Alta Leonard.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

For "A Young Wife." In The Blade for August 15, A Young Wife asked information about running an incubator. All such information may be obtained from a dealer. Regarding a home-made brooder, we have this: You can care for your chicks with little expense by making a brooder from a good-sized wooden box. Cut a holt in the bottom. Tack tin over the hole. Place small pieces of old carpet or cloth of several thicknesses over tin inside of the box, then put a small kerosene lamp under the hole in the box, which should be on legs. The chicks will keep warm enough and will hover over and around the cloth.—Salome of Indiana.

Busy Kansas Mother:—I want to give my remedy for geting rid of cockroaches. In the first place, keep all sinks and shelves scrubbed clean. Then sprinkle powdered borax wherever they gather. Do this twice a week, and in a month's time you will see the result.—A Reader.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are pleased to acknowledge letters from Busy Dee, Farmer's Daughter, Isabel, Buckeye Mother, Mrs. Clark of Iowa, Aurora Belle, Evelyn and Old Subscriber.

Farmer's Daughter:—Let us have those recipes you intended sending. We like the "home grown" kind.

M. L. J.:—Your question is not one to be published in these columns. I think you should, by all means, consult a physician. I regret not being able to do more to help you.

If those who send in requests for recipes will watch the Contributed Recipes department, they will be pretty sure to find them there, sooner or later.

Evelyn:—We are very glad to have your recipes and shall use them next week.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

String Beans—Fill the jars with beans when just fit for table use. Fill each jar with slightly salted cold water, and seal perfectly air-tight. Put a small stick in each end of the wash boiler. Lay a board across. Set the jars on the board. Pour enough cold water in the boiler to cover the jars. Boil steadily for three hours. As the water boils away, replenish with boiling water, keeping cans covered. Corn may be canned in the the same way, with this difference: Instead of putting water with the corn, press it so firmly in the jars that the milk from the corn will cover it and fill the air space. If these directions are closely followed, there is hardly a possibility of failure.—Mrs. J. D. Callis.

Another Way—After gathering the string beans, butter beans, or wax beans, whatever name they go under, I wash them, string, and cut in small pieces, and cook tender in water salted with about two tablespoonfuls to every quart. Put in fruit jars and cover like preserved fruit. Whenever I want any, I open a jar, empty salt water, put them in a sieve and run fresh water through to get them as free from salt water as possible. Then pour boiling water over them; let stand a little while on back of stove, pour water off, and season with a cream gravy made of one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of butter, a pinch of ground mace, and pepper to taste.—Han's Wife.

Corn Fritters—To one pint of corn add the yolks of two eggs, a heaping tablespoonful of cracker crumbs or flour, a little pepper and salt and a little baking powder. Stir well and fold in gently, the well-beaten whites of the two eggs. Fry in butter or lard. This is by far the best recipe I have ever tried.—Beulah.

Checkerboard Cake—For the white part: Two-thirds cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, whites of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half cups of flour.

Dark Part: One-half cup of sugar, molasses, butter, and cold water, each. Yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour, spice to taste. Bake in round tins. Place first a ring of the dark, then one of white, alternately until the tin is covered. This in two tins. In the third, for the middle layer, commence with the white part, and proceed as before, being careful to have each ring the same width. Put together with white icing. —Mrs. E. W. V.

Next week we will publish another rule for making checkerboard cake. It is different from the one given today.

Cucumber Catsup—Twelve good-sized cucumbers. Two green peppers, medium size. One cup of grated horseradish. Two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed. Four good sized onions, chopped fine. One coffee cup of brown sugar. Three teaspoonfuls of celery seed. Chop the cucumbers fine and add two-thirds of a pint of salt. Let soak over night. Drain thoroughly through a heavy muslin sack. Then add other ingredients and cover with strong vinegar. Put in cans. It does not need cooking. I have some I made over a year ago and it is good as when first made.—Grandmother.

Dill Pickles—Place in your crock a layer of pickles, dill and grape, or horseradish leaves, licorice leaves, and whole peppers, with a slight sprinkling of salt, alternately, until the crock is filled. Cover with vinegar, or to three quarts of water, add one pint of vinegar and two cups of salt, instead of sprinkling with salt.—Mrs. E. J. C.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Here is a letter of advice to begin the column, from one who knows whereof she speaks:

I have often been benefited and cheered by the M. G. R. letters through the silent struggles of this life, by the many bright and helpful thoughts I have found. At last I have decided to send you a few thoughts of my own that came to mind today, as they have often done in the past.

I remember of once having had said to me, while a school girl, by a dear teacher, that "Life for young people, until they reach the age of twenty-five, is almost a romance."

I often think of these words as I journey along the road of life, meeting with obstructions and many problems. Though not many years past the age my teacher mentioned, yet I can look back and see how true it was. How much like a romance my girlhood days were, and how real, and —yes, I must say, solemn life is now. I can look back and see some mistakes I made. Had I the past fifteen years to live over I could remedy some of the mistakes and thereby save myself, as well as others, many heartaches. I cannot do that now, so I am going to give you, my dear young people, a word of advice and hope you may profit and take heed.

Never trifle with a human heart, be you man or maiden. Life is too serious to spend a good portion of your younger days in frivolous flirtation. Many young people will boast of the number of times they have been engaged, how many sweethearts they have had, etc. Stop and think how wrong it is; how many heartaches your thoughtlessness has caused. I do not mean to say that I was ever engaged in a heartless flirtation, but I do remember of keeping company with two young men until near the time I was married.

I liked their company, enjoyed their letters, and I knew each of them cared more for me than I cared for them, for at the time I was engaged to another. I always managed to evade their questions if they began to talk in any way leading to a proposal of marriage. I knew I would have to tell them "no," and I did not want to hurt their feelings. Girls, here is where I did so wrong. I should never have been so selfish as to keep company with these young men just for the pleasure of their society. I did not realize the harm of it then as I do now.

After I was married, I heard through a friend, one of the young men said he did not care what became of him. He fell into bad habits, and now drinks and lives a wicked life. Can you wonder that I think I did wrong? How much better if I had never allowed our acquaintance to become serious. The other friend, I am glad to say, is a noble Christian. And yet I feel sad to think of my thoughtlessness in causing a worthy young man sorrow. I was young then, my life was made up of happy days and pleasant acquaintances, and I did not realize that I might be causing others sorrow as well as laying it up for myself in after years.

I have seen young men, too, paying devoted attentions for months to young girls, either for the pleasure of their company, or merely for the sake of "cutting the other fellow out." And very likely, if he had not interfered, the girl might have made a happy marriage with "the other fellow."

I cannot recall the past, but I shall strive with all my might to instruct my own little daughter not to make too many acquaintances, at least intimate acquaintances, but to treat all young men with courtesy and respect, and when the right one arrives on the scene, to keep no further company with others. If all young people would resolve to indulge in no useless and prolonged courtships with others than the one they intend to marry, much trouble might be prevented. This should not keep us from being sociable, friendly, and happy, but outside of the chosen one, treat all the others alike. Why cannot the M. G. R.'s find a subject in this for discussion?—Adam's Wife.

Today we are glad to welcome Florida Old Man back to the fold. He was called for several weeks ago. His excuse for not answering is accepted, and we wish we had been there, too.

I have been absent camping and fishing for the past three weeks, and did not see the request of Miss Prudence until last night. Camping in Florida at this time of the year is glorious sport.

My impressions of the Jamestown exposition are many. First, the grandeur of the place and its historical associations. Second, the immensity of the show, with much to see, better in some respects than Chicago or St. Louis. Third, the glad welcome given the visitor. Fourth, the very reasonable charges and good accommodations. A general good feeling seems to prevail, yet there is an incompleteness noticeable in many lines, and a lack of the large crowd of visitors expected.

In answer to Pedagogue, I will say: Yes, honesty is one of the noblest traits of true manhood, but I do not see that we have less of that commodity now than fifty years ago. In fact, my observations show that at present we have a higher, more energetic type of honesty than in bygone years, when the motto was "honesty is the best policy," instead of "be honest because it is right," as the motto is read today.

In my busy life of half a century of work, I have found that man, as a rule, especially those with whom I have come in contact, are generally honest. The many that I have trusted in days gone by have almost, to a man, repaid that trust.—Florida Old Man.

REMARKS BY MISS PRUDENCE.

We are under the pleasant obligation of acknowledging letters from old friends and new. Those from whom we have heard since last the column went to press, are:

Agatha K., Daisy from N. Y., Cherry, Brown-Eyed Innocent, Bunchy, Salome of Indiana, Country Cousin, Jo March, Lilian from Iowa, Naoma, Michigan Girl, Bertha, and Well Wisher. Those who are newcomers will oblige Miss Prudence by considering themselves members of the M. G. R. without further formality.

Josephine—All is forgiven. Try us again when you feel like writing.

Those new questions are being held back until I can begin to see my way through the heap of letters "awaiting publication."

The Swastika Cross

Many wish to know the meaning of Swastika. At present it is very popular in all forms of jewelry, belt pins, hat pins, silverware, embroideries, and it has long been woven in Oriental rugs and the blankets and baskets made by the Indians.

It is the most weird and strange emblem in the world and has been accepted by people for countless ages as a sign of good luck. In the ages far back in the past, when the world was enveloped in a vapor of mysticism, the several prehistoric races scattered about the earth used the sign on their pottery decorations, on the rude shields, on all their weapons and in all their abodes. A strange feature is that people who had no possible means of communication used this emblem in different parts of the globe. It is said to be the one sign which was used to prove the scripture story, that at one time all people lived together in one place, finally drifting apart to build up other nations, and the sign went with them. It is the belief that the wearer of the Swastika design will be free from accidents, great losses, etc., also that it signifies all that is good, pure and holy. It is used today by the heathen and civilized races and is said to bring good luck just the same as a four-leaf clover.

THE "GOOD LUCK" SIGN.

THE POET'S CORNER

The following are copies of poems inquired for in The Blade of August 22. The editor wishes to say "thank you" for the prompt responses.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past.
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is staid,
All my help from Thee I bring.
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou are full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

—Written by the Rev. Charles Wesley in 1740.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

My grandmother, she, at the age of eighty-three,
One day in May, was taken ill and died,
And when she was dead, of course the will was read
By the lawyer, while we all stood by his side.
To my brother it was found she had left a hundred pound,
And the same unto my sister, I declare.
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, you see,
She has left to you the old arm chair.

CHORUS.

And how they tittered, how they chaffed,
How my brother and my sister laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
Granny had only left to me her old arm chair.

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care,
And in the evening took the chair away.
The neighbors they me chaffed, my brother at me laughed,
And said, "It will be useful, John, some day,
When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare,
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright,
You can sit in your old arm chair."

What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and when she was my wife,
The old girl and me, were as happy as could be,
For when my work was over, I declare,
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night stay at home,
And be seated in the old arm chair.

One night the chair fell down, when I picked it up I found,
The seat had fallen out upon the floor,
And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes,
A lot of notes! two thousand pounds, or more.
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair;
But I only laughed at him, and slyly whispered, "Jim,
Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSETT BAY.

How well do I remember my childhood's happy hours,
The cottage in the garden where grows the fairest flowers,
The bright and sparkling water o'er which we used to sail
With hearts so gay for miles away, before the gentle gale.
I had a dear companion, but she's not with me now,
The lilies of the valley are waving o'er her brow,
Now I am sad and lonely a-weeping all the day
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

I loved the little beauty, the boat it was my pride,
And with her close beside me, what joy it was to ride,
She'd laugh in tones so merry to see the waves go by,
While loudly blew the stormy winds and murky was the sky.
When lightning flashed around us and all seemed dark and drear,
We loved the dear old ocean and never dreamed of fear;
But now I'm sad and lonely, a-weeping all the day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

One day from us she wandered, and soon was in the boat,
The cord was quickly loosened and with the tide she'd float;
The treacherous bark flew onward and swift before the wind,
Till home and friends and all so dear were many miles behind.
Next day her form, all lifeless, was washed upon the beach;
We stood and gazed upon it, bereft of mind and speech.
'Tis a year since last we parted, but still I weep today
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

CHORUS.

Toll, toll the bell at early dawn of day,
Laughing little Nell so quickly passed away;
Toll, toll the bell at early dawn of day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett bay.

RING THE BELL, WATCHMAN!

High in the belfry the old sexton stands,
Grasping the rope with his thin, bony hands,
Fixed is his gaze as by some magic spell,
While he hears the distant murmur, ring, ring the bell.

CHORUS.

Ring the bell, watchman, ring, ring, ring!
Yes yes, the good news is now on the wing;
Yes, yes, they come, and with tidings to tell.
Ring the bell, watchman, ring, ring the bell!

Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees,
Then with a vigor that none could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding, ring, ring the bell!

Hear! from the hilltops the first signal gun,
Thunders the word that some great deed is done;
Hear! through the valley the long echoes swell;
Ever and anon repeating, ring, ring the bell!

Bonfires are blazing, and rockets ascend,
No meagre triumph such tokens portend;
Shout, shout, my brothers, for all, all is well.
'Tis the universal chorus, ring, ring the bell.

One of those who sent copies of this old song, wrote: "A song I was taught at a little village school in dear old England."

LOVE SONG OF HAR DYAL.

The verse sent by "Roslein" with request for the poem is an incorrect quotation from a Pathan love-song, "The Love Song of Har Dyal," three stanzas of which, rendered into English, may be found in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, "Beyond the Pale." Mr. Kipling says of the song, "It is really pretty in the vernacular. You miss the wail of it in English." The verses requested are as follows:

"Alone upon the house-tops, to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,
The glamor of thy footsteps in the North,
Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid
Far, far below the weary camels lie,
The camels and the captives of thy raid,
Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I.
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, beloved, or I die."

A TRUE STORY.

"Where is the baby, grandmama?"
The sweet young mother calls
From the work in the cosy kitchen,
With the dainty whitewashed walls.
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through the house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid,
Grandmama's eyes grew dim,
The father's gone to the village,
No use to look for him.
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard,
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover?" I know he'll find her.
"Rover!" in vain they call.
Then hurry away to the orchard,
And there by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover
Holding to baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead
To greet the frightened searchers
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a 'ittle dirl in the 'ater;
She's dust as big as me;
Mama, I want to help her out
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover!" Baby struck him,
But Grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

ANSWER TO QUOTATION.

Last week's quotation was from Tom Moore's Lalla Rookh, being found in the twelfth stanza of the third story of the poem entitled, The Fire Worshippers. It has been much used, both in jest and earnest, and is taken from the scene between the lovely maiden Hinda and her unknown lover, a fire worshipper, who is forever separated from Hinda by the laws of caste. It is Hinda who says:

I knew, I knew it could not last;
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft, black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
Too see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
Oh, misery! must I lose that, too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;
Those frightful rocks, that treacherous sea—
No, never come again—thou sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me and in danger!

NEW QUOTATION.

Who wrote the following lines and what is the name of the poem they are found in?

The long, slant rays of a sunset fell,
In a golden flood, o'er hill and dell,
Transmitting with an alchemist's hand
The low, broad stretch of meadow land.

Does anyone know the poe mentitled A Little Girl to the River? It contains these words:

Oh, do tell her, gentle river,
That we think of her each day;
That we have not ceased to miss her
Ever since she went away.

I. B.

The remainder of the song, of which the following words are a part, is requested:

'Tis a dark, lonely night, gentle Nellie,
And this world is a drear one to me,
As I sit by thy grave, gentle Nellie,
By thy grave 'neath the old linden tree.

MRS. E. B.

I would like to get the poem Beautiful Violets. I believe it begins like this:

Beautiful violets, blue and white,
You carry me back to my childhood to-night.

M. B. H.

Will someone be so kind as to furnish me with the words of the poem commencing thus:

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures;
They can't be found thus, I know.
Nor yet fall digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe.

MRS. L. G.

Can someone send the words of When You and I Were Young?—E. S.

I would like to know the words of "The Irish Washerwoman." The first verse is:

Oh, have you e'er been in an Irishman's shanty,
Where water was scarce and whisky was plenty?
A rickety old door without any latch,
A three-legged chair and a table to match?

H. J. W.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Where the poems requested are very long, do not try to copy and send them in for publication. You can see for yourselves from the space we have, that long poems cannot be printed. A bit of information regarding the author or origin of the verse will often be of assistance.

Miss Alta H.:—The poem you ask for was published in The Blade of August 22, under the head, "Answer to Quotation." I appreciate the message of flowers.

If the one who inquired for the touching ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene," will send a stamped self-addressed letter to the Household editor, the poem will be forwarded. It is too long to print in the Poets' Corner.

J. M. McWhorter:—Thank you for your approval. It was kind of you to write.

Grey Wing:—Your interest is much appreciated.

ECZEMA COVERED BABY.

Worst Case Doctors Ever Saw—Suffered Untold Misery 3 Years—Cuticura Made Him Well.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. I used many kinds of patent medicines, but all to no avail. A friend teased me to try Cuticura Remedies. At last I consented and began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies; the Cuticura Soap helped as well as the Ointment. He was better in two months; in six months he was well, but I gave him the Cuticura Resolvent one year and always used the Cuticura Soap for bathing. He was four years old before he was perfectly well, after suffering untold misery three years. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

BRIDGE FALLS IN RIVER

And Death List May Reach Eighty-five.

Men Just Quit Work for the day When Collapse Came Without Warning.

Quebec, Que., August 30.—With the first break of dawn today, half a dozen government and Quebec Bridge company tugs began a search of the St. Lawrence river for the victims of last night's catastrophe.

The total of deaths caused by the collapse of the great cantilever bridge numbers at least 75, and may reach 85.

The terrific drop of the great steel structure from 180 feet above the surface of the river crushed the bodies of many of the workmen in a frightful manner, and it is feared many of them never will be found. Many of the dead are Americans, brought here by the Phoenixville Bridge company, of Phoenixville, Pa., which had the contract for the iron work on the bridge.

Both the local and the Dominion authorities have taken steps to investigate the cause of the disaster and if possible fix the responsibility.

Some of the workmen expressed the belief that the anchor pier gave way under the tremendous strain of the overhanging steel work. M. P. Davis, of Ottawa, the contractor who built the piers, made a hasty examination last night, however, and reported them to be in good condition, although the superstructure had fallen upon them.

A locomotive and several freight cars loaded with steel girders were moving out upon the bridge just before the structure collapsed. Engineer Jess, who was on the locomotive, went into the river with his engine, but was picked up 300 feet below the bridge. Fireman Davis perished. Engineer Jess was removed to Levis hospital, where he rapidly recovered from the effects of his plunge into the river.

According to his story the steel work overhanging the river was the first to show signs of weakness. At the first sign of danger Jess shut off steam, but his locomotive continued to move forward toward the ends of the bridge which had begun to totter and a moment later the engine went into the river.

The bridge was about a mile and a half in length and half of it, from the south shore to midstream, crumpled up and dropped into the water. Ninety men were at work on this section of the structure and the whistle had just sounded at 5:30 for the men to quit work for the day when there came a grinding sound from the bridge midstream. The men turned to see what had happened and an instant later the cry went up "the bridge is falling."

The men made a rush shoreward, but the distance was too great for them to escape. The fallen section of the bridge dragged others after it, the snapping girders and cables booming like a crash of artillery.

Terror lent fleetness to the feet of the frightened workmen as they sped shoreward, but only a few of them reached safety before the last piece of ironwork on the south shore was dragged into the river.

Near the shore, the wreckage of the bridge did not go below the surface of the water, and eight workmen who remained above water were rescued and taken to the hospital at Levis.

The steamer Glenmont had just cleared the bridge when the first section fell. The water thrown up by the debris came clear over the bridge of the steamer. The captain at once lowered boats. The small boats plied backward and forward over the sunken wreckage for half an hour, but there was no sign of life.

There is scarcely a family in the villages of St. Romauld and New Liverpool which has not been bereaved, while in some cases five and six men of a single family have been killed. Almost every house has sounds of lamentation from women. The men are gathered around the approaches to the wrecked bridge, aiding in caring for the bodies of the dead as they are found.

The disaster caused much excitement here and is regarded as a national calamity.

ADVANCE ON CASABLANCA

Fiercest of All Tribesmen Prepare to Attack French.

Paris, August 30.—In a dispatch from Casablanca a correspondent of the Matin says:

"At the moment of filing this dispatch 5,000 horsemen are advancing on the camp of the French. The artillery has begun firing. These men are supposed to be from Herchich and are the fiercest of all the tribesmen. The Medlouna tribesmen, encamped at Tadert, have opened a market for the disposal of booty."

LION'S KEEPER ARRESTED

In Connection With Death of Woman Killed by Beast.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 29.—Rigid investigation started by the police department and the corner of Allegheny county into the death of Mrs. Anna A. Hucke, 64, of Van Braam street, who was terribly injured by an escaped lion at Luna park Tuesday, resulted in the arrest late yesterday of Clarence Chappelle, 19 years of age, who has been committed to a jail as witness to "murder." Chappelle is the young man who cleaned the cage which the lion usually occupied. He was taken before Coroner Armstrong, and after telling his story, was committed on the peculiar charge.

FIRE DESTROYS AIRSHIP

Knabenshue Suffers Loss at Des Moines, Ia., Fair.

Des Moines, Iowa, August 29.—A windstorm struck the Iowa state fair grounds here early today causing damage estimated at $100,000. A live wire was blown against the Knabenshue air ship and captive balloon, setting fire to them and totally destroying both. The big tent of the International Harvester company was blown down and the exhibit ruined by heavy rain and fire.

PRAYER FOR THE SCHOOLS

Will Be Offered in Churches on Next Sunday.

New York, Sept. 2.—Sunday, September 15 is to be observed by churches throughout the country as a day of special prayer for the public schools. The plan was suggested by the National Reform association, and has been indorsed by the Presbyterian and other church conventions. The fall term of the public schools begins on the day following in New York and many other parts of the country.

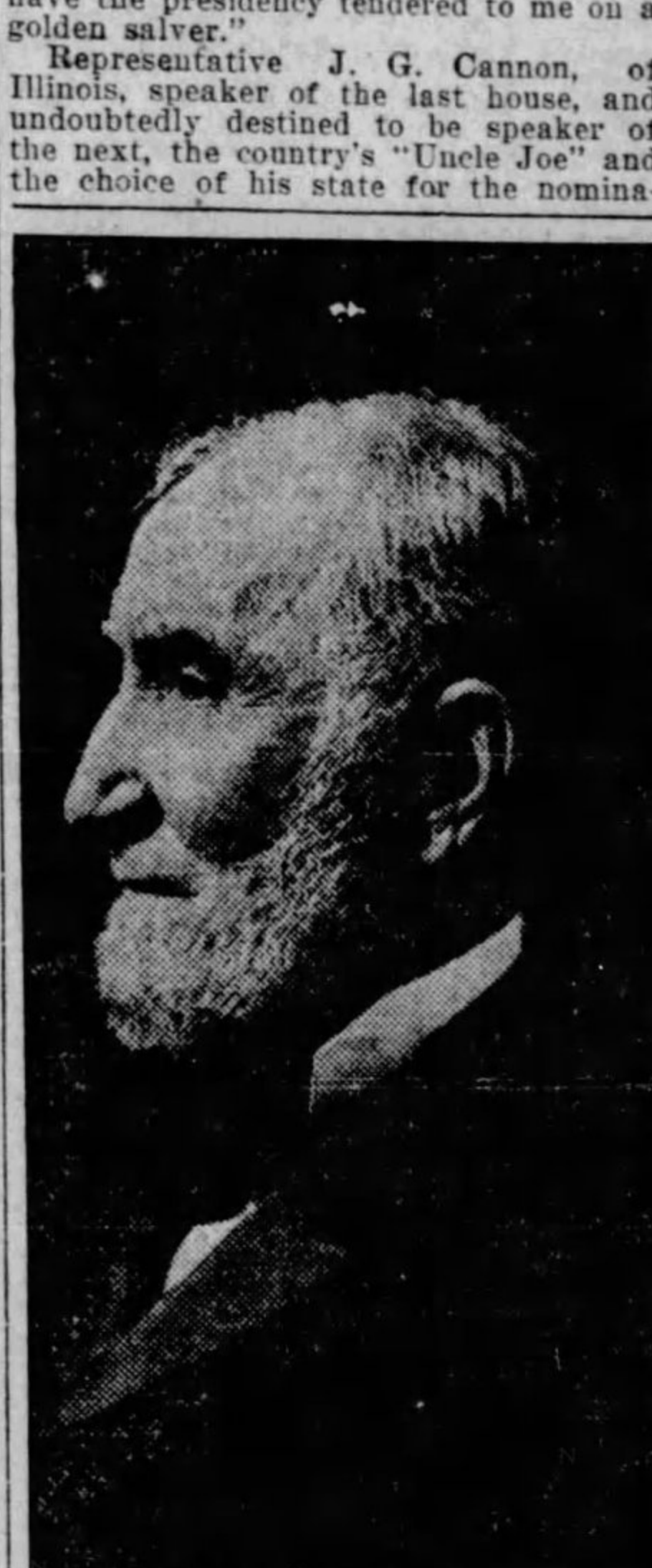
NO BEE FOR UNCLE JOE

But Is Willing if Nomination Is Tendered Him.

Speaker Says It Would Be a Crime for Congress to Do Anything to Upset Business

Alexandria Bay, N. Y., August 29.—"Am I a candidate for the Republican nomination for president? No, I have not the bee personally. Would I accept the nomination? No citizen has ever declined it or ever will. I would rather contribute to making the next session of congress a success, so that my party will deserve and win success in 1908, than have the presidency tendered to me on a golden salver."

Representative J. G. Cannon, of Illinois, speaker of the last house, and undoubtedly destined to be speaker of the next, the country's "Uncle Joe" and the choice of his state for the nomination as President Roosevelt's successor, said this with great earnestness yesterday.



HON. J. G. CANNON.

York, who at the proper time, probably aft on the deck of the yacht owned by his friend, Representative Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania. He had come east, as is his custom, to spend the last two weeks of August with Mr. Sibley, and had been putting in most of his time at Mr. Sibley's place on Volcour bay, Lake Champlain.

The Other Guests.

Mr. Sibley's other guests were Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, who is the manager of the candidacy of Vice President Fairbanks; Representative E. B. Vreeland and George B. Maltby, of New York, who at the proper time, probably will be found voting in the national convention for Governor Hughes, and former Representative L. N. Littauer, whose first choice is President Roosevelt, whether he wants it or not. Mr. Sibley himself is a Knox man. Thus, when the yacht arrived at Alexandria Bay, the small party contained a pretty wide assortment of presidential summer preferences.

Mr. Sibley brought his guests to pay a short visit to Representative Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, who is passing the summer at Castle Rest, the Pullman mansion just across from Alexandria Bay. Mr. Lowden is heartily for Speaker Cannon's nomination, and very soon after the yacht was moored off his dock he accused the presiding officer of the house of neglecting his own interests, and had the entire party united on the Cannon boom.

"I am not disposed to do much talking now," continued Mr. Cannon. "I am not seeking the nomination. I am not caring a buzzing presidential bee around in my hat. Others may talk about the tariff and business and the railroads and various other questions that they deem to be uppermost in the country, but as for me, I do not care to go into them, and I will tell you why:

"A new congress is to be organized in December. In all human probability I will be called on to organize it. That likelihood gives me a duty and responsibility that I do not look on lightly.

Mind on Congress.

"Now I want to make this point: If congress does not act wisely at the next session, if it is not actuated by calmness and patriotism, if it makes great mistakes and fails to meet the approval of the reasoning American public, there will not be much need for the election of delegates to the next national convention of the Republican party.

"That is what I am thinking about most as I am traveling about on this beautiful yacht with my host, Joe Sibley, and my friends, Lowden, Littauer, Hemenway, Maltby and Vreeland. The destinies of the party lie very largely in the hands of congress and the coordinate branch of the government, the executive."

"But you really are a candidate for the presidential nomination, are you not, Mr. Speaker?"

"I am not a candidate in the sense of seeking it or of turning over my hand. I have not the bee. My friends at home have been good enough to say that they prefer me. That's all, and I am very grateful to them for the compliment."

Will Win Again.

"Would you accept the nomination if it were tendered you?"

"While I have said that no citizen ever has declined a nomination for the presidency, or ever will, I refuse to have my point of view distorted by this new ambition. I wish first of all to contribute to making the next session of congress a success. My party has been winning year after year because it deserved to win. It won in 1906 and gave us a tremendous majority in the house because it deserved to win. It will win again in 1908 if it pursues a wise course at Washington.

"The great masses are not talking politics now. They are busy. Their ambition is to see that nothing is done to make them idle. This country is very prosperous. There is the old scare of uneasiness in Wall street, but Wall street should look back into the country where the factories are going, where the farmers are harvesting their crops and sending them to market, where well paid labor is putting forth enormous production for our domestic markets and for the markets of the world. It would be a crime if congress should do anything at this time to upset business, and it might make mistakes in half a dozen ways."

BIBLE FROM KING EDWARD

Will Be Presented to Williamsburg, Va., Church.

Liverpool, August 30.—The bishop of London, Dr. A. F. W. Ingram, who will present to Old Brutan Parish church, at Williamsburg, Va., the second oldest church in America, the Bible which King Edward has given it in connection with the Jamestown exposition, sailed for Canada today on the Allen line steamer Victorian.

ACTOR MANSFIELD DEAD

A Commanding Figure in the Dramatic World.

New London, Conn., August 30.—Richard Mansfield, the actor, died at 6 o'clock this morning, at his summer residence, Seven Oaks.

This simple announcement will be read with deepest sorrow by the theatre-going public of two continents, for Richard Mansfield was a commanding figure in the dramatic world.

When it was announced last spring that too close application to the arduous duties of producing and acting plays had broken his health it was thought that a few months' rest would restore him to his old-time vigor and that he would be able to carry out his long-cherished plan of making two more great productions and then retiring from the stage to enjoy, in the quiet home life, the fruits of his long endeavor.

A trip to Europe was of some benefit, though he did not recover as rapidly as had been hoped. Then he was brought back to America and for several weeks was carefully nursed in a quiet spot in the health-giving Adirondacks. Still he did not improve satisfactorily and a few days ago he was taken to his beautiful country place near New London, Connecticut, when the end came this morning.

Mr. Mansfield's death was directly due to disease of the liver aggravated by complications. Dr. A. H. Allen, a local physician, who has been in charge since Mr. Mansfield's arrival at New London from Saranac Lake, states that death was not entirely unexpected although this fact had not been made public.

It was statel that he stood the journey well from Saranac Lake and that he was up and around his home until three weeks ago. Then a turn for the worse set in and Mr. Mansfield was confined to his room. On Thursday Dr. McClellan, of Pittsburg, was summoned. Dr. Allen said today that he had feared the worst for several days. There were quite a number of conditions that prevented his getting well. During the great actor's last moments he was lying in a condition of coma and did not recognize the loved ones at his bedside. There were present at the time of his death his wife, his brother Felix, his young son, Gibbs, and the physicians and nurses.

Mr. Mansfield was born on the island of Heligoland, in the North Sea, in 1857, his mother being Madame Rudersdorf, the famous opera singer, and his father Maurice Mansfield, both long since dead. When he was ten years old he was sent to school in Germany and then in England. In 1869 Madame Rudersdorf came to this country, and sang with great success at the Boston Peace Jubilee in 1872. She sent for Richard, who was in school in Switzerland, and he entered the big dry goods store of Jordan, Marsh & Co. Disliking business life, he decided to try painting, and went to London in 1875, where he starved for nearly three years, finally getting a place in a provincial Pinafore company, singing Sir Joseph Porter at £3 per week. He staid with Gilbert for three years and was discharged for asking for an advance in wages. Lydia Thompson's husband then gave him an engagement, and in 1882 he came to this country with the D'Oyly Carte comic opera company, making his debut in New York, September 26, as Dromez in Les Mauteax Noirs.

Then he became a member of A. M. Palmer's Union Square Theatre company, playing minor parts till, by the fact of J. H. Stoddard throwing up a part he did not like in A Parisian Romance, he was enabled to play Baron Chevrial, and on January 10, 1883, he made his first great hit in the part that Stoddard had spurned. Then followed a long period of hard work and struggle for recognition. He played in support of Minnie Maddern in Steele Mackaye's version of Sardou's Andrea. He played Koko in John Stetson's Boston Mikado company. In April, 1886, he brought out Prince Karl in Boston, and a little later Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde.

Henry Irving invited him in 1889 to occupy the Lyceum theatre in London, during which time he played his old pieces, but made no great success until he produced Richard III. That fall he presented Richard III in Boston and New York, and then he produced Beau Brummell, by Clyde Fitch, followed by Don Juan, by the actor himself. In 1891 he essayed Nero, by T. Russell Sullivan; in 1892, Ten Thousand a Year, and his own dramatization of Hawthorne's A Scarlet Letter. In October, 1893, he revived The Merchant of Venice, and then was identified with George Bernard Shaw's Arms and the Man; Lorimer Stoddard's Scenes from the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte; The King of Peru; The Story of Rodion the Student; The First Violin; Castle Sombras, and The Devil's Disciple and Cyrano de Bergerac. Later productions included Henry V., Beaucaire, Julius Caesar, Ivan the Terrible, Don Carlos and Peer Gynt, the Ibsen play being his last big production. He acted it for the first time in Chicago at the Grand Opera House October 29 last, and scored a tremendous success, which was repeated in New York during the following winter.

THOUSANDS ARE STARVING

As Result of Disastrous Floods in Central Japan.

Tokio, August 29.—Thousands of peasants are destitute and starving in consequence of the disastrous floods that have visited the central provinces of Japan during the last few days. The price of rice is higher today than ever before and the rice famine is widespread.

HEIRS OF SCULPTOR SUE

Because the Statue of General Sheridan Was Rejected.

New York, August 30.—The heirs of J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, have brought suit against certain members of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland to recover $32,500 for alleged breach of contract for rejecting his model of an equestrian statue of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

The rejection of the last and sixth model followed a disagreement between Mr. Ward and the Sheridan statue commission, and has been attributed to Mrs. Sheridan, who expressed dissatisfaction with it. The defendants in the action comprise Colonel John J. McCook, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Gen. Horace Porter and Gen. Henry L. Burnett, of New York, and Brigadier General Henry C. Hodges and Brigadier General Robert H. Hall, of Buffalo.

EUROPE IS COMMENTING

On Team Work of U. S. and Germany at The Hague.

Washington, August 30.—The United States and Germany are working hand in hand at The Hague conference, according to reports received here today. There was at first a disagreement between the representatives of the two countries on the question of disarmament, but with this subject out of the way, the delegates became in thorough accord on international arbitration. The team work of the United States and Germany at the conference is causing much comment throughout Europe, says Representative Barthold, who brings the information.

CHINA RESENTS JAPAN'S PATRONAGE

Claimed That the Chinese Have Been Brow-Beaten From Their Rights.

Pekin, August 30.—China made a protest on August 19 to France and Japan against the covenant of their recent agreement providing for interference in the vast regions of the sovereign Chinese domain. The protest has resulted in a remarkable suppression by the authorities of public matters. It is claimed that China has been browbeaten from her rights, owing to the cowardice if the present Chinese government, the cowering position of the throne and its over-lording by Japan.

The protest which the Wai-Wu-Pu, of board of foreign affairs makes, is to the effect that the agreement of China's allied opponents is "not to be considered as right." The protest has aroused the indignation of the Japanese, who have ignored it, leaving the French here to persuade the Wai-Wu-Pu to drop it.

While China's resentment at the patronage of Japan, which country is assuming the position of her protector, is increasing, the government is yet too weak and alarmed to combine the assistance of the empress with official action, preferring the dangerous policy of secrecy.

The attitude of foreigners here has reached a stage of pronounced antagonism to the Japanese, especially among those belonging to the nations which are allies of Japan.

"Aged Pastor's Light Preferred to Youth's Fire."—Bishop Potter

Cooperstown, N. Y., Aug. 31.—"A pastor does not lose effectiveness because of increasing age.

"The flash and fire of youth are not more to be desired in the pulpit than the steady glow of long experience and knowledge of a flock."

These replies were made by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York, to questions suggested by the suicide in Los Angeles of his old friend, Rev. Dr. Edward H. Jewett, who was quoted as saying before he cut his throat:

"Why should I live? I am 78. I have outlived my usefulness. I am an old fogy. I ought to be knocked on the head and put out of the way."

Only Temporary.

Bishop Potter said further:

"The obscuration of the pastor's light is only temporary, if he would but realize it. My advice to him and to his congregation is 'patience.' When the younger ones of his flock grow up to the sober business of life—when, instead of being children, they are the parents of children—they come to see the old pastor as he should be seen in the ideal relationship—a father to them all, combining the paternal with the pastoral.

"Nothing can be more beautiful than that sort of a kinship between a pastor and his people. High light is then like a fixed star—certain, steady, unwavering.

"Perfect pastoral relationship must include the attribute of paternalism; that lacking, no fire or eloquence can replace it. And paternalism is achieved only by years of contact and knowledge. My view is this:

"An unfortunate period arrives in the life of every minister of God. It may be likened to the obscuration of a planet. The brilliance with which he started his career is bedimmed. He appears to grow commonplace. He refutes himself, perhaps, in his discourses; his originality seems gone. There is a mere faint trace remaining of what was a bright light. His people, especially the younger people, are quick to realize that more stirring sermons are being preached by newer, fresher men. But they do not realize it any quicker—and this is the pathetic part—than does the aging minister himself."

No better living example of the immateriality of advancing years could be found than in the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter himself as he was seen at his work in his office on the edge of a beautiful area of green sward called the Cooper grounds.

Bishop Is Interviewed.

As he talked he stood up—a fine figure of a man, erect, clear-eyed, and tanned by the pleasant sun and wind of the Mohawk valley. It is hard for one to believe, even with the evidence of his gray hair, that Bishop Potter is himself approaching the biblically allotted span of years.

"You've brought up a subject in which I am most earnestly interested," he said. "Yes, the case of the aging clergyman does present a great problem; too great for dismissal in a few minutes' discussion. I should like to dwell upon it at length, writing or speaking later. Some of the most pathetic experiences I have ever heard of have been those veteran pastors, clinging through sheer love to the charges of lifetimes, fearful of going, fearful of staying. But the relationship needs adjusting." And then he bespoke that mutual and noble understanding that comes with time and banishes doubt and discouragement. Upon the death of his friend, Dr. Jewett, the bishop would make no comment. It was almost impossible for him to believe the news when he heard it.

FORTUNE TO SPIRITUALIST

And Vanderbilt's Daughter Works for Her Living.

New York, August 29.—Several months before his marriage to Mrs. Anne Scannell Pepper, the noted spiritualistic medium, Edward Vanderbilt made a will leaving her most of his estate, and thereby practically disinheriting his children. The will was made on Feb. 1, and Mr. Vanderbilt married Mrs. Pepper in June.

This fact was brought out before the lunacy commission which is testing Mr. Vanderbilt's sanity. It was also shown that he became so infatuated with the medium that he left his daughter Minerva unprovided for, and she had to do sewing to make a living.

By provision of the testament, the spiritualistic medium is left $10,000 in cash and the two Vanderbilt farms, with all their contents, in Suffolk county. The residue of the estate, if there be any, is willed to the testator's two daughters, Minerva and Florence, the property to be distributed, however, at the discretion of Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt, who is named as sole executrix.

Incidentally, Mr. Vanderbilt said "Bright Eyes," the spirit of control of Mrs. Pepper, refused to telephone him last night. He also declared "Bright Eyes" had not advised him to turn over his property to Mrs. Pepper.

Minerva Vanderbilt, the daughter, was on the stand yesterday. She testified that her father and she had always been exceedingly happy together until Mrs. Pepper came into his life. A breach then developed between them, she said, which widened until it eventually culminated last April in her father practically driving her from their home and telling her that he never wished to see her again. On one occasion, the young woman testified, her father left her without any means of support for three weeks. Since her father cast her off she has been supporting herself by sewing.

Having heard rumors to the effect that her father was engaged to marry the spiritualistic medium she taxed him with it, she testified, and he told her that she ought to know better than to believe such gossip, that one wife was enough for any man.

As Mr. Vanderbilt fell more and more under the influence of the Pepper woman, the daughter said, he spent much time away from home and appeared to be neglecting his business. He also began to discuss spiritualism with his daughter.

"Father once told me," exclaimed the witness, "that mamma was getting stronger all the time. He said that he had been so informed by 'Bright Eyes,' who enabled him to get a glimpse of his first wife. I asked him how she looked and he replied that she appeared very much as she did on earth. When I told him that I couldn't see how a spirit could resemble a body, he told me not to be so pig-headed."

60,000 ARE HOMELESS

As Result of $15,000,000 Fire at Hakodal, Japan.

Yokohama, August 29.—Advices received from the American consulate at Hakodal place the loss caused by the conflagration there at $15,000,000.

About 15,000 houses, varying in value, were burned and 60,000 people rendered homeless. Former estimates are regarded as having been too low.

COL. LESLIE SMITH DEAD

Entered the Army in 1854 and Retired in 1889.

South Norwalk, Conn., Aug. 30.—Colonel Leslie Smith, U. S. A. (retired), died last night at his residence here of heart failure.

He was born in Ireland, but came to America when a boy. He enlisted in the army and was sergeant and chief clerk in the recruiting depot in 1854. Later he was appointed paymaster's clerk, serving until appointed second lieutenant in the First United States Infantry regiment. He was promoted to be major in 1880; lieutenant colonel in 1885, and retired in 1889, but by special act of congress in 1904 was made colonel. He had been a resident of Norwalk for about 15 years.

TRIED TO BRIBE DURBIN

Indecent Proposal Promptly Turned Down.

Indianapolis, Ind., August 30.—Winfield T. Durbin, governor of Indiana from 1901 to 1905, made the sensational statement last night that soon after his inauguration as governor attempts were made to bribe him to turn over William A. Taylor, Kentucky's refugee governor, to the authorities of that state for trial on the charge of conspiracy to assassinate Senator Goebel.

The sum offered former Governor Durbin, according to his statement, was $93,000 in cash.

Mr. Durbin said that Taylor had been advised of the attempted bribery after it was made and was cognizant of all that had transpired at the meeting at which the $93,000 was offered. Former Governor Durbin said the first efforts to bribe him came in the shape of invitations to meet "certain gentlemen in Cincinnati" to discuss the connection of Taylor with the Goebel murder. He declined the invitation, saying he would give no consideration to the case outside of his own office.

State Senator Binkley, since dead, was then asked to go to Cincinnati. He met a number of Kentuckians in a hotel there by appointment. They told him they were anxious to have Taylor returned to Kentucky for trial, that there remained a total of $93,000 in the $100,000 appropriation voted by the legislature. All this, they said, would be cheerfully paid to the Indiana executive if he would surrender Taylor to the Kentucky authorities, or make it possible for them to get him across the Ohio river into that state.

According to Binkley's report to the governor, they were not particular how the thing was accomplished as long as they succeeded in getting Taylor in custody, but they made plain the entire $93,000 would be paid for the service.

Binkley is said to have left the room as soon as the proposition was made, thereby indicating that he would have nothing to do with it.

TO FIGHT LOCAL OPTION

Big Brewers of Country Hold Secret Meeting.

Cincinnati, O., August 29.—United action by leading brewers of the United States against the spread of local option was begun at a secret meeting here yesterday, news of which developed today. It is proposed to adopt a definite plan to stop the spread of local option, especially in the South. This was the prime object of the meeting. There was no formal call issued and no publicity of the fact that there was to be a meeting. Representatives of breweries of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati were present. The inroads that local option is making, particularly in the South, were thoroughly discussed.

A committee was finally appointed, and ways and means for accomplishing the purposes of the meeting will be decided upon.

PLEAD WITH ROOSEVELT

For Release of Aged Man Convicted of Land Fraud.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 30.—President Roosevelt today entertained at luncheon Secretary of the Interior Garfield, Senators Foster and McEnery, of Louisiana, and United States Judge Charles F. Amidon, of North Dakota. The visit of the Louisiana senators was to plead for a pardon for a convicted constituent named Bradford, who has been sentenced to two years in prison and to pay a heavy fine for land fraud. Bradford is 70 years of age and in feeble health. Secretary Garfield made a report of the government's side of the case.

LIABILITIES OVER MILLION

But His Assets Are Only $150, and Exempt.

New York, August 30.—Jacob S. Halprin, a builder here, has filed a personal petition in bankruptcy in United States court here, showing liabilities of $1,104,812 and nominal assets of $150, exempt. Halprin, it is stated, engaged in extensive building on a small capital, and while money was easy to obtain was successful and was looked upon as a millionaire. With a tightened and higher money market tenants for his numerous buildings were difficult to obtain.

HAVILAND STRIKERS.

Limoges, France, Sept. 3.—The Haviland porcelain works here are partially affected by a strike of 3,000 workmen, which threatens to involve 15,000 men.

ADMIRAL DAVIS RETIRES

Entered the United States Navy in 1861.

Was the First to Render Aid to Kingston, Jamaica, After Recent Earthquake.

Washington, August 29.—Rear Admiral C. H. Davis yesterday retired from the navy, having reached the limit of age fixed by law for active service.

REAR ADMIRAL C. H. DAVIS.

He entered the navy in 1861. While in command of the second division of the Atlantic fleet he was sent to Kingston, Jamaica, where he rendered first aid to the city when it suffered from the recent earthquake.

Col. Stickney Quits Army.

Washington, August 29.—Colonel Amos Stickney, of the corps of engineers, was retired from the army yesterday as brigadier general, having reached the age limit for active service. He was born in Missouri and was appointed to the army from New York. After the civil war, in which he served creditably in 1864-1865, he was assigned to a variety of complex duties which he performed with great honor.

REFORMS ARE PROMISED

At the Next Session of the British Parliament.

London, August 29.—With picturesque, old time ceremonial the British parliament was prorogued yesterday, thus ending one of the longest and most arduous sessions during which the royal assent was given to over sixty bills which the two houses passed.

The members of the house of commons assembled at noon and shortly afterwards they were summoned to the house of lords, where the king's speech was read. The statements made were of the usual colorless character, referring to the recent royal visits and the friendly relations existing between Great Britain and the other powers.

While the prorogation enables private members of parliament to proceed to the enjoyment of the holidays the ministers have prepared a long program for themselves. The president of the board of trade, Mr. Lloyd George, and the president of the local government board, Mr. Burns, are going to Germany, where they will study trade development and social reforms with the view of the introduction into Great Britain of some of the German methods.

The under secretary of the colonies, Winston Spencer Churchill, is starting for Uganda, returning by the Nile Valley. The other cabinet ministers will continue the campaign for the reform of the house of lords and all of them will reassemble in London during the month of November to arrange the work of the next session, which, if their promises are carried out, will be busier than the one just closed and bring nearer to a climax the conflict between the house of commons and the house of lords. Sweeping reforms will be introduced, chief of which will be the licensing and education bill and the proposed housing reform and regeneration of the port of London.

DIDN'T MAIL LETTER; $212 TO CABLE IT

Atlantic City, N. J., August 29.—Failure to mail a letter to his wife who is in Vienna, cost Charles Patton, a western mining man, $212 in cable tolls yesterday when he filed the letter over the deep sea lines to make up for his forgetfulness.

"I've got a letter here that I forgot to mail on the last steamer," he said to the telegraph official, "and I want it sent direct through as quickly as possible."

The operators gasped when they saw the closely written sheets, but the dutiful husband never winced when he received the bill.

TRAIN WRECKERS' WORK

Believed to Be Responsible for Four Bad Accidents.

Tulsa, I. T., August 31.—St. Louis and San Francisco train No. 511, the Texas fast mail, running between St. Louis and Sherman, Tex., plunged into a burning bridge near Tulsa last night. The engine, combination baggage express and mail car and one passenger car, together with all mail, baggage and express and $1,500 in money, were destroyed.

C. J. McDowell, Tulsa, I. T., and A. T. Anderson, Denison, Tex., were dangerously injured. This is the fourth wreck in the vicinity of Tulsa within a week. Railroad officials believe that a gang of train wreckers is at work.

ARRANGE ROYAL WEDDING

Princess Victoria Will Become Bride of Prince Leopold.

London, August 30.—Emperor William, it is understood, will arrange a marriage between his only daughter, Princess Victoria, and his cousin, Prince Leopold, son of the Princess Henry, of Battenberg, when he visits his uncle, King Edward, this fall.

Princess Victoria is Emperor William's youngest child. She is fifteen years old. Her intended husband, Prince Leopold, is eighteen. He is a brother to the queen of Spain.

EIGHTEEN SAILORS DROWN

French Cruiser Goes Down in English Channel.

Gravelines, France, August 30.—The French schooner Violette has gone down in the English channel and the 18 men of her crew were drowned.

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BALLOONIST FELL 2,000 FEET TO EARTH

Struck on Top of a Post and Although Badly Injured Physicians Say He Will Recover.

Barnstable, Mass., August 30.—Nearly 5,000 persons at the Barnstable county fair saw "Professor" Maloney, a balloonist, drop 2,000 feet to earth, strike on the top of a cedar fence post and escape probably with his life. Maloney made his ascent late yesterday afternoon, and as the visitors at the fair grounds gazed upward they saw that his attempts to cut his parachute were fruitless. A sharp easterly wind had blown the rope which connects with the knife amongst a mass of cords higher up and out of reach of the balloonist.

For fully two miles Maloney floated along. The gas was rapidly leaking from the big bag above him, and he prepared for the long drop. Maloney and the balloon came earthward rapidly. As it neared the earth, the canvas fell about the body of the aeronaut and prevented him from seeing where he was falling.

He struck in a half standing position on top of a big cedar post used by a farmer to mark off his field. His back was terribly torn and his left arm badly injured.

A long line of automobiles, one carrying Governor Curtis Gould, rushed to the spot where Maloney had fallen. The man was picked up in a semi-conscious condition and hurried to his hotel. Physicians who attended Maloney say he is not internally injured and will recover.

FEAR AN OVERTHROW

Believe Chinese Are Bent on Unseating Imperial Family.

Empress Is a Victim of Apoplexy and Is Seen to Be Failing Rapidly.

Pekin, August 31.—With the arrival of Yuan-Shi-Kai, commander-in-chief of the Chinese forces, there began in the summer palace yesterday an unusual series of deliberations concerning the condition of the empire.

The dowager empress has assembled her most important and influential advisers and the arrival of Viceroy Chang-Chi-Tung, who came on a pilgrimage from Hankow, was surrounded with secrecy.

The imperial family believes and the government fears that the Chinese race is bent upon unseating the Manchus. The Chinese imperial family is of Manchu origin. All the previous devices adopted by the throne to remove the existing distinctions between Chinese and Manchu have failed, the throne now contemplating the amalgamation of the two races and this purpose led the throne recently to call for suggestions from the Memorialists. These came in and in course of action is now ready for promulgation. The four main points are, first, the disbandment of the Manchu banner troops, the abolition of their pensions and the submersion of their officers into the regular army; second, the daughters of Chinamen of the upper classes will be eligible to marry into the imperial family and this promises a future Chinese-Manchu emperor; third, Chinese females will no longer be permitted to bind up their feet and this will remove the difference in the appearance between Chinese and Manchu women.

The government hopes that within ten years the two races will be indistinguishable.

The recent comet was a subject of discussion at today's meeting and the court is disturbed on account of the universal belief that comets presage revolution.

The dowager empress is failing rapidly. She has suffered two apoplectic strokes in the past two years and her vitality clearly is lessening.

INCIDENT IN VENEZUELA

Considered Closed, as Apology Has Been Made.

Caracas, Venezuela, August 31.—The Venezuelan government considers that the incident involving the invasion of Venezuelan territory by District Inspector of Police W. J. Calder, of British Guiana, and the seizure of a quantity of balata gum, said to have been collected on British soil, has been satisfactorily closed. President Castro has received an apologetic note from the governor of British Guiana with the announcement that Inspector Calder has been dismissed from his post.

FORTY-NINE LIVES LOST

In Recent Rains in Japan—250 Persons Missing.

Tokio, August 28.—The havoc wrought by the rains in the central provinces during the last few days is assuming alarming dimensions. In the Gumma prefecture alone over 18,000 houses have been submerged, 49 lives are known to have been lost, and 250 persons missing.

NO FEAR OF HARD TIMES

Sec. Wilson Declares Country as Whole Is Prosperous.

Only Apprehension Among Western People Grows Out of Fuel Famine.

Washington, August 30.—The great West is prosperous and the country as a whole, therefore, is in no danger of hard times. That is the word that Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has brought back East with him on his return from a long tour on the other side of the Mississippi river and in the intermountain states.

He is aglow with enthusiasm over the crop outlook, general trade conditions and the political temper of the people.

"The people of the West," said Secretary Wilson, "are not fearful of a panic or of hard times. The West is prosperous. There is plenty of money. In fact, I have reason to believe the West is loaning money to the East instead of the East to the West, and this is being done at good rates of interest. The people of the West are not worrying over Wall street and its troubles. They scarcely know that such troubles exist, save as they read of them in the newspapers. The rest of the country is no longer dependent on Wall street.

"The crop outlook is good. Grain crops generally will be good, with the exception of the oat crop. There will be a good corn crop, not a bumper crop, but a good one, if frosts do not come too early. Prices for farm products and for stock are high, and the farmers are making money."

"How about politics?" Secretary Wilson was asked.

"I did not go to look into politics," was the reply. "I heard little politics discussed; what I did hear on the subject was to the effect the renomination and re-election of President Roosevelt were desired. Of one thing you may be sure, the people will demand the election of a man who will continue the Roosevelt policies.

"The only apprehension I observed among the people in the West grows out of the fear of a fuel famine next winter. I am glad the people appreciate the situation, because much can be done to prevent a famine by those who can put in their coal supply in advance of cold weather."

The special mission of the secretary of agriculture on the trip just finished was to study forest reserve problems, the reserves having been placed under the direction of his department two years ago.

TEN PERSONS ARE KILLED

And Eighty Injured in Collapse of Platform.

Oporto, Portugal, August 30.—A platform erected by a local newspaper on the occasion of a lottery drawing collapsed today, hurling to the ground about 500 persons, of whom ten were killed and eighty injured.

THINKS HE'S DOOMED.

Steubenville, O., Sept. 3.—Achille Gato, an Italian merchant, was called out on his porch by supposed Black Hand agents before daybreak yesterday morning and shot at five times, but escaped injury.

Gato received two letters demanding money, but failed to comply. He is convinced that he will be killed.

BUILDING COLLAPSES.

Paducah, Ky., Sept. 3.—The American Express company building collapsed last evening. A. F. Ingersoll, agent for the American Express company, was caught in the debris and it required more than two hours to dig him out. He was not seriously injured.

PREPARING TO DREDGE TONS OF PURE GOLD

A Toledo Company is preparing to dredge 144 tons of gold from what is known to be one of the largest gold deposits in the world, held by one company. These people own eleven mines, which are worth about $9,000,000 each.

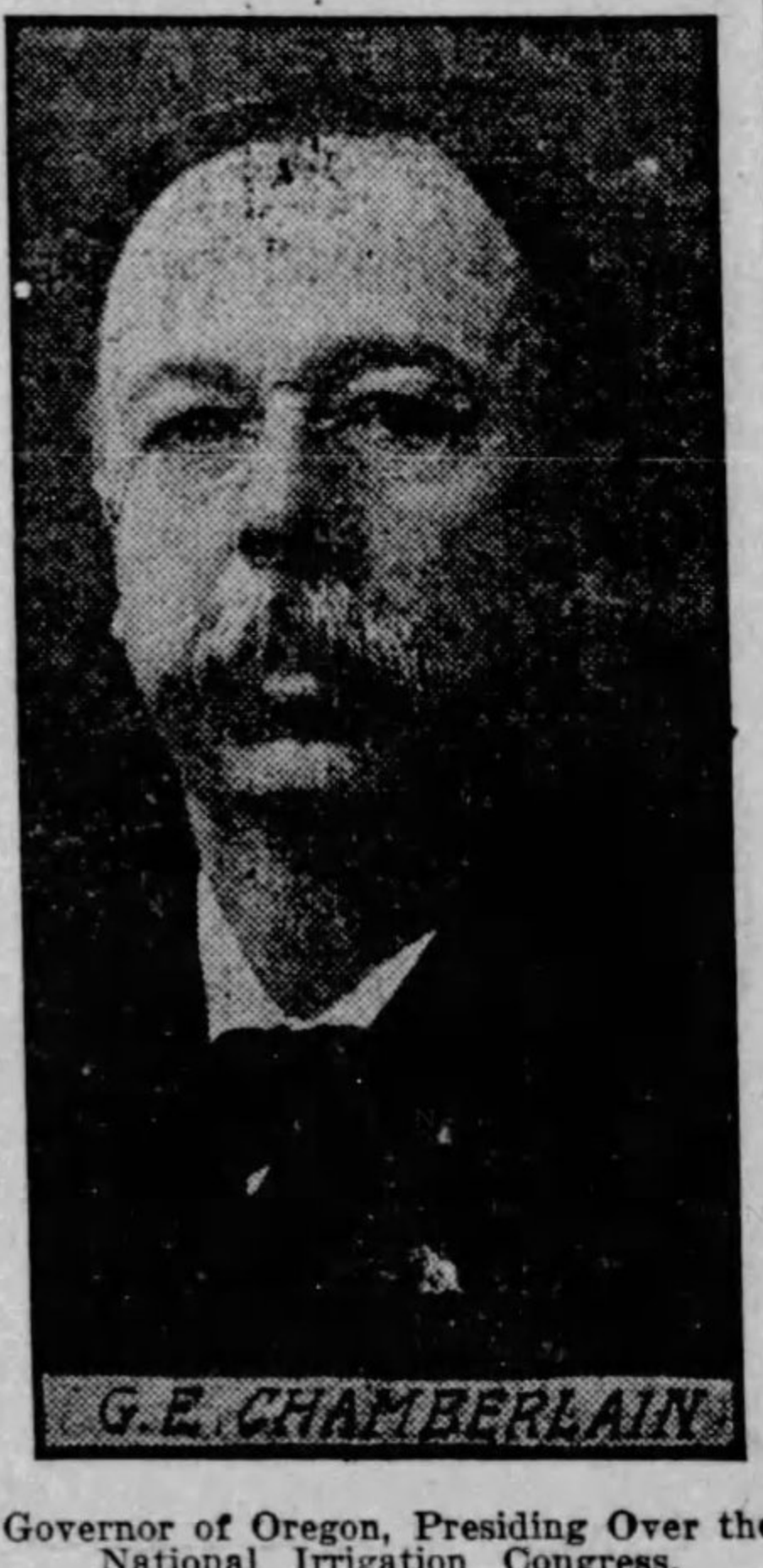
They have no tunnels to dig, no smelters to build, no crushers to put up. There is such quantities of gold on the ground a few feet below the surface that it can be washed out by hand at the rate of $20.00 per day. The dredge they will install as soon as possible will do the work of 500 men and clean up $4,000 daily.

They are selling stock at 25 cents on the dollar and a few dollars invested at once will earn a share of $92,160,000, which it is estimated lies on the property. On this basis, a five dollar bill will earn over $360.00 because the stock gives an interest in the largest gold deposits in the world.

For particulars of this unusual opportunity, send for the book called "The President's Story," which may be had free by addressing the Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation, No. 609 Gardner Bldg., Toledo, O.

"TOO MUCH POLITICS," SAYS FAIRBANKS

Vice President Tells National Irrigation Congress We Need More Business.



Governor of Oregon, Presiding Over the National Irrigation Congress.

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 3.—Marked by a large attendance and much enthusiasm, the National Irrigation Congress opened here yesterday afternoon in the Irrigation Palace, which has seating accommodations for about 3,500. Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon, presided over the congress and responded to the addresses of welcome.

Vice President Fairbanks was given an enthusiastic reception when he arose to deliver his address. He spoke as follows:

"Upon such an occasion as this I would not venture to obtrude politics; nothing could be more inappropriate. The fact is, that we have a surfeit of politics. What we need is more business and less politics. Unless the business affairs of the people are arrested by unwise policies, unless the seeds of distrust are sown among ourselves, unless commercial unrest is encouraged by doctrinaires, we shall contiue to expand our industries, and the great west will continue to grow and fulfill her mighty destiny. Can we stand prosperity? We are in the midst of a prosperity the like of which was never before seen. Can we utilize it to our benefit? Can we retain it, or will we distrust each other and involve it all in hopeless confusion? There never was an hour when it was more important that we should be governed by sober judgment. We should cultivate a tolerant spirit and a spirit of justice towards each other. We should not forget that confidence is the sure foundation of prosperity and progress, and we should have a care that we do not undermine it.

"Our rapidly multiplying industries and increasing population give rise to new questions which tax the wisdom and patriotism of our people. In recent years we have sought to extirpate them in the interest of fair play. We have proceeded advisedly, not blindly, to destroy the bad and preserve the good. We are solving them and will continue to solve them according to the principles of justice and in the interest of wholesome trade and commerce. The American people do not get far astray because there is a national conscience which never sleeps, and their conclusions are reached by its unfailing light."

Gifford Pinchot, government forester and personal representative of President Roosevelt at the congress, delivered the message of the country's chief executive, which came by telegraph.

CLASSES ROOSEVELT WITH WASHINGTON

German Professor Says Even President's "Errors Do Honor to His Personality."

Berlin, August 29.—"Even his errors do honor in every case to his personality," writes Professor Schiemann in an article on President Roosevelt which appears Saturday in the International Wochenschrift. The professor places the President in the same class as Washington, Jackson and Lincoln while thinking that President Roosevelt probably influenced the American people more than the other of the presidents mentioned, "through his peculiarities of character, imagination, will power and practical politics."

Religiously the professor finds in President Roosevelt a spirit of Calvanism, and says his services to the world in promoting peace fully entitled him to the Nobel prize, but the professor is equally opposed to "the enervating doctrine of eternal peace."

Among American statesmen, President Roosevelt, Professor Schiemann adds, ranks foremost in his appreciation of German character and in his confidence in it. The professer thinks it inconceivable that Mr. Roosevelt's retirement from the presidency will close his political career, as "the American people will not let his power lie fallow."

Quebec Bridge Was to Have Been Largest of Its Kind

Montreal, Que., Aug. 30.—The Quebec bridge, which collapsed last night, killing scores of workmen, was remarkable in that it was to be the longest single span cantilever bridge in the world, the length of the span in the center being 1,800 feet, or 200 feet longer than that of the Firth bridge, at present the world's longest single bridge span.

There has been no bridge across the St. Lawrence below Montreal. At Quebec city traffic was ferried across the river. This expense being held responsible for the failure of Quebec to grow, a number of citizens secured a charter from the Dominion government to bridge the St. Lawrence. A subsidy of $1,000,000 was secured from the Dominion and another of $250,000 from the government of the province of Quebec, while the city of Quebec gave a grant of $300,000. The promoters put up $650,000.

The contract was let for the erection of the stone work to M. P. Davis & Co. and for the iron work to the Phoenix Iron company, of Phoenixville, Pa.

Work was begun in 1900. The original estimate of the cost was in the neighborhood of $3,500,000, but this was found to be too small. The company finding itself in difficulties, and the government needing the bridge for the National Transcontinental railway, an agreement was reached by which the government agreed to guarantee the bonds of the company up to $7,000,000. Under this agreement construction has been proceeding. When completed the bridge was to have accommodation for a double track railway, two lines of electric tramways, and two roadways for foot and vehicle traffic.

At the time of the collapse the cantilever span on the south side of the river had been completed, as well as the approaching span and some 200 feet of the connecting span between the cantilevers.

Big Corporations' Interest and Dividends $76,097,351

New York, August 30.—Total interest and dividends payable by leading corporations in September will represent $76,097,351, of which dividend disbursements will contribute $44,847,351, or an increase over the same month a year ago of $7,396,206. This is due to increases by some corporations, additions to the list and disbursements on a larger capitalization in a number of cases. Interest payments are heavier, arising out of new issue of bonds and notes by various corporations. About the most interesting feature of next month's record is the heavy industrial dividends.

The industrial dividends aggregate $28,277,947. Steam railroads contribute $15,939,695 and street railways $629,709.

ANOTHER PLAGUE DEATH

Reported in San Francisco—Rat War Prosecuted.

San Francisco, Sept. 3.—The health board has reported an additional death from bubonic plague and an additional case under suspicion since Saturday. The death was that of a woman in Berkeley, across the bay from San Francisco. This case falls within the limits of the statement by the plague authorities that all ports on the Pacific coact having intercourse with trans-Pacific points are subject to sporadic appearances of the disease.

The rat war is prosecuted with energy and success under the system adopted last week, by which the city is divided into twelve districts, each in charge of a physician, inspectors and assistants.

FAMOUS JURIST IS DEAD

Former U. S. Judge Jackson Expires at Atlantic City

Issued Most Sweeping Injunction in History During Miners' Strike in 1902.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 3.—Former United States Judge John Jay Jackson, whose wholesale imprsonment of organizers and agitators during the Virginia miners' strike of 1902 angered the labor unions of the country, dropped dead of heart disease here yesterday.

The ex-judge celebrated his 83rd birthday anniversary on August 4, and came here for his health three weeks ago. His body will be taken to his birthplace, Parkersburg, W. Va., for burial.

Judge Jackson was appointed a district federal judge by President Lincoln in 1861. For 41 years he served as a jurist, with nothing special in such service to bring him to public attention. Then he issued an injunction writ covering every conceivable act of a striker during a strike, when such act can be construed as intimidation, either covert or open. The writ made him famous, and it was the opinion of many notable men on the bench that Judge Jackson had gone further in his restraint of strikers than they had dared, although they deemed his construction of the law sound.

Judge Jackson was the son of General John Jay Jackson. He was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1845. He became a ready and effective speaker. He was a cousin of "Stonewall" Jackson, with whom he took issue on war topics long before the great conflict began. He was a man of massive frame, and with his long white beard and piercing glance was a notable figure on the bench for many years. While labor organizations generally condemned his strike writ of 1902, it was nevertheless conceded that Judge Jackson was a thoroughly conscientious man, fully believing that law and right were as he ennunciated them.

SHOT DOWN MOURNERS

Odessa's Black Hundred Begins Murderous Rioting.

Durnng Attack on Jews, Which Lasted Several Hours, Police Made No Arrests.

Odessa, Sept. 3.—The Black Hundred began murderous rioting against the Jews here again yesterday and several persons were killed.

The mob indulged in other brutal excesses and beat down many victims with flexible rubber sticks. The Jewish cemetery, where thousands of Jews were praying at the graveside of their dead, was the scene of a fierce onslaught by members of the Black Hundred, who shot down many of the mourners with revolvers. A panic broke out in the cemetery and many persons were injured in the wild rush to escape the vengeance of the organized mob. Among the killed are a Jewish actor and a girl aged fifteen, while the wounded include two little children, each about four years old, and a man of seventy. A majority of the wounded refused to be taken to the hospital in ambulances. They feared that the Black Hundred would invade the hospital.

During this attack, which lasted for several hours, the police made no arrests. The Union of Russian people passed a resolution yesterday afternoon to annihilate, with the assistance of Cossacks, the members of the Jewish Self-Defense Organization.

WARNER LOSES CASE

And Will Not Control His Father's Millions.

Clinton, Ill., August 31.—Vespasian Warner, United States commissioner of pensions, lost yesterday in his fight to gain full control of the Warner millions.

Judge Cochran, in a long opinion, held that Mrs. Isabella Robinson Warner, stepmother of Commissioner Warner, is entitled to her dower rights in the estate of John Warner, the commissioner's father. This will entitle her in round figures to a life interest in $650,000, the value of the estate approaching $2,000,000.

An ante-nuptial agreement entered into by the widow and John Warner was held by the court as not in effect. This provided that Mrs. Warner was to receive $500 a year during the life of her husband and $10,000 when he died.

Says She Was Deceived.

Mrs. Warner, in fighting for her dower rights, declared the agreement was made under a misapprehension. She said she was induced to sign it through fraud, and that John Warner deceived her as to the amount of his wealth.

The case has been bitterly fought. It was made sensational by the charge of Commissioner Warner that his stepmother was partly of negro descent, that she induced his father to marry her under false pretenses in order to get his money, and that she therefore was not entitled to any part in the estate.

These charges are dismissed by the court as not worthy of consideration. Judge Cochran holds it decisively disproven; that no undue pressure was exerted by Mrs. Warner to bring about the marriage, and that the effort to deprive her of her part in the estate was wrong.

The charge of negro blood made against Mrs. Warner was the cause of taking depositions in many parts of the United States for and against the contentions of the commissioner. A large number were taken in Norwalk, Ohio, the home of Stephen Robinson, Mrs. Warner's father. Some of these said that on account of his swarthy complexion he was suspected of being a negro and was not allowed to vote.

Ohioan Gave Her Victory.

An affidavit from a lawyer in Norwalk is regarded as being responsible in a large degree for Mrs. Warner's victory. This proved conclusively that Stephen Robinson was not a negro. It is understood to have contained numerous uncomplimentary allusions to Commissioner Warner, and was not made public owing to an effort to avoid all the publicity possible in the case.

CZAR NICHOLAS DECLINES

The Right to Call and Organize Peace Conferences.

The Hague, August 31.—In answer to the inquiry of President Nelidoff, the authorities at St. Petersburg have cabled him that Emperor Nicholas, after recalling that on the occasion of the last conference he offered to give up the right of calling and organizing peace conferences, which was not accepted then, says he will not repeat the same offer, but that the Russian delegation is to support any proposition concerning meetings of conferences, on the lines of the American proposal, namely that the conference meet every seven years.

The Americans have drawn up a new proposal with respect to the collection of contractual debts, differing from the first proposition only in form. It is principally intended to do away with the numerous reservations made when the first proposal was put to a vote.

CRUISERS AT HONOLULU.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The navy department received a despatch today announcing the arrival at Honolulu of the Maryland, West Virginia, Colorado and Pennsylvania, the armored cruisers which sailed from Yokohama on August 22. The cruisers are under command of Rear Admiral Dayton and will form a division of the Pacific fleet upon arrival in American waters.

GENERAL PORTER, NOTED INDIAN, DEAD

Was Prominent in Political Circles of Indian Territory—Was Mentioned for the Senate.

GENERAL PLEASANT PORTER

Vinta, I. T., Sept. 3.—General Pleasant Porter, the noted chief of the Creek Indian Nation, died here this morning, following a stroke of paralysis, aged 66 years.

Second chief, Mety Tiger, will succeed Porter as chief of the nation.

General Porter was a man of wealth and a prominent figure in Indian Territory politics. When, by the act of the last congress, Indians became voters, the one man mentioned for the United States senate from the Indian Territory end of the new state was General Porter. He was probably the only Democrat in the new state state who could swing the 6,000 negro votes in Oklahoma, which will go a long way towards deciding the destiny of any political question.

ARCHBISHOP IS DEAD

Was a Leading Catholic Clergyman.

Boston, August 31.—Death came shortly before 9 o'clock last night to the Most Rev. John J. Williams, archbishop of the Boston diocese, dean of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic church in America and for a generation or more the spiritual head of that faith in New England.

Archbishop Williams was eighty-five years old. Following a recent visit at Lake Hemlock, N. Y., at the summer home of Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, the venerable prelate became seriously ill with stomach trouble with which he had long been afflicted.

Early in the evening the archbishop's demise became a matter of only a few hours. From then on he gradually passed away.

At the prelate's bedside when he died were many prominent clergymen with whom he had been intimate.

Archbishop Williams was born in this city April 27, 1822, and was educated here and in Montreal. He was ordained a priest in 1845 at the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris. On his return to Boston he began his work as assistant rector at the cathedral of the Holy Cross. In 1855, he was made rector. In 1866 he was made bishop of Boston. He was created archbishop when the see became metropolitan in 1875. When he undertook the direction of the affairs of the church here the denomination was weak in numbers and its remarkable growth since then has been largely due to the work of organization he planned.

The funeral will be held at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross next Wednesday It is expected that Cardinal Gibbons will come on from Baltimore and officiate at the solemn pontifical mass of requiem, which will be celebrated at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon.

The office of the dead will be chanted by hundreds of priests on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, while the body lies in state at the cathedral.

Arrangements for making the funeral one of the most imposing that has been held in this city for many years were begun today, and it is expected that in addition to the high dignitaries of the church there will be present leaders in the political and civil life of the city.

TWO SHOT IN FRISCO RIOT

Trouble Started When Cars Interrupted Labor Parade.

San Francisco, Sept. 3.—The labor union parade yesterday resulted in the shooting of two men by employes of the United Railroads. The car men were attacked by the paraders and the former, in self-defense, opened fire. The trouble started at Ferry street, where it is stated a Sutter street car broke through the line of parade. A mob of labor union men attacked a car, and the motorman, seeing that his life was in danger, opened fire and wounded one of his assailants in the leg. A block further up an inspector was attacked by the mob and ran from his assailants. They followed him to the corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets, where they overtook him. He drew a pistol and aimed at a burly labor union men who carried bricks in his hands. The inspector opened fire and shot the man through the groin. Six shots were fired. The men who did the shooting were arrested, but several rioters who were seized by the police were released.

OFFICER DROPPED A BOMB

While Making Examination—One Dead and Many Hurt.

Odessa, August 31.—An explosion, resulting in the death of an artillery officer and a policeman and in five policemen being seriously wounded, occurred in the court yard of the Central police station here this morning. The artillery officer was examining a bomb recently found by the police, when he dropped the missile accidentally and it exploded. All the windows in the neighborhood of the police station were shattered.

SON OF METCALF ELOPES

Secretary of Navy Becomes Father-in-Low of Widow.

San Francisco, August 31.—William Howard Metcalf, youngest son of Secretary of the Navy Victor H. Metcalf, and a clerk in an Oakland bank, is married.

The young man eloped to San Rafael August 20 and was married to Mrs. Wida Bevans, a widow, and the mother of a five-year-old girl.

The secretary of the navy and Mrs. Metcalf were not aware of their son's marriage until last Sunday.

JOHN D.'S "TREE DOCTORS"

Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Half a dozen "tree doctors" are at work at John D. Rockefeller's place at Pocantico Hills, treating trees for the purpose of preventing decay. Many of the trees that indicate an age of 200 years or more Mr. Rockefeller is especially anxious to preserve. He learned that there were such individuals as "tree doctors," and he immediately sent for them.

MOORS ARE DEFEATED

Twice Beaten Off by French Troops.

Casablanca, Thursday, August 31.—The fighting Wednesday near the French camp between the Moors and the forces under General Drude, was one of the most serious engagements since the occupation of Casablanca. The Moorish attack was quite unexpected, and the tribesmen, as on previous occasions, showed absolute fearlessness. The Caid with the Red Coat was again prominent, and his flaming blouse was seen in the thickest of the fray.

This engagement began with the ambushing of a French reconnoitering party by Moorish cavalry. The French at first drove the enemy off, but the natives received reinforcements and this obliged General Drude to send out a detachment to extricate his reconnoitering party. After the first contact it was believed that the engagement was over, but as soon as the natives had been reinforced they reappeared in great numbers from two directions. The Spahis and irregular Algerian cavalry, who composed the reconnoitering party, found themselves almost surrounded by the second attack, but they formed a square and slowly fell back until the reinforcements arrived.

Then the tide of battle turned. Native auxiliaries charged the Moors, sabering them furiously, and the enemy finally broke and fled. In the meanwhile the French warships had showered shells into the hills where the natives were sheltered. The engagement lasted three hours. The line of battle extended over two miles, and it is estimated that over twelve thousand Moors were engaged. The loss of the latter is not known, but it is believed to have been heavy. French officials counted the bodies of twenty Moors in one roadway. The French loss was fifteen men killed or wounded.

Yesterday afternoon another French reconnoitering party was attacked by fifteen hundred Moors. The natives, however, were beaten off with the aid of the guns of the cruisers Gloire and Gueydon. These two vessels also bombarded the beach beyond Casablanca, where a force of Moorish cavalry had gathered. The Moors were soon dispersed by the fire.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION

One Man Killed and Another Fatally Injured.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 3.—A terrific explosion occurred in the powder mill of the Austin Powder company located a few miles south of the city, early today, resulting in the death of one man and the fatal injury of another. Jacob Bazut was almost instantly killed, while Frank Moroski was frightfully injured and will die. Both were employes.

The cause of the explosion is not known. The financial loss of the company will be small.

Had the explosion occurred a few hours later many workmen would doubtless have shared the fate of Bazut and Moroski.

ROOSEVELT TO BE EDITOR

Report Says President Will Control N. Y. Tribune.

New York, August 31.—That President Roosevelt intends to become a New York editor was the interesting rumor which reached Park Row today. It was said that the President had arranged to get control of the New York Tribune and to assume its direction after he leaves the White House in 1909.

Hart Lyman, editor-in-chief of the Tribune, when asked about this report said it was the first he had heard of it. He was sure that he would be one of the first to know about it if such a deal were even contemplated by Whitelaw Reid and Mr. Roosevelt.

VESUVIUS IS AGAIN ACTIVE

Smoke Issues From Crater and Natives Are Alarmed.

Naples, August 31.—Ominous rumblings are coming from Mt. Vesuvius, and smoke is issuing from the crater. As a result, the inhabitants of the villages surrounding the volcano are in a state of great alarm.

These are the first signs of volcanic activity since the eruption of March, 1906.

DOUBTS WELLMAN'S PLANS

Tromsoe, Sept. 3.—M. Francois, the French aeronaut, who assisted Walter Wellman, of the Wellman-Chicago Record-Herald Arctic expedition, in the construction of his balloon, interviewed at Bergo harbor, said he was invited to take part in the expedition, but refused, as he doubted the safety of Mr. Wellman's plans.

WITH SIMPLE SERVICES

Grave Receives All That Was Mortal of Mansfield.

"God Is Love," Remarked the Great Actor to His Wife Just Before Death.

New London, Conn., Sept. 3.—All that was mortal of Richard Mansfield was lowered into a grave in the little Gardiner cemetery within a few rods of Seven Oaks, his summer home, at noon yesterday. The ceremony was simple but impressive and was attended by many friends and acquaintances of the late actor. By request of the family the services at the house were simple. There was no eulogy or address. Those present formed in a procession and proceeded to the plot selected for the burial, almost diagonally across the street.

Mrs. Langley cabled an order for a wreath from London, William Winter from California and others from Paris and other parts of the continent.

The casket was carried to the cemetery by eight policemen, especially detailed for the purpose at the request of Mr. Mansfield.

After the funeral Mansfield's final moments were described by a friend of the family. He said the actor was in a deep sleep and that before his final breath he awoke and holding the hand of his wife said: "God is love." Mrs. Mansfield with a pressure of the hand responded, "Yes, God is love," and with that characteristic movement of the hand when he was assured of a thing, Mansfield breathed his last.

GIRLS DEFIED A MOB

Protected Two Men From Brutal Strikers.

Steubenville, O., Sept. 3.—Two telephone girls, by their pluck, doubtless saved the lives of two men who were beaten almost to death by a crowd in a Labor day riot here yesterday.

The victims of the crowd's rage were Joseph Harbison, whose skull was fractured, and John Hatton, who was cut and bruised. While shielding the men, Miss Mary Magee and Eula Rooke received cuts and bruises about the head and body, and are in a serious condition.

Harbison and Hatton came here from St. Louis to work in a mine where a strike is in progress. As they left the telephone office yesterday they were set upon by a crowd and were being badly beaten.

The two girls rushed into the thick of the trouble and pushing their way through fifty men, reached the two victims, to whom the young women were strangers.

The girls threw themselves on the prostrate men, protecting their heads and receiving on their own bodies the kicks and blows of the mob. One of the men who was wielding a piece of iron struck Miss Magee on the head. Another blow almost broke Miss Rooke's arm. Police rescued Harbison and Hatton. Only one arrest was made.

PUTS BAN ON LAWN FETES

Archbishop Condemns Parties Given to Raise Money.

St. Louis, Sept. 3.—Plans for a lawn fete, which was to have been given Wednesday night by the young people of St. Ann's Roman Catholic church, have been abandoned because of the utterances of Archbishop Glennon, condemning such methods of raising money for the church.

"Maybe we can raise enough money for the church some other way," say the young women, "but how are we going to get a chance to get acquainted with the young men?"

Rev. Father O'Neill said to the congregation: "Your pastor has observed the attitude of Archbishop Glennon toward lawn parties and other entertainments designed to afford financial aid to our churches and schools. He thinks they are wrong in principle and in morals. We should not give them."

THREE MEN ARE DROWNED

Bodies Found Upright, Held by the Quicksand.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 3.—Quicksand in the Illionis river caused the drowning of Charles McEntree, Keeling Wilson and William Stinger, of Lacon, Ill. The bodies were found upright in the river yesterday, all three held firmly by the quicksand, which reached above the knees. It is thought that the men's boat was overturned and that the men were exhausted by the quicksand in their attempt to wade to shore. The water was barely over their heads when found.

MACLEAN IN GOOD HEALTH

According to Letters Received From Prisoner of Raisuli.

Tangier, Sept. 3.—The anxiety expressed here regarding the safety of Caid Sir Harry MacLean, due to the protracted absence of direct news from the general, was relieved by the arrival of letters from MacLean himself. He is in good health and is with Raisuli, in the Ben Larous territory. Letters from Raisuli to the British minister here, laying down the terms upon which the bandit chief will release MacLean, were also received. Raisuli suggests that an emissary be sent to Ben Larous to negotiate with him.

EARTHQUAKE RECORDED.

Shide, England, Sept. 3.—A severe earthquake was recorded at the Seismological establishment here at 4:14 yesterday afternoon. The distance of the disturbance is given at about seven thousand miles.

IDENTIFIED AS CRIMINAL

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 3.—James Clark, arrested yesterday on suspicion of safe blowing, was identified as Marion H. Hudspeth, said to be one of the most notorious criminals in the United States. Hudspeth, 15 years ago, was a member of the Sly and Wilson gang of highwaymen.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 31.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

In most sections of the country commercial activity is fully maintained, and negotiations for fall and winter trade indicate no loss of confidence, but at a few points the weather has not favored the crops, which causes conservatism pending more definite information. Several New England mills lack adequate water power because of prolonged drouth, and the money market retards numerous undertakings. Collections are also slower in some cases because of the financial situation, but the large majority of reports are favorable.

New business constantly appears in the market for steel products, and specifications are large on old contracts. Work on the Panama canal calls for heavy shipments of rails and the railroads furnish many new orders. Most of this business is for better quality of rails than were formerly taken, making the average price of new business higher than the old standard quotation of $28.

Importation of billets for use in making finished steel for export testifies to the difficulty of securing domestic material, and is made possible by the drawback.

More animation in the jobbing dry goods market has made still stronger the position of the textile industries and manufacturers of cotton goods easily maintain prices at the high level recently established. Although occasional inquiries from China are noted, there is no improvement in the export situation. Quiet conditions continue in the market for woolens, especially men's wear, and the moderate business in dress goods is not of a character to determine the next season's trend. The mills have only fair orders on hand, and machinery cannot be operated full time during the season unless duplicate orders appear more freely.

New England footwear shops are shipping at about the same rate as in recent years since January 1, the forwardings from Boston falling slightly below those of 1906 and 1903, but surpassing all other years. But the volume of new business is now restricted by the cautiousness of buyers, who are impressed by the decline that has occurred in hides, and show a disposition to underestimate fall and winter needs.

Leather is firmly held, despite the light demand, curtailed production preventing accumulated stocks. Further declines have occurred in packer hides. No sales of foreign dry hides are reported in this market, making quotations entirely nominal.

United States Raises and Consumes the Most Wheat

Grain is an international game, says Our Boy Solomon. Some countries always export; others always import. United States raises and consumes the most wheat. Our country and Russia are the largest exporters. They are each expected to export hundred and twenty millions this crop year. United Kingdom imports more than the other countries combined. Germany is next and may need ninety millions this year. Their potato crops is as large as the wheat crop of Europe, and is unwell this season. India has the largest population, but the smallest wheat consumption per capita. They eat rice and worship strange gods. Russia prefers rye bread and snowballs to wheat flour. They cover a vast territory and have a famine in some parts every year. Harvest time varies in different countries. Most countries harvest in summer, Argentine and Australia in January and India in April.

Prices appear near a healthy basis. Foreigners are taking some wheat and flour. Broomhall figures the world's crop and visible at two hundred and forty millions less than year ago. There is still some uncertainty about the Canadian northwest, but in a few weeks the cro everywhere will have been made. Th will not prevent continued guesses at th results. Foster predicts frosty weath northwest this week. Large August receipts have made the visible in the show windows twenty millions more than yea ago, when the crop was larger. September receipts will be smaller. Septembe liquidation is about over. Stocks will b mostly in large carriers' hands. Next delivery day will be December. Big premiums are hurting the bulls. Crop Kill ers' Union is after the corn crop. Watc the weather. Oat crop is short and poo

August wheat receipts have been larg Toledo has received nearly two and quarter millions, against less than a millio year ago. Chicago has received seve millions without any effort. Years ag they attracted nine millions by payin fancy premiums. St. Louis has receive trifle over four millions, against two an half millions year ago. Baltimore has received two millions, same as last Augus Minneapolis and Duluth have receive five millions, against three millions yea ago. July receipts were very small. Harvest was late and wet weather has delayed movement. Winter wheat receipt will decrease sharply next month, bu spring wheat will increase rapidly, bein the largest in October and November.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 3.—Following the failure of predicted frosts in the Canadian northwest to materialize and warmer weather reports, wheat eased off this morning. Climatic conditions were reported much improved from Winnipeg. Liverpool opened ⅝@¾d higher, compared to Saturday's close, but showed a weaker tone later in the day. At Minneapolis the northwest situation was indicated easier by a loss of ⅞c in December from last Saturday's finish. Kansas had good rains over Sunday, while scattered showers fell in Nebraska and Iowa. Cash and September wheat were unchanged at 92c. December was up ¼c at 97⅝c, but fell to 97¼c soon after the opening. May opened ½c up at $1.03, and at noon had sunk to $1.02¾.

Brisk export demand and buying, especially by the Bartlett people, proved factors that stemmed the ebb tide and carried prices up about two cents. Selling against up had a slightly reactionary influence. Wheat about Bradley, S. D., was reported threshing from 10 to 12 bushels to the acre. Durum wheat shows a decline in yield in this locality. Wheat increase on passage. The world's shipments were lighter. Liverpool closed ⅛d to ½d up. Winnipeg continued heavy. There was a feeling of expectancy in the pits, the crowd being long on all grains. The closes were: Cash, 93¾c; September, 93¾c; December, 99c; May, $1.04½.

Favorable weather indications pulled corn down slightly at the start. In sections of Ohio and adjoining states, indications are that the crop will ripen much sooner than expected. September was ⅜c higher at 59⅜c. Opening ⅜c off at 60⅛c, May reached ¼c during the early part of the session.

Country offerings in corn were reported light from Chicago. Unfavorable crop news followed the more hopeful news earlier. Leading longs openly sold. Liverpool closed unchanged to ⅛d off. The visible supply showed an increase. The closes were: Cash, 65c; September, 64¼c; December, 60c; May, 60¾c.

All oats options were lower, especially at the noon hour. Operations of Patten were said to be the most prominent factor in the market. Chicago car lot statements continue to show a remarkably small per cent of graded cars. September was off ½c at 52c. A gain of ¾c, however, was made a half hour later. December lost ¼c at the opening and soon after the start slipped back to 50½c. Unchanged at 51¼c, the May option was quoted ¼c lower before the end of the first hour.

Patten continued to buy oats. The closes were: Cash, 52c; September, 52c; December, 51¾c; May, 52c.

A revival of buying started all clover seed options up grade. Cash was marked 17½c up at $9.27½. October shot up to the same figure at the opening and shortly after was quoted as high as $9.35. December and March were from 20@25c higher at $9.05@9.10. The seed market showed no relaxation from its firmer position early in the day. The closes were: Cash, $9.50; October, $9.50; December, $9.25; March, $9.30.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Today's close.	Aug.31
Wheat—					
Cash	....	....	....	93¾	92
Sept	92	....	91½	93¾	92
Dec.	97¾	99	97¼	99	97¾
May	1.03	1.04½	1.02¾	1.04½	1.03¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65	64¼
Sept.	64¼	64	....	64¼	64¼
Dec.	59¾	60	59¼	60	59¾
May	60½	60¾	59¾	60¾	60
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	52	52
Sept.	52	....	....	52	52½
Dec.	51	51¾	51	51¾	51¼
May	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.27½	....	....	9.50	9.10
Oct	9.27½	....	....	9.50	9.10
Dec	9.05	....	....	9.25	8.85
March	9.10	....	....	9.30	8.90
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	80	79
No. 2	....	....	....	79	78
No. 3	....	....	....	75	74
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.15	9.40
Oct	....	....	....	[illegible]	[illegible]

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Today's close.	Aug.31
Wheat—					
Sept.	92	94¼	91¼	94¼	92
Dec.	97¾	99¾	97¼	99¾	97¾
May	1.03½	1.05½	1.03¼	1.05¼	1.03¾
Corn—					
Sept.	60¼	[illegible]	60	61¼	[illegible]
Dec.	59¾	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
May	59¾	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Oats—					
Sept.	53½	54½	53½	54	52
Dec.	51½	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
May	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Today's close.	Aug.31
Wheat—					
Sept.	1.02½	....	1.02	1.03	....
Dec.	1.06	1.06¾	....	1.06¾	....
Corn—					
Sept.	....	....	....	68¼	....
Dec.	....	....	....	68	....

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Today's close.	Aug.31
Wheat—					
Sept.	86¾	....	....	86¾	....
Dec.	94¾	....	....	94¾	....

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Today's close.	Aug.31
Pork—					
Sept	15.50	15.65	....	15.42	15.50
Oct	15.70	[illegible]	....	[illegible]	[illegible]
Jan	15.87	15.95	....	15.82	15.85
Lard—					
Sept	8.87	8.92	....	8.87	8.87
Oct	8.97	9.06	....	9.02	8.97
Jan	8.92	8.92	....	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ribs—					
Sept	8.52	8.55	....	8.52	8.52
Oct	8.62	8.67	....	[illegible]	8.65
Jan	8.17	....	8.12	8.15	[illegible]

Live Stock.

Toledo, Union Stock Yards, Sept. 3.—Hog prices were firm today. With a light supply on sale, demand was unsupplied at the close.

Seven cars of cattle were received. The good kinds were strong and the heavies steady. Veal calves were weak and sheep and lambs strong.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.35@6.40; mediums, $6.50@6.60; Yorkers, $6.65@6.70; bulk of sales, $6.50@6.60; pigs, $6.50@6.60; stags, $3.50@5.50; good mixed, $6.70.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.60@6.00; good to choice, 1,050 to 1,250 lbs., $5.25@5.60; fair to good, 900 to 1,000 lbs., $4.85@5.25; common to light steers, $4.00@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@3.85; common cows, $2.00@3.00; tanners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $4.25@4.50; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.25; good bolognas, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $3.00@4.50; good to choice feeders, $4.75@5.00; good feeders, $4.00@4.75; stockers, good to fair, $3.00@4.00; stockers, common to fair, $2.50@4.50; milkers and springers, [illegible]

Calves — Choice to extra. $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $6.00@7.00; common to ligh $4.50@5.50; heavy and fed, $3.00@4.

Sheep and Lambs — Prime wether $4.50@5.50; good to choice mixe sheep, clipped, $5.00@5.50; fair good ewes, $4.25@5.00; mixed shee clipped, culls and common, clippe $3.50@4.00; clipped lambs, $7.00@7. yearlings, $5.00@6.00; spring lamb $6.50@7.50.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa Sept. 3.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck Special Report to The Blade.)—Eight loads hogs; heaviest, [illegible]; heavy mediums, $6.60@6.65; light mediums, heavy and light yorkers, $6.60@6.65; pigs, $6.50@6.60; sheep, $4.50@6.50; springs lam $6.00@7.40; calves, $5.00@8.00.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 3.—(Swope's Spe cial Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 10 ca slow. Hogs, 20 cars; strong; heavy, $6.70@6.90; Yorkers, $6.70@6.90; pigs, $6.90. Sheep, 10 cars; slow; best lamb 8.00; yearlings, $6.25@6.50; wethers, 5.00; ewes, $4.75@5.25. Veals slow; 8.75.

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Cattle receipts abo 8,000; market steady to a shade lowe beeves, $4.15@7.30; cows, $1.30@5.30; Tex steers, $3.75@5.50; calves, $5.50@7.50; wes ern, $4.20@6.00; stockers and feeders, [illegible] Hog receipts about 13,000; mark steady; light, $6.05@6.55; mixed, [illegible] heavy, [illegible]; rough, [illegible]; pigs, [illegible]; bulk of sales, $5.75@6.25; Sheep receipts abo 16,000; market steady; native, [illegible] western, [illegible]; yearlings, [illegible] lambs, $5.00@7.50; western, $5.00@7.50.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin, creamery, 1-lb. prints, 28c; solid packed, 27½c; dairy, 22c; country butter, in jars, 20@22c. Butterine, standard grades, uncolored: 60-lb. tub basis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c. Fancy grade butterine, uncolored: 60-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 12½c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13¼c. Low grades, 6@8½c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 24c; prints, 24½c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 19c.

Cheese — Choice Michigan chees 13½c.

Milk—100 lbs., 90c.

Tomatoes—Home grown, bu., 75c.

Spanish Onions—Crate, $1.25; Ken tucky onions, bu., $1.50; home-grow $1.00.

Green Onions—Dozen, 10c.

Lettuce—8@10c.

Egg Plant—Dozen, $1.25.

Summer squash, doz., 60c.

Rutabagas, bu., 60c.

Home-grown Potatoes—Bu., 75@8

Sweet Potatoes—Bu., $1.50.

Home grown Cabbage—Barrel, $1.25.

Cauliflower—Dozen, $1.50.

Michigan Celery—Dozen bunches, 20@30c.

Cucumbers, per doz., 10@15c; long radishes, 10c doz.; head lettuce, 40c doz.; new carrots, 65c; peas, $1; beets, 75c; turnips, 75c per bu.; home-grown wax beans, 75c; oyster plant, 50c doz.; home-grown pie plant, per doz., 15c; parsley, 15c doz. bunches; peppers, 50c per doz. bunches; [illegible]

Huckleberries—Bushel, $4.50.

Tennessee Rockyford muskmelons, case, $2.75.

Watermelons—Missouri and Indiana 20@40c.

Muskmelons — Home-grown Osag $1.50@1.75.

Apples—Bu., 75c@$1.50; bbl., $3.00@4.50.

Plums—$2.00 bu.

Oranges—Valencia, $5.00@5.50.

Lemons—Italian, 300 size, extra fanc $6.00; fancy, $5.50.

Limes—Hundred, $1.00.

Bananas, bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Seckle pears, bu., $2.00.

Plums, bu., $2.75.

Poultry—Alive—Chickens, 12c; gee 11@12c; ducks, 10c; turkeys, 15c; broilers, 14c.

Poultry—Dressed—Chickens, 13c; tur keys, 16@18c; ducks 15@16c; geese 12c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 8½c; heavy a rough, 7c; cows, 4@6½c; lambs, 10c; calves, prime, 9c; fair, 7@8c; spring lambs, pelt off, 12@13c.

New York Stock Market.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	Clo
Am. Loco. com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Atchison	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Am. Car & F. Co	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Anaconda	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Amal. Copper	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Am. Smelters	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Balt. & Ohio	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brooklyn R. T.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago & G. W.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Canadian Pacific	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Clover Leaf pfd	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Colorado Fuel	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ches. & Ohio	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Central Leather	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Del. & Hudson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Distillers Sec	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Erie com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Erie 1st pfd	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gt. Northern pref	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ill. Central	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Int. paper	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Interborough com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Interborough pfd	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
K. C. Sou. com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
K. C. Sou. pfd	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Louis. & Nash	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mex. Central	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Missouri Pacific	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
M., K. & T. com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
M., K. & T. pref	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
North. Pacific	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Nat. Lead	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
N. Y. Air Brake	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Northwestern	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
N. Y. Central	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Nickel Plate com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ont. & Western	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penn. Ry.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
People's Gas Co	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Reading com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Island	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rock Island pref	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rep. I. & S. Co	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rep. Pref	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
So. Ry.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Paul	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Southern Pacific	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas Pacific	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Union Pacific	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
U. S. Steel	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
U. S. Steel pfd	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia Chem	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wabash com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wabash pfd	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Western Union	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
W. & L. E. com	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Wool.

Boston, Sept. 3.—Tight money is a dominating factor in the local wool market and new business is compar tively light. There have been moderate transactions in Oregon stapl with dealings principally at 23@27c for unwashed and 70@72c for scoured. Prices on all other lines are firm and unchanged.

The pulled wool market shows little change, although there is still a c siderable demand for finer grades a limited offering. [illegible] Australians, but the supply is limited. On the other hand New Zealand breds are in good supply, but there very little demand.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Sept. 3.—Butter, creame extra, 27@27½c; firsts, 25@26c; seconds, 24@25c; dairy, [illegible] Cheese York state cream, [illegible] Eggs, current receipts, [illegible] [illegible] per bbl. [illegible]

New York Markets.

New York, Sept. 3.—Sugar, raw stea Fair refining, 3.42c; centrifugal, [illegible] molasses sugar, [illegible] Refined steady; Crushed, 5.70c; powdered, [illegible] granulated, 5.00c. Coffee steady; Rio, 6¾c; No. 4 Santos, 7¾c.